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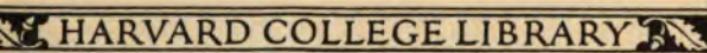
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*Photo. by M. N. Saba, Nazareth.*

### THE CARPENTER SHOP IN NAZARETH (Page 142).

From the painting by Joseph Le Font, in the church erected over the reputed workshop of Joseph.







# FROM AMERICA TO THE ORIENT

Πάντη δε Δίδος κεχρήμεθα πάντες  
τοῦ γὰρ καὶ γένος ἐσμέν.

—*Aratus of Cilica, in*  
“Φαινόμενα.”



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## P R E F A C E

**T**HIS WORK scarcely needs an introduction, as its various chapters speak for themselves. It is the fourth volume in the series of books of travel, the titles of which are noted upon a preceding page.

The contributors to the volume are not as a rule professional writers, but, perhaps, all the more will it be found that their style has a refreshing directness and individuality not always met with in similar books. The Editor has endeavored to harmonize the different spellings of proper names and places, which, in the East, appear to be based upon no usual rules of orthography, and to this end has generally followed Baedeker in his various well-known guide books, but with a few trifling exceptions.

Of the "Contributors" and "Fellow-Travelers," Rev. Dr. Kiehle only accompanied the party through Palestine; the Judges Ewing went from Athens to Palestine and Egypt and then left for Constantinople; Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Kip, returning missionaries from India, were with us in and about Jerusalem, on the excursion to the Dead Sea and the Jordan, and at Beirût and Damascus; Rev. Dr. Hutton and wife, and Mrs. and Miss Foster, remained nearly three months in Venice and were not with the party in Florence or at the second

visit to Rome, and Miss Oller joined us at Alexandria for the Italian and homeward trip.

In summing up our experiences during this three months' journey to Europe and the Orient, there would probably be a consensus of opinion on these points: First, that there are no difficulties of travel in the civilized portions of Greece varying much from those of other European countries. The whole of Greece, where open for travel, is safe for parties, and the most of it for individuals. Second, the methods of travel in the interior of Palestine are wholly different from those known to tourists in civilized lands. Travelers must go in parties with a sufficient number of honest native attendants, and camp at night under the protection of the sheik or governor of the locality. There is much fatigue and some danger from accidents in making the camping tour from Jerusalem northward; and while the strong and the prudent may undertake this risk, it is not wise for the invalid nor the extremely nervous to do so. Third, Egypt should be visited before the heat of the Spring arrives, and the earlier the better. It is doubtful if any trip up the Nile can be made with comfort after the twentieth day of March. But Palestine, because of "the latter rains" of late March and early April, ought not to be reached until April tenth, at least.

The illustrations are nearly all from photographs taken on the spot by members of the party and are credited under each picture to the "artist."

Summing up, as to cities, we found Jerusalem delightful wholly from its historic associations; intrinsically, the modern city itself has little to commend it. Damascus is unique and varied, but not so in-

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teresting as Cairo. Beirût has the most charming location of any of the places we saw on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. Cairo was the most captivating city visited. Athens, which was the eye of the world in the days of Pericles and Plato, is still one of the most attractive localities possible to the student. Like Rome, Athens is a constant source of delight. Whoever studies, even for a few days, its matchless Parthenon and Theseum will be thereafter a wiser and ought to be a better and happier being.

A. V. D. H.





*Each cooing dove and sighing bough,  
That makes the eve so blest to me,  
Has something far diviner now,  
It bears me back to Galilee.*

*Each flow'ry glen and mossy dell,  
Where happy birds in song agree,  
Through sunny morn the praises tell,  
Of sights and sounds in Galilee.*

*And when I read the thrilling lore  
Of Him who walked upon the sea,  
I long, oh, how I long once more,  
To follow Him in Galilee!*

*Oh, Galilee, sweet Galilee,  
Where Jesus lov'd so much to be ;  
Oh, Galilee, blue Galilee,  
Come sing thy song again to me.*

*—H. R. Palmer*





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## FROM AMERICA TO THE ORIENT

### CHAPTER I.

#### EAST BOUND TOWARD ITALY.

A FOURTEENTH trip over the ocean separating America from Europe might seem to many monotonous. Not so to the lover of the sea. Those of us who had crossed before began a new voyage, this time to the Mediterranean, if not with absolute faith in our seagoing qualities, nevertheless with a certainty of the enjoyment of almost every moment of every hour of every day. To enjoy the best of company and possess the consciousness that the changeful waves are to be again so dark and so bright, so undulating and so peaceful by day and by night for a period of twelve days, is to have rest, recreation, amusement, tonic. Everything behind, save loved ones, forgot-

ten; everything before to be interesting, novel, inspiring; should not this be bliss?

The dear, sweet sea! Always too real to be a dream, too earnest to be wholly an idyl, sure to be for its lovers "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Be it in calm or in disquiet, be it just as we would have it or simply as God made it, is it not fuller of splendors than of terrors, of harmonies than of discords, all the day long? Grand, old sea! Before Job was, thou wert tens of thousands of years old; and when all of human kind shall have passed away, thou wilt be as full of glorious wrinkles and of heavenly calms as now. Until the heavens shall be as brass and the earth as the moon itself, the morning sun shall continue to coronet thy brow and the midnight stars to diadem thy bosom. Splendid gray and blue old sea! Would that every fair lady, who sighs on the ship over the cup of coffee which will not stay where it is placed, may become as much a lover of thy deep, wide heart as the one who pens these words.

The "Ems" was not averse to rolling when diagonal winds or cross currents struck her with some force. But she was a good boat. The dining room was a work of genuine art. The smoking room above it was a little stuffy, but an excellent place for naps. The staterooms were fair; not quite up-to-date, but still not of the ancient type. As our company had brought over seventy volumes of European and Oriental travel to read on the way, we surely could not suffer from intellectual decay, though, if the truth must be confessed, the gentlemen, rather than the ladies, patronized this literature on the way to Naples. The "angels in human dress" were, if not af-

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flicted with *mal de mer*, at least inattentive to the printed page.

The Captain of the "Ems" was every inch a man; more so than the clergyman whom he requested one day to preach for him and who replied: "Sorry, Captain, but I cannot consent to preach to Hessians." It is pleasant to add that this clergyman went on a previous voyage; he was not of our '99 company.

Usually passengers play many games on shipboard. True, the divinity side, when challenged by the lay side to play shuffleboard, just "waxed" the challengers, but this was a little by-issue. Games on the whole, especially the out-of-door ones, were rather rare. Naps were preferable for some; for others Geikie, St. Clair, Stanley, Baedeker and Hare. One clerical wag actually made us believe—until he reached Naples and then fell willingly into line beside the native courier—that he had mastered the Italian grammar and language in about four days of casual study. I say casual, because when the Reverend Doctor was not joking about pineapples growing on trees, or taking snapshots with such euphonious and expressive labels as "Some Barbers I Have Known," he was himself telling an unnumbered host of land and sea yarns, which held us aghast at "Some Things Which Might Possibly Have Happened," if we believed everything he reported. When he told us one day, for example, that a severe roll of the ship had tossed an occupant of an upper berth out into the sofa on the opposite side of the stateroom, and that the next roll had placed the victim joyfully back, uninjured, into the upper berth, we marveled, and a few disbelieved. And, speaking of dreams, he had the

queer fashion, he said, of dreaming about being fastened up within a pyramid, or of seeing two snakes swallowing one another in circles, with the horrible problem ever after confronting him of what eventually became in each case of both those snakes! And all this while his active mind was conquering "Ahn's Practical Method" of acquiring Italian in four days. Marvels like these do sometimes occur on shipboard and are not alone performed by ocean barbers.

When the ninth sailing day came around it was the Sabbath, "bright, calm and holy." The thoughtful, original, inspiriting sermon of Rev. Dr. R. on the preceding Sabbath, from Luke 5:4, "Launch forth into the deep," was now followed by a splendid tribute to "Life," the "Life indeed" (1 Tim., 6:12), which Rev. Dr. H. advised his hearers to grasp. Its immensity, its intensity, its perfection, should fill and thrill us on our shorter world-life's pilgrimage. It is a solemn service, always, that one attends on the great deep. The moving sanctuary has not even the stability of the tent in the wilderness. It sways to and fro, while the waves tumble over each other against prow and stern, and the unknown depth like the unknown height seems to hold the worshipper under the spell of infinity rather than of transient things. The Gospel, happily, fits not only all kinds and conditions of men, but all intellects in all localities. Perhaps ten miles of green and gray water was below us, and nothing above or around us save the overarching sky and the voiceless horizon, yet every human heart on the "Ems" those Sabbath mornings could have felt, should have felt, the touch of every kindred heart at home in America, and also the indwelling spirit of God, as much so as if all were

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in one sanctuary somewhere near the Atlantic coast, worshipping Him who made all the earth. There may not have been in the responsiveness to the heavenly touch quite the sweetness and calm of the more memorable days later in "holy Galilee," but the right chord played upon by the Master hand on sea or on land never gives to the true soul a discordant note.

The Azores were unexpected in effects of hill-heights and cheerful homes. If they looked bleak, we remembered that the frost-chills of winter had not altogether released their fingers from these rocky cliffs and semi-cultivated fields. It is the unlooked-for which sometimes most delights. We looked for rocks and sand; we saw mountains and fertile soil. We expected fishing hamlets and villages of dark colored huts; we discovered busy cities, of stable structures, strongly built, white as the snow and with all vestiges of uncivilization brushed away. Ponte Delgade, and other cities of San Miguel stand out in memory to-day as delightful pictures in charming settings, to see which once is to remember them long and to remember them often.

And Gibraltar, the rock fortress; the approach to it between the Pillars of Hercules, with Europe on the one hand, Africa on the other, each near enough to shake hands together at the mere distance of a cannon ball; Tangiers in Morocco over to the right, the Sierra Nevada range of mountains in Andalusia to the left; the compact city of Gibraltar at the feet of those English guns; the yacht of Queen Victoria and both battleships and traders in the forefront of water; the donkeys of burden and their Castilian drivers and riders; the tawny Spaniards and the black-haired, ring-eared Moors; the linen-coated

and linen-trousered British warriors and the unkempt, funereal-gowned soldiers of Alphonso; the bright flowers, parks of palm and banana and alder; the narrow streets; the terraced battlements, port holes in the pierced rocks, and Moorish castle—how these and other specific scenes of the three hours spent there stand out in memory as a kaleidoscopic picture of a bit of new and queer world! Whether Mark Twain's "Ferguson" was the same as the guide who told us "he was he" or not; whether Rev. Dr. R.'s snapshot at the sea gull was a successful or an ill one; whether a half-sovereign was paid out by an esteemed member of our party for a half-crown, or otherwise; whether we believed or disbelieved the story that the Spanish soldiers only received three ha' pennies a day for their services to their country, while British soldiers were rewarded by a shilling a day—all the same and nevertheless we had a new spirit of daring, a new bond of enjoyment, to talk over when we went again on shipboard and were turned prowward to Naples and the blue Mediterranean Sea.

Of course some of the substantials and a few of the dainties of a semi-southern clime came on board the vessel at Gibraltar and so we had white fish, lobsters and strawberries, and the Captain presented each lady with a bunch of blue violets and his card. When the "Ems" comes to be sold, as it is likely to be at any time, and when Captain Harrassowitz is, if not advanced, "relegated" (he will certainly not consider it a promotion) to the China trade, hosts of his passenger-friends will deeply regret it.

There were two successive sunsets of real beauty,

both upon the Mediterranean, in this voyage to Naples; none upon the Atlantic, and, probably, no visible sunrise. The Dean's anxiety to capture a first-class sunrise was too great; Nature would not accord him the favor.

And now the voyage was about to end. It had seemed so much of a pleasure to the most of us that the only natural thing would be for it to continue forever. Could it be that the twelfth day of constant morning greetings at the breakfast table and of the long discussions over scientific, philosophical, social and religious problems at the table d'hôte of one and one-half hours were to cease? Were the subjects of "The Man who had lost his Baggage," or of "The Woman who wanted to go Home," or of the "Golden Days of Pericles," and "The Relative Merits of Leonidas and of the Cæsars," ever to have an end? Did we desire them to end? Yes, buried Pompeii and the active Neapolitans, Roman colosseums and Delphic oracles, Vocal Memnons and "sweet, sweet Galilee" were all ahead, and beside them sea and sunset for the time paled, and we really longed to reach the desired haven. And it was with eagerness to land that we steamed on a Thursday morning at daybreak into Naples, and, under the very eye of smoking Vesuvius, the hills of Posillipo and St. Elmo and the islands of Capri and Ischia, we halted awhile to drink in some of the beauties of the land of Virgil and of Horace, of Pliny and of Tasso.

A. V. D. H.



## CHAPTER II.

### BEAUTIFUL NAPLES.

**I**N THE dreamy leisure of the steamer chair, fancy laid hold upon the pleasures that were before us, and we pictured to ourselves the scenes that would meet our eyes when the pitching and the rolling should have ceased and we should again have placed our feet upon "Mother Earth." In our imaginings Naples played a small part. Indeed, I am afraid we considered it scarcely worthy of a visit, but looked upon it only as a portal to more glorious and beautiful things in nature, history and art. But after a few days' sojourn, we found that Italy's most populous city contains much of interest.

The site of Naples is the most picturesque in Europe. It commands a fine view of the sea. The sun sparkling upon its deep blue waters, which are dotted with occasional sails and canopied with the clear, blue Italian sky, presents a scene that is not soon forgotten. On the east, Vesuvius towers up some thousands of feet, crowned by its living furnace, a perpetual reminder of the havoc and desolation which it is capable of creating. The fertility of the soil

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clothes the surrounding hills with the orange and the vine, the almond and the fig, whose varied foliage forms a rich background to the brightly painted houses with their flat roofs and neat balconies ornamented with flower gardens. And the environs are especially attractive. There are beautiful drives, which modern luxury has lined with magnificent villas, many of them on the sites which in Virgil's time were occupied by the residences of the wealthy patricians.

Naples has mild winters, and the summer heat is so agreeably tempered by the sea breezes that the inhabitants, especially the lower classes, practically live out of doors. Thus their domestic as well as their business life may be readily observed. The family washing is done on the sidewalk. The cobbler has his bench outside his door. Even the brazier has his place at the curbstone, and the meals for the household are prepared in the open court. Grandmother draws her stool to the threshold, where she busily plies her knitting needles. Here also the week's mending is done, and the garments prepared for those festive occasions which are so numerous and so delightful to the Neapolitan. Refreshment stands are placed on the sidewalks, and these are so well patronized that one oftentimes must step into the street in order to go by, and considers himself fortunate to regain the walk without accident from the very rapid driving practiced by the Neapolitan cabmen. To add to the busy life the huckster peddles his wares, and his harsh shouting denies the statement that "the Italian language is recognized as the most harmonious in the world." Morning and evening the tinkling of the cow bell is heard, and un-

adulterated milk is distributed at the very door. To the stranger the bane of Neapolitan street life is the vender of trinkets and the beggar whose persistency is unequalled.

The Museum is undoubtedly the most interesting place in Naples. The famous collections it contains afford fine opportunity for the study of Greek and Roman art. The paintings teach us much of the life and habits of the citizens. In fact by a visit to the Museum we may repeople the fated cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. The household utensils, writing materials, surgical and musical instruments, jewelry and coins, even articles of food used by the Pompeians are here exhibited in a fairly good state of preservation. But the many wonderful things in this Museum defy description, and must be seen to be appreciated.

Much more might be told of this busy city, including the Tomb of Virgil and the surroundings of Sorrento and Capri, and, did it boast a Trevi, I would throw in my coin and drink of its clear waters. But it has been but a threshold, and we must hie off to see Pompeii and then equally marvelous Rome.

H. D. H.





## CHAPTER III.

### POMPEII AND VESUVIUS.

**T**HE CITY of the Dead! The City of the Dead!" was the significant and only comment made by Sir Walter Scott, when, in profound thought and meditation, he walked through the silent and unpeopled streets of unearthed Pompeii.

And this sentiment of awe and reverence is shared in some degree by all visitors. It is difficult, almost impossible, to repress it. And the sentiment widens and deepens as, in our imagination, we restore the dwellings, the shops, the temples, the theatres to their former condition, and reanimate the people who thronged its streets and participated in its amusements, on that eventful day in the year A. D. 79.

The stones in the street pavement are just as they were two thousand years ago; and the deep ruts in them make it easy to picture the coming of a gorgeously painted chariot, drawn by spirited horses and rapidly driven by a haughty Roman, whose proud figure and jeweled garments betoken his wealth and position. Passing the wine shops, with their marble counters still intact, it is not difficult to repeople them with those who in laughter and song there whiled away hours of idleness.

Coming to the public fountains at the street corners

we can easily picture the natives stooping to drink water from the spout, for the deep indentations worn into the marble show where, for many generations, they rested their hands to balance the body as they leaned forward. Entering the house of the Tragic Poet, or of Pansa (an excellent reproduction of which can be found in Saratoga), or of Diomede, or of Sallust, we can bring to mind the master of the house transacting business in the front rooms; or, by passing through the peristyle into the dining room with its atmosphere cooled by the spray of gushing fountains and fragrant with the perfume of flowers, we may see the table supplied with the choicest viands and delicacies, and the reclining figures of hilarious diners, who believed in interpreting the conspicuous presence of a skull not as a warning to prepare for death, but as a reminder that life is short and that they must extract all possible pleasure while they can.

Leaving the dwellings and entering the market-place we can imagine the stalls again filled with the fruits, the vegetables and provisions of the times; and also picture the women, clad in their Grecian gowns of gay colors, whose thin, loose drapery gave such picturesque outline to the natural form, bargaining with the same vivacity which marks the Italian women of to-day. Looking into the bake-shop we may reanimate the very baker who baked that celebrated loaf of bread, stamped with his trademark, but which, instead of nourishing the people of his time, has been singularly preserved for the curious gaze of people of countless generations. Entering the open Forum we may almost hear the voice of the candidate for office as he appeals for votes in

the coming election. Passing on we can imagine votive offerings to be made in the graceful white marble temples of Apollo, of Jupiter, of Fortune, and in that mysterious temple of Isis, whose oracle made the worshipers hopeful or despairing, according to the whim of the priest, who, by means of a concealed speaking tube, transmitted his voice to the mouth of the stone figure. Entering the elaborate baths we can again picture the luxurious Pompeians enjoying all the exhilarating details of bathing, massaging and anointing; or idling their time in chatting over the current events of the day. Passing near the quarters of the gladiators and the streets they frequented, we can almost overhear their coarse jests, and their outbursts of loud laughter while pursuing those voluptuous pleasures of which such curious relics have been bequeathed to the student of history. Or in visiting the open theatre, we can picture an audience of five thousand Pompeians shouting their approbation or condemnation of the performance of the actors. Or, looking into the bay, which at that time washed the very portals of the city, we can picture it dotted with the boats of those who, under the blue canopy of an Italian sky, were serenely sailing over the most beautiful bay in the world.

Having, in our imagination, thus restored the brightly stuccoed dwellings, the white marble temples, and the classical statues to their former picturesque beauty; and having seen the people engaged in their ordinary pursuits of business, of social affairs and of pleasures, we must complete the eventful picture by feeling a sudden quivering of the ground—by hearing a deep, hoarse rumbling like that of distant cannonading; and by seeing from the

green-topped summit of Mount Vesuvius a huge pillar of smoke and ashes, which rose higher, higher, higher; and broader, broader, broader until it spread as far away as Africa, as Egypt, as Syria, and changed the blue Italian sky first into a dull gray and finally into a deep black; and then dimmed the bright rays of the sun, then changed its face into a dull reddish disc, then obscured it altogether, until the blackness of night and death fell like a funeral pall upon the scene below!

What actually occurred at the time of the dreadful catastrophe seems almost incredible, but according to the testimony of reliable eye witnesses, such as Pliny (who succeeded in escaping from the city, but whose uncle lost his life at Stabiae while watching the eruption), fine ashes first fell, which became thicker and denser, until they penetrated the houses, vitiated the atmosphere, piled up deeper and deeper in the streets, like the snow during our blizzard of last February, until they reached a depth of three feet. People in the houses sought the streets; those in the streets sought the houses. The main thoroughfares became crowded with people—some eager to reach the seashore, others eager to leave the shore and seek refuge in the city. Parents became separated from their children; wives from their husbands, and in the dense darkness could only hope to be reunited by the sound of the voice, which was almost undistinguishable amid the lamentations of the women, the cries of the children, the shrieks of those being trampled and crushed, and the weird, dismal shouts of some Galileans that "Babylon is fallen! Babylon is fallen!"

At the same time the sea became convulsed with

violent agitation, threatening to engulf those who ventured upon its surface. And then Vesuvius suddenly gushed forth a great pillar of fire which covered the city with a shower of red-hot pumice stone to a depth of seven or eight feet; then belched out another shower of ashes, and then a second shower of pumice, until the entire city was covered to a depth of about twenty feet, under which the unexcavated portions of the city still lie buried.

With this tragic picture fresh in mind, it is but natural that I should have experienced a sentiment of profound pathos as I trod the pavements and streets, which to-day are the same as they were on the day of the eruption; and as I gazed upon the frescoed walls of the dwellings, entered the shops, visited the temples and inspected the baths and theatres.

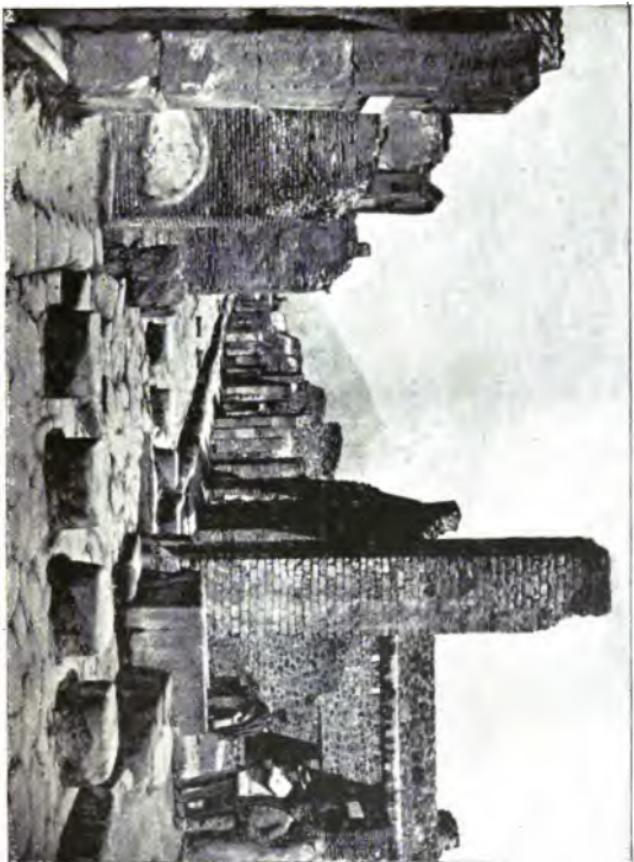
From the discoveries and researches which have been made, it would seem that during the three days of the eruption probably two thousand Pompeians perished. In one large underground room were found the bodies of eighteen people, who probably selected that place as a safe refuge, but who were stifled with the fine ashes or the gases. The fact that Pompeii was known to have been a wealthy and luxurious city, while, on the other hand, the jewels and gold which have been unearthed in modern times were comparatively meagre, warrants the belief that shortly after the eruption numerous excavations were made to recover jewels and other valuables; and for several centuries the ruins were probably repeatedly ransacked for the marbles, statues and precious stones used in the embellishment of the temple and other buildings. After that period, however, the city

seems to have been entirely forgotten for about fourteen centuries, when, in 1748, the discovery of some statues attracted the attention of Charles III., who caused excavations to be made. For a century the work went on with more or less irregularity, but since 1860 a systematic plan has been adopted which, if carried out during the next fifty years and with an expenditure of about one million dollars, will probably result in laying bare to the public gaze all that remains of this wonderfully preserved and interesting "City of the Dead."

An appropriate companion visit to Pompeii is the ascent of Mount Vesuvius. Leaving Naples by carriage, and driving through the old district of the city, where the proverbial characteristics of the Neapolitan poor can be seen to advantage, we begin a gradual ascent through fertile field and productive vineyards. On the road we are met by troops of Neapolitan youngsters whose manual training seems to have been limited to learning the song of "Bakshish! Bakshish!"

I know how aggravating this cry is to many travelers, and how it is deplored in guide books; but, as the custom has become almost universal in European and Asiatic countries and, therefore, must be endured, I am inclined to believe that it may be converted into a source of entertainment instead of proving a nervous irritant. Probably only a very small proportion of those who ask for "bakshish" expect to get it, for it may be received only once in response to several hundred appeals, and the equanimity of the pleader is not often disturbed when the coin fails to materialize. In response to such appeals I have frequently extended my own hand and jestingly

POMPEII—STREET VIEW, SHOWING ANCIENT STEPPING STONES.  
(Page 19).





#### ROME—INTERIOR OF ARCH OF TITUS.

View of inside of Arch, showing the Triumphal Procession of the Roman Legions into Rome, bearing with them the Golden Candle stick taken from the Temple at Jerusalem.

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asked them for "bahskish," and this almost invariably excited among the children the greatest glee and good humor. And many of the Italian babies with their round, chubby faces, black hair, and large, appealing eyes, are too picturesque to treat harshly or with disdain, even though they are taught to clamor for "bakshish." And some of them are so bright and attractive that the question spontaneously arises: Is it not, after all, the mere place of birth and social environment (for which the individual is wholly responsible) which gravitates the prattling infant into a future flowerseller of Naples, a Bedouin daughter of the desert, or a belle of Fifth Avenue, or Rittenhouse Square? Do not the differences lie mainly in the exterior? May not the motives and inherent character be the same, regardless of position or external appearances? And this fellow-feeling for humanity engenders a kindlier feeling and a keener interest in those who cry for "bakshish," and suggests the thought that this form of appeal may be but the natural growth of those pitiable conditions which betoken a bitter struggle for mere existence; a struggle which is significantly indicated by the clothes of these Neapolitan children, not one suit of which appears to have been made or purchased for the boy or girl wearing it, but seeming, rather, a legacy from parent or grandparent, and but slightly modified to meet the wants of the wearer.

One little fellow, about eight years old, persisted in following the carriage from the outskirts of Naples to the very base of the cone of Vesuvius and then trotted back, a distance of probably eight or ten miles, and he appeared most grateful for the few centesimi which he finally received. On the way we were met

by a band of strolling, blind musicians, whose serenade was most acceptable. Further on a cripple greeted us with a whistling performance which was quite skillful. Then we were met by another band of musicians, and also by the makers and venders of a somewhat celebrated wine, bearing, as it appears to me, a most sacrilegious title. Then a young man met us who proposed to take certain coins and imbed them in the hot lava and return them to us—for a consideration. And girls picked flowers and boys gathered specimens of curious stones for us; and so the recipients of "bakshish" proved entertaining to me, rather than annoying, in ascending the mountain.

But, after a time, the beautifully fertile region suddenly stopped, and in striking contrast appeared a vast bed of black lava which had been belched forth during the last eruption in 1895. The solidified forms which this molten stream of lava finally assumed appear like a weird and gruesome tableau to illustrate the agonizing convulsions of the mountain, as it again poured out its vials of fiery wrath upon the luckless dwellers within its reach. One might suspect that Gustave Doré had visited such a place in depicting the scenes in Dante's Inferno, for almost the entire bed of lava appeared like a heterogeneous mass of human arms and legs and headless trunks, all coiled and twisted and entwined with serpents and with limbs of animals, while here and there might be seen the uplifted head of a hyena, or of a vulture gloating over the field of death and desolation. When Bulwer located his Witch of Vesuvius in the mountain the fertile fields covered its very summit, but had it then existed as this bed of lava now appears, it is easy to imagine her inhuman gloatings at the

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prospect of dwelling amid such weird and horrible surroundings.

But after reaching the foot of the cone and refreshing yourself with the excellent *dejeuner* which is there provided, you make the ascent by means of a cable incline railway, which at some places is almost steep enough to suggest the substitution of an elevator. For those who enjoy looking out from such a steep ascent, a magnificent view of the surrounding country and Bay of Naples may be obtained, but when you leave the car and begin the final ascent of the cone, a scene of excitement generally follows which precludes many travelers, upon the occasion of their first visit, from thinking of much else than their personal comfort and safety. The distance from the terminus of the railroad to the mouth of the crater is several hundred feet. The ascent is extremely steep. The ground consists of fine, loose ashes, and the wind generally blows at so furious a rate as to threaten the unceremonious uplifting of the traveler and depositing him somewhere near Naples. The guides have a trick of rushing you up at so rapid a rate that you become, in a few moments, thoroughly exhausted, and pant as though nearly all the breath had left your body. In this helpless condition you gladly cling to the strap which the guide offers (fee, two francs), or allow yourself to be hoisted upon the shoulders of two guides (fee, four francs), or tumble into a sedan chair carried by the guides (fee, twenty-five francs), to aid you in reaching the summit. While there you may be able to enjoy the extensive view of Naples, Herculaneum, Pompeii and the Mediterranean; and you may approach the

mouth of the crater and see an enormous, round cavity filled with smoke and steam, and in which rocks and stones are thrown violently upward from the interior, and the sound of the explosions is like that of distant thunder. If you accept the guide's suggestion to hand him a franc, which he will throw in for "good luck," you may afterwards solace yourself with the thought that the franc may add to the material comfort of the guide, if, perchance, he threw in a pebble instead of the coin. And when you are rushed down the cone and the guide, in a singularly significant tone, asks, at a point which is most precipitous, for some "baksheesh," you may be tempted to promise him all your worldly possessions if he will only take you to a place of safety. To most travelers the second trip is likely to prove the more enjoyable, for he can then plan the details of his program in advance and when he is in full control of all his reasoning faculties.

When, safely housed in Naples, you see peering at you through the thick darkness of the night the red, burning lava slowly oozing through the side of the crater, you may detect in its lurid glow a sullen look of warning, that, sooner or later, the demon of the mountain will again feel too cramped within his narrow confines, and will burst forth and hurl destruction upon all who venture too near his lair. And if we look at the summit upon a clear day and with a favorable wind, we may see again and again a huge pillar of white smoke gradually rising above the crest, and, as its upper part expands, it may assume a colossal shape of Apollo, of Venus, of Hercules, or of other classic figures

which adorned the temples of Pompeii, and, as they slowly melt away into nothingness, we may recognize in them a fitting symbol of the departed glories of the "City of the Dead."

It may not be convenient for all to cross the Atlantic and enter the beautiful Bay of Naples, and from there make the interesting trip to the unearthed city of Pompeii, but, if I mistake not, models of a number of these ruins and restorations were presented to Philadelphia by the late Hon. John Welsh. It must have been a quarter of a century ago that I first saw them in Fairmount Park near the Green Street entrance, although afterwards removed to Memorial Hall. If the reader is sufficiently interested and will first breathe the atmosphere of ancient Pompeii by reading Bulwer Lytton's old work "Last Days of Pompeii," and become interested in Glaucus (Bulwer's name for the Tragic Poet); in Ione (whose classic face and figure can still be seen in the Naples Museum); in the blind flower girl Nydia; in the priests of the Temple of Isis; in the base, but interesting, character of the Egyptian Arbaces, and in the gruesome Witch of Vesuvius, and should then visit the House of Pansa in Saratoga, and the model of Pompeii in Philadelphia, he may restore the buildings and reanimate the place with life, according to the caprice of his own fancy and imagination. And if a keen desire be therewith awakened to roam among the real ruins in the Vesuvian Bay, who will say that the changes of the coming century may not make practicable many of the seeming impossible longings of to-day?

F. A.



## CHAPTER IV.

IN "THE ETERNAL CITY."

ONE CAN never feel for a second time the precise, indefinable thrill of emotion experienced in first approaching and entering the portals of an ancient, historic metropolis, like Athens, or Jerusalem, or Rome. This is especially true if we know there are to be seen not only the ancient hills and other surroundings and even the selfsame walls, but the remains of the very palaces, temples, forums, arches, columns, prisons, amphitheatres, tombs, public fountains and statues, which were daily before the eyes of those great men whose deeds have stirred the world and whose lives or laws have intensely affected the march of civilization. First contact with such things stirs the imagination and enkindles the enthusiasm to the utmost. The resultant white heat gives way later to the duller glow, albeit, in the case of Rome, the attractions seem to be peculiarly perennial.

I well remember my first approach to the Eternal City, just a quarter of a century ago. It was from the north as one usually enters Rome, and it was after rapturous days in Venice and similarly felici-

tous ones at Milan and Florence had prepared the mind for almost anything in the way of historical associations and archaeological surprises. There was a strange hand beckoning onward as we passed old strongholds and cities, whose foundations were surely Pelasgiac, Etruscan and prehistoric. The monastery of Vallambrosa; the home of Petrarch; the plain of Arezzo, where, perchance, the bones of the elephants from Carthage used by Hannibal in his wars are still dug up and are called the remains of extinct mammoths; that lovely Perugia, whose very location sixteen hundred feet above the valley is an epic poem; the battleground of Flaminius; and then the historic Sabine hills—how these scenes and others like them one by one trooped by as we were whirled on toward the goal of desire. I can recall as if it were yesterday the fear lest after all there was no Rome. It might be all a myth; or it might be that a cataclysm had swallowed it up, and it would be as much a lost location as Sodom and Gomorrah. Castelar had written of Venice: "I had such an idea of the frailty of this beautiful Venice, continually combating the winds and the waters, that I feared she would disappear before I was permitted to behold her, and bury herself in the seashell in which she was born." Exactly that feeling entered the mind about Rome. Others had seen her, but should I? Have not many had this peculiar and exasperating fear; a sentiment, or presentiment, or unexpressed disbelief, whatever you choose to call it, that the historic "Eternal City" must only have a place in the books, and could not be seen and walked in and touched. You might go to the Tiber, but you could not see the

world's former mistress. If so, you are ready for the charming surprise of your life when you actually face the single, dominating, almost sublime spectacle of St. Peter's dome. It came up before me so suddenly, just when unexpected, and it was as if a great black orb had been swung out into space in a second of time against the western sky.

There, off to my right, against the background of a roseate sunset, this dark, marble throne stood suspended above the horizon. At first a tremendous globe; then a tower of Babel, with semi-circular crown and above it the Cross; then, as darkness drew apace, and the crimsoned firmament became wholly blood-red, an avenging Colossus; and then—sudden transposition—an Angel not of Death but of Peace, with sword sheathed; a Sentinel guarding not Rome alone but the approaching Night. And while I was gazing at it as a magnificent reality, it as suddenly disappeared, for hills came between us, and there were precipitous rocks and luxuriant Roman cane as high as the train windows. And for that day I saw it no more, for presently, and with no preceding warning, we shot through the Aurelian walls of the Third Century A.D., ran alongside of the Baths of Diocletian, and were soon at a dead stop in the heart of the strange, new city, which is known as Modern Rome.

On the present occasion, in 1899—was it because so much has been changed during twenty-five years?—there were no views of St. Peter's dome, and none at all of the city or of its walls as we approached. On reflection, I suspect the true reason for the difference lay in the hour of the visit. We came in from Naples almost at midnight, and,

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therefore, the electric lights and fussy station porters and bright streets and gorgeous fountains were the real spectacles which ushered us into this most interesting city in the known world. It was not so splendid and dignified a method of securing first impressions of this old capital, but it had this in its favor, that those who had never visited Rome before were utterly unaware of the treasures of ruin which awaited their eyes on the morrow.

And, after all, it is the more accurate and substantial, the more vital and intense knowledge that one gains, when again and again he confronts the problems of gigantic architecture and tremendous historic associations such as Rome has in her keeping and goes away saturated with them as if they were part of his own being! Just as one can never go to Venice for another summer's holiday without loving it the more, so he cannot go to and leave Rome for a second time, or a fourth, without profound feelings of satisfaction that he has looked upon its great Forum, counted up those massive rows and arches of travertine which constitute its Colosseum, and gone out to its Campagna, to study in each of these localities the abode of—Death.

Rome has a peculiar fascination to all foreign peoples to-day, just as it had at the beginning of our Christian era. And that fascination never flags; the interest engendered never wearies. This (my fourth visit) to the streets once so delightful to Cæsar and to Cicero was as attractive as the first. More so, indeed, because to learn to know Rome well is to begin to love it with a sort of deathless affection. There is something about the crumbling ruins and newly excavated pavements,

the Colosseum and the Forum, the Via Sacra and Via Appia, the Arches and the Baths, in fact all that lie on and between the Seven Hills and on the surrounding Campagna, that allures and captivates and holds in permanent thrall. The more one reads of their history, the more one admires every odd and every ancient inscription. And yet that history was as cruel as it was splendid, and those stones were as pagan as they are now pathetic. Why is it that there are charms in fallen greatness, even if the fall comes from moral rather than physical decay? We do not care for Lucifer as an evil power, but we do cling with surprising tenacity to some of the magnificent arts with which he has garnished the world!

It is a task from which I should shrink, to undertake to give details of this or the second visit in '99 to Rome. The subject is too vast. We saw and heard too much. We had some first-class, if not unusual opportunities to hear the results of latest investigations and to see under clear skies and most competent guidance the fascinating relics of Imperial times, but I can only suggest in outline of what they consisted.

Our domicile in Rome was the Hotel Marini, on the Via del Tritone, within shouting distance of the well-known, centrally-located square known as the Piazz Colonna; and it was a good hotel, with excellent cuisine and clean apartments. Prof. Reynaud, archæologist, was our daily lecturer. It may be said of him that few are his equals and still fewer his superiors. I do not personally know of a man more competent, though there are several other lecturers in the field. He gave us his best

efforts from 9.30 to 12.30 and from 2.00 to 5.30, and we had poured out upon us Roman history and modern witticisms far greater in quantity than the best of us can remember. And it seemed to be up-to-date and not at all antiquated. He is still too young to be a crank, and too genial to be annoyed at questions. If he ever comes to America, may his lecture audiences be large and the receipts abundantly satisfying.

The first full day in Rome was the Sabbath day, March 12. It was, of course, the thing to do to see High Mass at St. Peter's, and thither many went. Say what one will of superior grandeur of other cathedrals, there is a superb finish and solid wealth of marbles in St. Peter's, which are most astounding. One can travel nearer by and see something whose proportions may better please the eye, especially if one loves the Gothic, pure or decorated; but the Renaissance never gave to the world a more gorgeous temple than this of the Holy See. One enters it each time with feelings of mere babyhood. Surely it was intended only for worship by giants and for beings of untold wealth. It is a palace, rather than a cathedral. And yet we saw, kissing the toe of St. Peter and kneeling before the High Altar, some of the humblest peasants of the Valley of the Tiber. Whatever else Rome does or does not do, she interposes no barrier to the worship of God and the Virgin to the plainest laborer, or the most illiterate beggar who ever entered into a temple to pray. A few of us went again in the afternoon to St. Peter's, where we had the unexpected and unique felicity of hearing sung, at the vesper hour of half-past five, the special *Te Deum* to ex-

press the gratitude of the Catholic world for the recovery of the Pope from a dangerous surgical operation. We stood up three-quarters of an hour in rather painful anxiety, because of the crush, before the music began, but when it came it stirred us through and through with its solemn sweetness and its heavenly beauty. We saw what few Americans have the opportunity to see, an audience of at least twenty-five thousand gathered in one colossal structure. Everyone stood, for there are no seats in large Roman cathedrals, and there were men, women, children, babies, and even dogs in the waiting assembly; yet all were attentive, sympathetic, reverential. When, after the first outburst of organ symphony and the rising and falling cadences of the boy choir, the one clear, high note of the leading soprano—a eunuch, we were told, with voice closely approximating the feminine—came upon the ear, we knew at once this was what we had been waiting for. It was the one flash of the lightning that revealed all the spirits of the vasty chasm; the one star of the night which was the Sirius of all groups of suns. Mere choral strength is grand, if the subject is majestic and the inevitable dissonances are overridden by a Niagara of sweet concords, but in a vast Cathedral like Westminster, like York, like Notre Dame, like St. Peter's, when the storm of sound is past, and the one clearer and higher and sweeter angelic note is struck by the solitary singer, the effect is indescribable. You then feel, as if with actual touch, the hush of the assembly and—diviner still—the hush of your own soul. The "Te Deum" may have been for the Pope, but it ministered wholly to the spiritual in

our own inner consciousness. I have heard a more enrapturing voice in the stillness of Westminster Abbey, but I never was more impressed with the power of the human singer to calm a multitude of men and women than when these high-keyed euphonies passed over thousands upon thousands congregated in St. Peter's. One other time during the service the effect was equally marked. It was when the whole audience joined in singing the responses to the prayer of praise. Not a voice seemed to be forgetful of the words or of the moment for their use, and the rise and fall of those sonorous Latin sentences of song were like the musical waters on the shores of a great sea.

There are so many things in Rome to captivate the mind and enthrall the heart that one does not know where to begin to enumerate them. And then tastes differ. Our pathway for the two secular days led us to the following ancient scenes (and the route was planned in part as the result of the experience of previous visits, and in part as suggested by the better judgment of Prof. Reynaud):

First Day: Morning—Drive along the Appian Way (Paul's Way to Rome); Site of Porta Capena; Tomb of the Scipios; Arch of Drusus; Walls of Aurelian; Church of Domine Quo Vadis; Catacombs of St. Sebastian; Basilica of St. Sebastian; Tomb of the Scipios; Arch of Drusus; Tomb of Cæcilia Metella; view of the Alban and Sabine Hills, and the Campagna; Aqueduct of Claudius. Afternoon—The Church of San Pietro in Montorio; of St. Paul without the Walls; the graves of Shelley and of John Keats; the Bridge of Sublicius; Temples of Fortune and Hercules; the Clo-

aca Maxima; the Tiber; the Church of S. Cecilia in Trastevere; the Janiculum Hill and view therefrom; the new Monument to Garibaldi.

Second Day: A holiday, so that the only visit made was to the Colosseum. After which we saw a procession and the King and Queen of Italy.

As to the last first. How did we like the King? Was he as stern as usually represented? And was Marguerite as beautiful? I happened to have seen this monarch and his wife when she was more nearly a bride than now. Twenty-five years work substantial changes on the faces of our friends; why should they not on the countenances of emperors? The Queen was always beautiful, and to-day the same calm, sweet dignity of her earlier years, while it has smoothed down to plainer tones the child-like graces of her youthful days, sits easily in place on her more pale, quiet face. But the Emperor looks like another personage. His hair and moustache were formerly black, his face thin, his form undersized. But to-day his white moustache, iron-gray hair, bronzed cheek, heavier physique, betokened the burdens of years and the daily crosses of carrying in his arms the still infant kingdom of United Italy. She was in a carriage, with no special gorgeousness to show her rank. He sat on horseback, erect, the good soldier that he is. And both bowed continually to their subjects, amid the faint huzzas, which are the characteristic of Romans in Rome. Had they been in Naples, or in Venice, the enthusiasm would have known no bounds.

But these are too modern themes to hold the attention long. Who cares for an Emperor of the

year of grace 1899, with bankrupt purse and little power, when one has just been out on the Via Appia and pressed the very stones which a greater than an Emperor once trod, the Apostle Paul, and his associated band of faithful friends, whose teachings one day were to overturn the whole earth? That Via Appia, after the Via Capitolinus and the Via Sacra, was the most sacred way to the Romans in all their dominions, for along it their household dead were buried. And it was the longest straight road, the best also, in the world. Its paving stones of lava blocks are still *in situ*, though almost all its mausoleums, like the human dust they held, have gone down to mix with the fields and make up the gray, warm earth out of which now blossom the daisies and bloom the corn.

If you want the best introduction possible to Rome, view it from an eminence or two—the Pincian Hill, first, perhaps; then the Janiculum. And then start in at the Forum, pass by the Arch of Titus and the Colosseum, go beneath the Arch of Constantine, and so by an angular turn reach the Appian Way and pursue your journey out for some miles toward the Alban hills. Shall we take these first-named views now just for a few moments, and then drive swiftly along "Paul's Road to Rome," and see what hasty impressions they leave with us?

We stand, then, on the Pincian. It is the most northerly of the hills of Rome; not one of the ancient seven and yet more ancient, perhaps, than either of the seven, because the uplift of the earliest geological epoch of this locality. It was covered with gardens in the days of the regal period

and so it is yet. Here and there are residences of descendants of Medician and other "barons" of the Middle Ages, who in vain essayed to follow the example of Lucullus in giving feasts to modern Ciceros and Pompeys (Lucullus's Pincian villa on this hill was one of the sights of Cæsar's day). But there are chiefly mimosa and shrubs, cypresses and pines, statues and bas-reliefs, and a charming driveway. It is where on an afternoon the band plays, parents and children clamber for an outing and the rich ride to be seen of those who cannot go out except on foot. The Eternal City lies now magnificently at our feet, and, if the day be clear, the horizon does not stop until it touches the Mediterranean sea at Ostia. Two great round buildings stand up most prominent in the westward line of vision. The one is the Castle of St. Angelo, once a tomb of six pagan emperors. Its glories have long departed, but its massiveness still attracts the interest of passers-by. The other is the Cathedral of St. Peter's, a superb monument to the living King of Kings, the lordliest church in Christendom. Real St. Peter's, "the grandest edifice ever built by man, painted against God's loveliest sky," as Hawthorne once wrote when viewing it from this very mount. Beside it are piled up the irregular, ugly, massive buildings known as the Vatican, wherein sits the ecclesiastical monarch whose subjects are in the ends of the earth. To the left of St. Peter's is the Janiculum Hill, on which we shall stand next. Neither was this one of the Seven, but, like the Pincian, it was an afternoon playground, after it served its purposes as the mythical home of Janus, the sungod, and after Numa, the

first Sabine king of Rome, "like the darlings of the gods in the golden age, fell asleep, full of days," and was buried there with the books of his sacred ordinances in a separate tomb. At the foot of the hill Julius Cæsar had his gardens, but I doubt if he ever had time to enjoy a single sunset from their slopes. He was a man too busy with his conquests and "Commentaries" to enjoy himself in such a manner. The convent of St. Onofrio, to which the gentle Tasso came to die, is almost the only relic now to be seen upon that hill, but there is one of the finest drives upon it ever made in any city, and an equestrian monument to Garibaldi, which is as great a work of art as he was a leader.

The trained eye will take in on the nearer side of the Tiber the buildings which form the Ghetto, or Jews quarter. The ancestors of these very Jews were brought to that precise spot as slaves by Pompey the Great, when he captured Jerusalem and dared to penetrate into the Holy of Holies. It is, to-day, the only thoroughly disagreeable place in Rome. On the right of this is the Farnese Palace, built of travertine quarried from the Colosseum and long the residence of the exiled Bourbon kings. That church, a little nearer, St. Andrea della Valle, was on the site of Pompey's Theatre, where great Cæsar lost his life by those cowardly assassins. Nearer still rises the Pantheon, the site of the temple of all the gods in the days of Augustus Cæsar, later a temple of justice in Hadrian's time, the oldest unruined building in the city, the burial place of Raphael, and Victor Emmanuel, the grandest type on the whole now existing of what Rome was in her palmiest days—simple, solemn,

audacious, splendid. The column of Marcus Aurelius stands there in the Piazza Colonna, tall and majestic, where it has stood and defied the revolutions and struggles of full seventeen hundred years. Down at our feet is the Porta del Popolo, the north gate of Rome, through which monks, saints, bishops, priests, statesmen, kings and victorious armies have gone out toward Gaul and the great north country, when Rome was pushing her conquests, and, later, her religion toward France and England and the countries of the Huns and Visigoths. Until the iron horse came to the city all travellers from the north entered through that gate. And can you not now see Luther there, just within the arch, before the obelisk which nearly marks the site of Nero's tomb, crying out as he bowed to the ground: "I salute thee, O holy Rome; Rome, venerable through the blood and the tombs of the martyrs!" and then, on a later day, leaving through that same portal, a changed man because of the steps of that sacred staircase in the Passionist Monks' convent, where he had risen from his knees to cry: "The just shall live by faith!" His presence at that gate marked the gray dawn of the Reformation.

That tall obelisk at our feet was at Heliopolis thirteen hundred years before the birth of Christ. Augustus Cæsar brought it to the Circus Maximus ten years before the star stood over Bethlehem. There it stands, like its companion at On, erect, unchanged and unchangeable, solemnity silent through all these ages, yet witness to most remarkable transformations in nations, peoples, customs and religions. The four fountains at its base

laugh in the sunshine and play in the darkness, but the old monolith above them gives no sign of weariness, no impatience, and in extreme heat or shivering cold wears no garment save that of impenetrable and everlasting repose.

But we must rest a moment. The eye and soul may weary. Let us drive across to that Janiculum Hill and, on the way, watch the peoples and their homes and prepare for another stretch of the vision and the imagination.

A half hour it takes, and we are rested. Now we stand by the convent of St. Onofrio and we see away off to the left the Pincian Hill, where we have just stood. And we see now, what we could not see then, all the Seven Hills of ancient Rome. Some of them seem almost joined together. Some are so crowded with buildings that the demarcation between hill and ancient valley is scarcely perceptible. But there they are, counting, in order almost, from left to right; Quirinal, Viminal, Esquiline, Cœlian, Palatine, Aventine, Capitoline. Really the city of to-day is upon ten hills, for the Pincian, Janiculum and Vatican are included within what is part of the modern metropolis.

We see now many things we did not discern from the Pincian, but only upon one may we linger for a single moment. It is that miracle of slave labor, that mausoleum of barbarity and ferocity, that monument to kingly power and to the deaths of martyrs, known wherever the history of the empire has been read, or the "faith once delivered to the saints" has been proclaimed—the Colosseum. This afternoon is the very moment to see it, for it is just far enough away, as the sun shines upon its reddish trav-

ertine, to appear to be in the repose of death rather than in the exultation of conquest. It has had its day: blessed be God for that. It gave crowns to the saints when it made widows and orphans of the best people within the walls of the city of the Cæsars and, in that way, it effected conquests by which the slain were the victors. But it is in ruins now and so silent. Ruined, and yet grandest of all things in decay. It looks as if Nature in one of her upheavals had tossed it there in harmony of arches, in poetry of seats and circles, in rhythms of stone and marble; its daily song one of sorrow, its evening canticle one of death. Strange juxtaposition—the sin that was and the beauty that is; the horrid, iniquitous history of the past and the sunshine and beauty of the present. We look, but we do not realize what all that heaped-up, ruinous travertine means in the history of Rome and of the world.

It is time to move out on the Via Appia. It is the hour when the crowds went forth on the Roman holiday, when they left the Colosseum, forsook the many Temples, deserted the Circus Maximus and the Forum, and idly mused at the tombs of their dead friends, because they had no better employment betwixt the mid-afternoon and the sunset. We choose the time because it is the best hour for meditation. The sun is less heating, and, if we remain long enough, the dews of evening will be falling as we return.

No matter from where the Via Appia first started, we are sure we are upon it as we pass by the site of the old Porta Capena—formerly the great door which led out of Rome to the south, now not even a ruin—and discern before us that straight

road leading on and on and up over the Alban hills and out of sight. When blind old Appius Claudius, Censor of Rome 312 B. C., laid out this road a hundred and twenty-five miles in length, and two chariots wide, he founded what became later one of the mightiest forces of Roman power and splendor. When the Cæsars took it on to Brindusium, the seaport of Eastern Italy, three hundred miles away, it was in straightness, length and general beauty the most renowned road of the world, and was entitled to its early honorable name of "Regina Viarum" (the Queen of Ways). It still stands there, straight as an arrow, two carriages wide, and, in places where men have taken the trouble to uncover it, with its original pavement of lava blocks intact. You could not mistake it for any other way out of Rome if you wished. Whence did those lava blocks come? Or, when not lava, whence were the stones quarried? The adjoining country has no lava beds and no quarries yielding such stone. Wonderful engineers those old Romans were.

And here are the ruined monuments and mausoleums of which we read in Horace and Ovid, Martial and Cicero. For miles and miles those tombs rise up with marble encasement and deep-cut inscriptions, the first to help beautify the fashionable drive out of the Eternal City, and the second to glorify the revered dead. One can see, now, walking over those very blocks, the weary prisoner who had appealed to Cæsar in his defense, and whose long journey was about to terminate. How his eye took in the long reach of monuments which lined the roadway, white and shining in the sun; how he read the more prominent inscriptions, the

names all unfamiliar to his ears, but the purport of the panegyrics such as Roman citizens had used even in ancient Tarsus; and how he saw in those inscriptions not one word referring to God, or to Immortality through the Crucified One! As Rome has thrilled us, so a hundred times more the Rome of the Cæsars must have thrilled him. It was the world's capital and in the height of its earthly glory.

Off to the right are those tremendous ruins known as the Baths of Caracalla. Massive, picturesque, suggestive. Near by to the left various little churches; churches named after the martyrs; churches named after John the Evangelist and Peter, whose lives are supposed to have been somehow connected with scenes which were transacted on those very spots. Now the Tomb of the Scipios, and chief among them the renowned Africanus, who conquered Hannibal. Here the Arch of Drusus, who died in his campaign on the Rhine. We pass through the great Aurelian wall, with its circular towers. We are by the entrance to the Catacombs through the church of St. Sebastian! What a world of thought surges over us as we think of what those caverns of the dead were in the time of the living. Off to the east the long reach of ruins of the Circus Maxentius. Next the beautiful and immense tomb of Cæcilia Metella, "the stern round tower of other days," visible for miles in the distance, for the wife of Crassus was surely rich enough in life to have this splendid monument after death. The beauty of the Via Appia is distinctly increasing. We emerge from behind stone walls lining the roadway, and there are on either hand

uninterrupted views of the Campagna. All the way to the Sabine and Alban mountains stretches out the Latin plain, of green sward mostly, and crossing it from the mountain springs the long and strikingly artistic Claudian aqueduct.

Let us stop here. The fresh air invites rest. Were the night not so near, we might lie down upon the grass and meditate by the hour. But it is time to return in order to go to Naples, whence we have come. We have looked upon views as one looks upon a beautiful, enchanting, wonderful picture, with lights and shades such as rarely are on land or sea. We must see them more closely a little later in the season, when the full Spring sun is even brighter, and perhaps we shall then love them still the more. For the dear Rome of to-day like the wonderful Rome of history, will not lose one jot of its power to sway the human heart when we again drink of the fountains of Trevi, muse upon the columns and bas-reliefs of the Forum, and clamber over the ilex- and cypress-covered ruins of the Palatine.

A. V. D. H.





## CHAPTER V.

### THE COLOSSEUM ILLUMINATED.

THE Colosseum, unlike the Falls of Niagara, the Big Trees of California, or even the Pyramids of Egypt, is never disappointing at first view—neither in size, grandeur, nor picturesqueness. It is the one monument of the “Eternal City” which fascinates the beholder, clings to the memory and looms up as the rightful landmark whenever this illustrious city is recalled to mind.

While its picturesque outlines are being viewed from the exterior, or while we stroll over the arena, or roam through its galleries, we care little to know its exact dimensions; for the time and place are not conducive to mathematical calculations, but rather to retrospective reflection.

The mind naturally travels back nearly two thousand years when the colossal statue of Nero and the reservoir of his gorgeous Golden House marked the spot of the present structure, and when Titus, upon his triumphal return from the destruc-

tion of Jerusalem, with his legions of captive Jewish slaves, completed this mammoth structure in which were produced scenes of public entertainment unprecedented in Roman history.

By lifting the curtain which separates the dim Past, we can see thousands of captive slaves smarting under the overseer's lash; groaning and sweating under their heavy burdens; lifting and moving huge blocks of stone, first for the foundation; then for the first tier, supporting its arcades with half columns of the severe Doric order; then for the second tier, with its graceful Ionic ornamentalations; then for the third tier, with its ornate Corinthian cappings; then to the dizzy height of the fourth tier, and providing for the support of the masts to sustain the immense awning; then raising and placing into each arcade of the second and third tier one hundred and sixty large statues of marble, of which surviving specimens may be found in the Vatican and the Capitoline Museum.

What mattered it if limbs were crushed or lives ruthlessly sacrificed—for were not the builders only slaves?

The incredibly short period in which, without the aid of steam engines and electric cranes, the main part of this gigantic structure was completed, is suggestive of the great army of men that must have been utilized in its erection. And yet if we could look upon this building to-day, complete as it came from the hands of the builder, with the sculptured figures added to the symmetry of its curved and mammoth outlines, perhaps our indignation at Roman heartlessness would be momen-

tarily forgotten in our rapt admiration of the structure.

What a commentary upon the vagaries of the human race when we find this structure, which should have been preserved for all time in its original grandeur as the fitting symbol of Rome's ancient power and greatness, ruthlessly desecrated, robbed of its statues, stripped of its marbles,—even its blocks of stone stolen to build some pretentious palace or to commemorate some fabulous miracles; while the surviving blocks were recklessly mutilated to extract the paltry bits of iron which, imbedded in the interior of the stone, held the blocks firmly together.

What would Marc Antony have said of such desecration and destruction had his shade reappeared in the adjoining Forum where he delivered his oration over Cæsar's dead body? What would have been said by Augustus, by Brutus, by Cicero, by Hadrian, by Trajan, by Marcus Aurelius?

In the mutilation and shameless destruction of this imposing edifice is told in unmistakable language the pitiable degeneracy of civic pride among the legatees of the Mistress of the World.

But a visit to the Colosseum at night, during an illumination, is one of those rare and rich treats which is never forgotten. As one promenades over the arena, through the crowd of animated pleasure-seekers, and amid the enlivening strains of popular music, the serious sentiments and reflections, so often experienced during a visit by day, disappear and a gala spirit takes possession of the beholder. In his mind are recalled hazy and confused impressions of the time when the arena upon which

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he is treading was the centre of intense and breathless interest, and the encircling galleries crowded with nearly a hundred thousand Romans.

Gradually the impressions become more vivid—as suddenly the entire first tier of the amphitheatre is bathed in rich, crimson light. Then the second tier follows with a grand illumination of bright green; and the third completes the gorgeous spectacle with a broad expanse of violet. Now rockets fill the open canopy with myriads of flaming and spluttering stars, and amid this dazzling scene of splendor and magnificence, the dim shapes of the past again assume definite form—the Emperor, the Senators, the Vestal Virgins, many of them clad in robes of royal splendor and decked with costly jewels, are seen in the Podium or foremost row of seats. Farther up are the knights, the plebeians, the women—all thirsting with a strangely horrible, infernal thirst, for the flow of blood, and ready to shout their approval at the sacrifice of human or animal life.

And upon the arena we may imagine the entertainment to open with a grand naval combat; then with kaleidoscopic swiftness the scene is transformed into a wild jungle in which lions, tigers and elephants suddenly appear and fill the building with cries of rage and pain as they tear each other to pieces.

Again the scene shifts, and two gladiators with short swords fight a duel, in which both are mortally wounded, but who, throwing away their swords, expire in each other's arms in a final fraternal embrace. Then enter the Retiartii, who entangle their opponents in nets thrown with the left

hand, defending themselves with tridents in the right, and other gladiators show their skill fighting unchained lions and tigers. Again the scene changes, and chariots, drawn by spirited horses, dash around the arena from opposite directions, and their drivers pinion their competitors with heavy lances. To stimulate the debauched thirst of the spectators female gladiators now redden the sands of the arena with the life blood of their rivals; and as the taste for blood becomes stronger hundreds of gladiators fight at one time, until nearly all are lifeless or disabled. Then a hundred or more helpless and innocent Christian martyrs are thrust forward to be torn to pieces by wild beasts, or, by way of diversion, despatched with arrows. And so, in this gorgeous illumination of red and green and purple and the downpouring of myriads of bright stars, we may see, in our mind's eye, new scenes of butchery go on, and on, and on during the one hundred days of Roman blood-drinking and blood-feasting and blood-gormandizing, until, suddenly, the bright illumination begins to fade—the colors blend into indefinite hues, then disappear altogether. Then follows a blackness so dense, so awful by the sudden contrast, as to suggest that outraged Nature, no longer able to stand the sight of this inhuman carnage, this heartless brutality, this infernal thirst for human blood, had suddenly swept from existence all the participants in the dreadful crime, and, under its cloak of impenetrable darkness, had consigned such scenes to hopeless oblivion.

But as the black and dense smoke from the ex-

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tinguished lights gradually lifts and clears away; and as the silent and unpeopled galleries of the amphitheatre again reveal their picturesque outlines in the soft and subdued light of the stars and moon, we may interpret this peaceful picture to say:

"Under the new realm of the lowly Nazarene these ancient scenes of human debauchery may be remembered—but will never be repeated."

F. A.





## CHAPTER VI.

### THE APPROACH TO ATHENS.

**T**O APPROACH Athens for the first time is an event. Our own party came, not by the good old way of the Ægean Sea and the Piræus but in a newer way, for it seemed more convenient to avail ourselves of the railroad from Patras. And we found that newer way so delightful that now it would be hard to convince us that any other could have pleased us better.

Late in the evening of the fifteenth of March a comfortable Austrian Lloyd steamship had taken us on board at Brindisi. The vessel's name, "The Poseidon," that is, "The Neptune," seemed of happy augury to passengers who should desire Olympian company; and that hoary old sea god himself, trident and all, could not have introduced us more comfortably into this entrancing region. Early the next morning at Santa Quarenta, and a little later at Corcyra, we took on board a motley assortment of Turks, Greeks, and Albanians, on their way to Constantinople. They proceeded to convert our steerage deck into a stage for a sort of opera bouffe performance, which lasted day and night till the end of the voyage. We never tired of watching these strange specimens of humanity. It occurred to us that the confusion of tongues at Babel, while it may have burdened human life with

certain elements of inconvenience, has contributed vastly to its picturesqueness. What man understanding the English tongue could have contrived, or would have consented, to adorn himself with those unspeakable costumes, or to have put himself and his family to bed with such charming indifference to the scrutiny of a shipful of interested spectators? Nor shall we soon forget the careworn Moslem, who, with boards and bales and pieces of the ship, constructed on the corner of the deck a miniature seraglio for his three wives.

But these modern interests were soon forgotten in the host of classical associations. In the harbor at Corcyra it seemed to us the water had hardly quieted down from its churning by the old Corinthian galleys. A little later at a lonely spot on the shore of that island we were half persuaded that we had caught a glimpse of poor shipwrecked Ulysses shivering in the bushes after his long bath, and wishing that Nausicaā and the other maidens had chosen some other spot for their game of ball. That night even our dreams took an epic coloring when the good ship "Poseidon" carried us silently past Ulysses's island kingdom of Ithaca.

Ah, those old Greeks! how they have made captives of us all, shaping according to their own fancy the imaginations of a hundred generations of duller-witted men and women. That was the bright childhood of our race, and every later age has looked back to it with a painful sense of something lost; even as every middle-aged man will look back to the brighter dreams of his own childhood. "Heaven lies around us in our infancy," the man beholds that "splendid vision die away, and fade

into the light of common day." A journey to Greece, however, lights up that splendid vision for a little while, making children and poets of us all.

The next morning when our friendly sea god discharged us on the pier at Patras, we found ourselves assisting, as the French would say, at a sunrise which might have served for the original of Guido's "Aurora." The ride by rail along the southern shore of the Corinthian Gulf is a thing of beauty; and, judging from the rate of the train, one might hope that it would continue to be "a joy forever." Hour after hour, with slight changes of position, we found ourselves looking across the strip of blue water on the splendors of snowy Parnassus, with the lower range of Helicon making off to the southeast. In that dark ravine to the left lies the awful chasm of Delphi, whence in olden times came forth the oracles to shape the destinies of nations. It was easy to make oneself believe that Apollo and the Muses had never been dislodged from these their ancient haunts, and that any visitor of gentle spirit might still be welcomed to the celestial company. Living in such a country, sailing on those blue waters, looking always on those mountains, who could not write Iliads and carve Aphrodites and build Parthenons?

Mingled with these impressions of beauty and awe were others, pleasantly humorous. The modern Greek soldier or peasant with his slender white leggings and frilled petticoat; in the villages the signs of "cobbler," "barber," "wineseller," all incongruous in characters of ancient Greek; our courier's blushes when our fair Quakeress, laudably desirous as always of learning the customs of each

new people, amazed the modest youth with the question: "Do you kiss on *both* cheeks as they do in Italy?"

Our noonday rest included a drive of some four miles to the site of ancient Corinth. It is a dead and buried city, for on the pleasant hillside scarcely a sign remains of that prosperous and populous community which was long the commercial metropolis of Greece. Members of the American School at Athens have been at work here uncovering a little section of ancient street pavement, and not far away stand the massive Doric columns of a very ancient temple; but except for these the whole great city seems to have faded like a vision, leaving not a rack behind.

The memory of that city, however, will not fade while the world stands, for in it a man once lived and labored a year and six months; not a Greek, nor a worshipper in their heathen temples, but one who had been cheered by a vision telling him that "the Lord had much people in that city." Out of its frivolous money-seeking population this apostle drew together a church of Jesus Christ; and to them he afterwards wrote those epistles which now have long outlasted all the wealth and splendor of Corinth.

Soon after leaving the Corinth station the railroad crosses the new Isthmian Canal by a lofty bridge. The canal admits vessels only of moderate draught, but is itself a work of great beauty; a deep, smooth-walled cleft, three miles long and straight as an arrow, joining the two blue gulfs east and west. After crossing the bridge the road winds up the steep mountain side, skirting the Saronic Gulf

and the Bay of Eleusis, looking out over the islands of Ægina and Salamis. The prospect is of wonderful beauty; and for historic interest where else could one hope to match it? If our morning ride had been introducing us to the old Greek mythology, these closing hours of the day were to immerse us in Greek history. On the western coast we had seen the more distant outposts of Hellenic civilization, but here on the east, among these friendly points and islands, every Greek could feel himself at home.

That long and beautiful island, peaceful in the light of the setting sun, was Salamis, refuge of the Athenian people when the Persian hosts occupied and burned their city. Here in the Bay was fought that most famous of all sea fights. From our comfortable seat in the car we could almost look upon the spot where the cowardly Persian sat on the hillside that he might see his thousand ships make an end of these exasperating Greeks and their poor little fleet. But that day the stars in their courses were to fight against Xerxes; and by nightfall the wrecks of the Persian galleys were lining these shores, and the craven emperor, like a whipped cur, was running home toward Persia.

The Athenians, too, were making ready to go home; for now the time had come for Æschylus to write his plays, and for Phidias to adorn his Parthenon. But it does not fall to my pen to describe the wonderful city which grew up out of the terror and triumph of the Persian wars, the Athens of the age of Pericles. The subject of this chapter is only the approach to the city, the Vestibule to the Temple, the Propylæa.

W. R. R.



## CHAPTER VII.

### ATHENS.

THE PRECEDING chapter indicates that the journey from Corinth to Athens is an intensely interesting one in some ways. The railway, after crossing the Isthmus, follows the Gulf of *Ægina*, and in a number of places lies on the very edge of a precipice overhanging the water and many feet above it. For some distance before reaching Athens a lovely shore road runs along by the track. But the country scenery generally is rather disappointing with the exception of the mountains, for the foliage is scanty, the trees being mostly evergreens and even these are not abundant. The small black currant for drying is largely cultivated, but the ground is parched for lack of rain—"no rain, no trees," as our excellent courier said. That courier, by the way, Mr. Moatsos, is safely to be recommended as among the very best in Greece.

We arrived at night so that all city views must be left to the imagination until the next day. We put up at the Hotel des Etrangers and found it ex-

cellent and comfortable. Next morning we found Athens to be a surprisingly clean, trim, large, compact, well-built, flourishing city, worthy even in its modern improvements of its splendid heritage. But, of course, the ancient was what took us to Athens, and the first object of interest we visited, therefore, was the Stadium where the ancient athletic games have been revived. Three years ago, at the first celebration of the games since their renewal, the victors in seven events were our own countrymen. At that time the slope was built up with wooden seats, painted white, the effect at night being strikingly beautiful. These seats have since been removed and marble ones are built into the slope for at least half the distance up the hill. In time it will be finished to the top and will seat sixty-seven thousand people; the Roman Colosseum, it may be remembered, seated only fifty thousand. The effect of the white marble in the brilliant sunshine is dazzling. A wealthy Englishman is said to have effected the restoration.

Hadrian's Gate was not far away. This ancient triumphal arch was erected by the emperor between the old city and the new city which he built. These combinations of Greek and Roman remains are interesting, but at times confusing.

Just beyond this arch rise the fourteen Corinthian columns, being all that remain of the beautiful Temple of Jupiter. One of these columns, which lies just as it has fallen, gives us an excellent idea of the manner in which the sections of the shafts were joined, and the capital decorated with the graceful acanthus leaf does not suffer under this close inspection. This Temple, which was begun

by Pisistratus, was not finished until Hadrian's time, nearly eight hundred years later.

The temples and monuments in Athens appeal to us particularly because of their graceful outlines and perfect proportions. When you come upon them the delight is like that of meeting a familiar face that you have grown to love; their lines have become so well known by photographs and descriptions.

The monument of Lysicrates, erected to celebrate his victory in a musical contest, is a lovely little column decorated with Ionic pillars and surmounted by a pedestal that in former times held a tripod, which gave the name to the corner of the street—the Place of the Tripod. It is remarkably well preserved, owing to its having been enclosed within the walls of a monastery during the Middle Ages.

On the side of a very barren hill in a dismal rock is a cavern closed by a grating. Tradition calls this the Prison of Socrates, and says that here he drank the hemlock. There is some doubt about this, however. Descending the hill toward the Acropolis, the next stopping-place was of a very different character—the theatre of Dionysos. Here, many centuries ago, the poets contended with each other on the stage and the priests and nobles sat in the rows of marble seats, interested listeners. There are many fragments of hideous satyrs, and the god Pan, with his satanic leer, which in their original places must have lent a horrible fascination to the scene. The Roman Theatre, just beyond, still retains the high walls behind the stage, which served as background for the actors, and there are two enormous stone jars perfectly preserved, whose

place was just beneath the front of the stage to intensify the sound of the voices.

The Theseum is a beautiful Doric temple, the best preserved of any of the Grecian temples, and it gives us a splendid idea of the grandeur of these buildings in their prime. The cella walls have been tampered with, but most of the columns are intact. The frieze on the cella walls were reliefs depicting the battle of Theseus with the Athenians and Lapithæ against the Centaurs.

The ancient burial ground of Athens is an intensely interesting spot. There are some beautiful tomb-stones in high relief representing the departing spirit bidding good-bye to the sorrowing relatives. They are dignified and full of sentiment, and one can fairly feel the lingering touch of the hands clasped as if loath to part. A large and valuable collection of these stones have been removed to the museum. The Temple of the Winds, also called the Lantern of Diogenes, is a small octagonal structure, with a sculptured frieze composed of allegorical figures of the gods of the winds on its eight sides. It is an exceedingly curious bit of architecture. The lines of the sun-dial are still visible on its walls and within are the remains of a water clock. A pyramidal roof held originally a revolving brazen Triton, which indicated the direction of the wind by pointing with his staff to one of the figures of the eight winds represented on its walls.

If the approach to the Acropolis is made from the rear the first impression is one of disappointment, but that feeling is all changed when, on coming round the base of the hill, the beautiful Pro-

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pylæa, with the Parthenon on the right and the Erechtheum on the left, are seen in all their glory. The eye is at once caught and held by the beautiful coloring, so much richer than the color in our own old buildings. The iron in the marble has given to it the loveliest of golden tints, which against the blue of the sky is perfectly fascinating. The nearer the approach to the Propylæa, (which is Ionic and Doric combined), the deeper becomes the impression of its beauty; and the wonderful part of it is that all the proportions tend to increase the appearance of lightness and grace in spite of its immense size. The lovely little temple of the Nike Apteros to the right of the Propylæa as you approach has been restored and must in its original state have been even more attractive with the frieze of graceful victories which are now in the Acropolis Museum. The Parthenon was built by Ictinus and Callicrates and adorned by Phidias and was finished after years of labor in 438 B. C. We can study in the Museum the sections of the wonderful sculptures of the east and west pediment; one representing the birth of Minerva and the other the contest of Minerva and Neptune over the guardianship of the city. Most of the originals of these wonderful figures are in the British Museum, London, where they are known as the Elgin Marbles. Parts of the cella frieze are here picturing the Pan-Athenaic procession and some of the metopes. Some of the frieze and many of the metopes are still in their original position. A large scaffolding erected in the west portico detracts from its beauty, but on the other hand it gives to the visitor the opportunity to study the cella frieze at close range.

We climbed this scaffolding and our eager interest in the marbles was well rewarded.

The Erechtheum, completed in 409 B. C., with its magnificent porch held our attention for a long time. The caryatides seem so full of strength, and to the life of long ago we were carried; to the time of Pericles and Phidias; and we lived over again the scenes enacted many and many a year on this sacred hill. The numerous bits of columns and friezes, capitals and statues lying about on the ground created in us the desire for another miracle like that in the Valley of Dry Bones, so that these beautiful remains might assume again the places from which they have fallen. Just imagine the grandeur of the spectacle when the Pan-Athenaic procession of youths and maidens wended their way up the hill between the pure white columns of the Propylæa over the center of the Acropolis and round to the east front. Picture that wonderful hill with its matchless temple, the Parthenon, dazzling white except the frieze, which was painted in the richest and most harmonious colors; its equally marvelous Erechtheum; and the intervening space crowded with statues; all presided over and guarded by the colossal statue of Minerva.

Very near the Acropolis with only a narrow depression between the two hills lies Mars Hill, interesting to us because of Paul's connection with it in his masterly address to the Athenians delivered on the spot. Of course we heard read here by one of our fellow-travellers, first in Greek and then in English, the wonderful oration as narrated in the seventeenth chapter of Acts.

To the south of Mars Hill and southwest of the



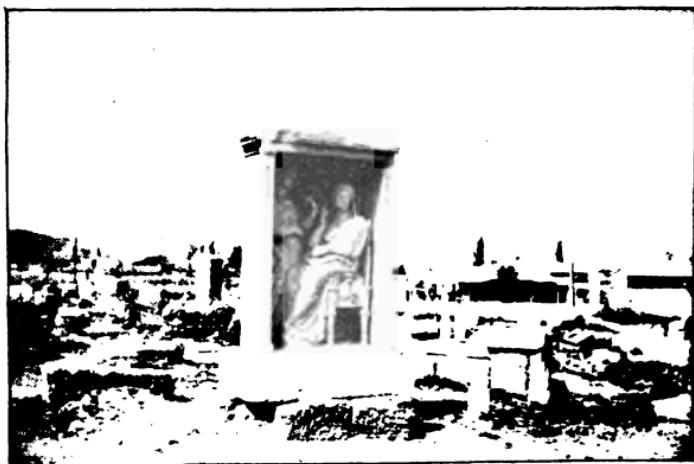
*Photo. by Miss Foster.*  
**CORINTH—REMAINS OF TEMPLE OF JUPITER (Page 57).**



*Photo by Rev. Dr. Richards.*  
**ATHENS—THE PARTHENON, FROM THE SOUTHWEST.  
(Page 63).**



*Photo. by Rev. Dr. Hutton.*  
**ATHENS—THEATRE OF DIONYSOS** (Page 61).  
Showing reliefs in front of Stage of Phaedrus.



*Photo. by Miss Cole.*  
**ATHENS—ONE OF THE ANCIENT STREET TOMBS** (Page 62).

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Acropolis is the Pnyx, where Demosthenes, Solon, Themistocles, Pericles and Aristides must have stood to address their fellow-citizens. We stood upon it with complex thoughts, not untinged with sadness that all these old voices were forever silent.

The country all through Greece is alive with historic landmarks. Wherever you turn the ground is sacred to some battle or memorable event, and, while they took place so many centuries ago, they seem scarcely more than a few years past as you visit and view the spot. We took, for instance, the thirty mile drive to Marathon. The first part was dusty and monotonous. The grass was brown and scanty and there were few trees, although during the last fifteen miles there was much more foliage and the ground was well-covered with vegetation. But the country is pretty. Few habitations were in sight from the carriage road, which passes between Hymettus and Pentelicus, pleasing in outline but almost destitute of verdure. The first glimpse of Marathon is certainly satisfactory and the pleasant impression does not fade on a nearer approach. The curve of the beach is fine, and the plain stretching back several miles to the mountains gives room for an ideal battle ground. In the midst of the plain and the only elevated land within a radius of several miles rises the mound, where the one hundred and ninety-two Athenians were buried after the memorable battle. At one time there was a marble lion on this mound, but it was carried away and now stands guard before the entrance to the Arsenal at Venice.

"And this is Marathon—this sweep of plain  
Austere and treeless! yet 't is glorious ground,  
Albeit naught save one unfeatured mound  
Stands monument to the undaunted slain;  
But at the sight the old heroic strain  
Moves in the breast as at some martial sound."

The finest view to be had of the city of Athens is from the top of Lycabettus. It is a pretty stiff climb there, but we were well repaid for attempting it. There is just room enough on the summit of this sugar-loaf hill for a little Greek chapel dedicated to St. George. As we ascended the street, cries from the city followed us, growing fainter and fainter until they all blended into one indistinct murmur. The men and horses moving about below us appeared like ants and it was curious to watch the evolutions of the cavalry in the barracks far below. From this point the view is glorious; Hymettus, celebrated for its honey, to the southeast, and Pentelicus, renowned for its marble, to the northeast; and before us, as we faced the west, the Gulf of Ægina and the Island of Salamis; the Piræus nestling in the curve of the shore; the road stretching out toward Eleusis; and directly beneath us was the city, with Mars Hill, the Pnyx and, last but not least, the ever-conspicuous Acropolis.

Another pleasure which we thoroughly enjoyed was a trip to the Acropolis by moonlight. All the temples are then perfect. The columns of the Propylæa seem built of clouds, as if a slight breeze would blow them away. They are ghostly in their lightness and held us spellbound. This is the time to dream of past glories. But how closely allied is the sublime to the ridiculous and the sordid. Here were men selling antiques near the Acropolis, with

their wares spread out along the wall leading up to the entrance. All grand and sacred places in Oriental countries are profaned by venders or beggars.

Athens is commonplace as far as national costumes are concerned. We saw a few of the Albanians, with their full white skirts containing forty yards of cloth and the blue jacket heavily embroidered in gold. These skirts are often worn, however, under a very ordinary overcoat. Some of the men, too, wear the full, baggy trousers which look like gymnasium suits. The lack of any distinctive dress makes Athens seem much like an American city, judged simply from its people. In order to see any costumes characteristic of the country it is necessary to visit the villages on a feast day, for they are more universally worn on these occasions.

There is an odd custom of posting funeral notices on the walls along the streets. Burial follows soon after death and this seems to be the quickest way to inform the relatives and friends of the deceased.

There are several pretty Greek churches in Athens, one especially having interesting wall-paintings, the altar-piece being an exquisite Madonna. The Greek service is much like the Latin, the ritual being even more elaborate and very impressive.

How hard it is to bid good-bye to anything which can become in so short a time such an object of love as the Parthenon. However, the good-bye is a lingering one, for all the way to the Piræus this one fascinating relic of antiquity kept appearing and disappearing, and even after boarding the steamer and long after pushing off into the harbor for Egypt, it still seemed to be saying a long farewell.

E. C.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### ELEUSIS.

YES! we must needs see Eleusis. And so, after an early luncheon, four started on that drive from Athens, and it proved to be one long to be remembered, for the beauties of the Present and all the mysteries of the Past were combined to lend to the enchantment. Twelve miles over a smooth causeway from city to town, and yet so thoroughly "separated by the pass of Daphne, that not one acre of the territory of Eleusis can be seen from Athens, nor of Athens from Eleusis." As Mahaffy has pointed out in his charming "Rambles and Studies in Greece," our ideas of Greece undergo a great change when we view the rugged mountain peaks and passes, after years of familiarity with the flat map.

We passed out from Athens through the ancient Dipylon, or double gateway, and drove along the Street of the Tombs, the only one extant in Greece. The modern road is said to correspond pretty closely with the ancient, which was lined most of the

way with tombstones. Traces of the latter are still visible. We went by a most modern-looking powder-mill, and a lunatic asylum, and came to the Convent of Daphne, where we rested our horses, and went through the old buildings. I was most interested in the Byzantine Mosaics, on a gold ground, especially the figure of Christ in the dome of the church. Farther on, the Bay of Eleusis lay before us, and the way became more and more beautiful as we reached the blue, "the deeply, darkly, beautifully blue" sea. Driving close along its shore, on our left lay the sea; while to the right were the two salt lakes, called Rheitoi, where formerly the priests alone were privileged to fish. These lakes are fed from natural springs, and there is a continual outflow from them into the sea. No explanation seems to be given of the phenomenon.

Soon Eleusis breaks upon our vision, now simply a poor, fever-haunted village, with little over a thousand inhabitants. It was the home of Æschylus, the earliest of the Greek tragedians, but the real interest centers round the ruins of the great temple, where the Eleusinian Mysteries were celebrated. As we neared them, and alighted from our carriage, disappointment drifted down upon us, as we realized that what was once so grandly imposing, had so utterly perished. Could we have but beheld this scene in its great glory! We entered what remains of the Outer Propylæa, or gateway with its exquisite marble steps, floor, and broken columns, passed to the Lesser Propylæa, and so entered the vast Audience room, around which ranged tier after tier of seats cut into the hillside, parts of them being solid rock, form-

ing a half-circle, where the people assembled to witness the sacred rites. What a wondrous sight it must have been, those solemn torchlight processions, winding to and through those gateways!

In front of this amphitheatre was the Inner Temple, where the priests guarded the mysteries. This is now in complete ruins, except a few remaining columns and scattered monuments. The mysteries were first celebrated in honor of Isis in Egypt, where the Greeks, especially the Eleusinians, are supposed to have received their ideas for the worship of Ceres and Proserpina. This mode of honoring their divinities is believed to have lasted eighteen hundred years, the same object, seemingly, always in view, namely, to bring before the people the idea of reward and punishment in a future state; Cicero says: "In the mysteries we perceived the real principles of life, and learned not only how to live happily, but to die with a fairer hope." Says Plato: "It was the end and design of initiation to restore the soul to that state from whence it fell, as from its entire native seat of perfection." Everything tended to show the necessity of virtue and purity, but, as it was not lawful to divulge the mysteries, writers were kept from giving any descriptions, by which we might have gained a clearer knowledge of these remarkable rites.

We found much of interest in the little museum, where is a collection of fragments of pillars, columns and capitals, a few reliefs of Triptolemus receiving the seed corn and being taught the use of the plough, etc., beside statues of the priestesses and of Ceres. All were shown with evident pride by a very plain, motherly janitress, who brought to

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our minds many and various legends from the old mythology, particularly our sympathy with Ceres, or Demeter, in the long search for the daughter, Proserpina. It was Proserpina's fatal indulgence in that sweet pomegranate which prevented her release from Pluto, who allowed her simply to spend two-thirds of her time with her mother and to dwell the remainder of the time in the underground abode of her husband. Like the seed-corn in the ground, it was typical of the annual decay and the revival of nature, and showed the nearness these ancients attained to the truth that has been so comforting to many: "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but, if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

Since 1882 the Archaeological Society has brought to view in this spot many bits of marvelous beauty, besides laying bare the entire Temple. We wandered about exploring for ourselves, and feasted our eyes on the extensive view of the beautiful bay of Salamis. Both sea and sky were gloriously blue, with the mountains round about covered with the purplish haze, so characteristic of Grecian scenery. It made a vision too fair for mere words to picture. After taking a peep into the Sanctuary of Pluto (Hades) a dark grotto in the rocky hillside, we were obliged, wholly against our will, to leave this most fascinating spot, and turn our faces toward Athens. As we drove by the sea, it was suggested we should walk along its pebbly beach. This we did, and, of course, were not content until we had had a race, after which we returned to the carriage, and soon our road wound away from the bay, but for a long, long way we looked wistfully back upon

it, as the setting sun added to it new glories. When once we lost sight of it, and the ever-changing afterglow faded, and "twilight drew her curtain, and pinned it with a star," we began to realize the truth of the statement that "there is a combined fitness and nearness, which is characteristic of most neighboring cities in Greece."

F. G. F.





## CHAPTER IX.

### THE LAND OF THE PHILISTINES.

IT WAS at the Piræus, the seaport of Athens, and seven miles from it, that there was accorded to several of us a view of King George of Greece and his beautiful wife, Queen Olga. He was tall, straight as an arrow and plainly dressed as an ordinary gentleman; she was in mourning. He is fifty-four years old; she a few years his junior. With them were various members of the family, including the Crown Prince. They were going on board a yacht in the harbor for a day's outing.

The "Prince Abbas" of the Khedivial Line of steamers arrived from Constantinople on time and pushed out about five P.M. for Alexandria. The Mediterranean was well dimpled, for the ocean air was breezy and we had fine views until dark of the bold headlands of Greece and the Trœzenian mountains. Next morning was magnificent—the sea rolling and sparkling and the air just cool enough to be full of comfort. The Island of Crete came into view with its snowy-capped peaks and present-

ed an even more lovely mountain sight than the Grecian landscape of the previous evening. By ten o'clock next day, forty-one hours after leaving the Piræus, we steamed into Alexandria harbor, and found we were distinctly in the Summer Land of Egypt; the air as balmy as in Southern Florida in February, and yet with enough breeze to gently ruffle the water.

This was Egypt, but it had no unique appearance. Alexandria is a modern and prosperous city; one must go to Cairo to see the older Egypt. We had all day to spend on shore and improved the time by a drive to Pompey's Pillar of 296 A.D.; then along the bank of a canal to the large private park of Nubar Pasha, to see rubber-trees, magnolias, palms and various tropical trees and flowers; and then through the city. We saw, of course, some strange scenes, but they were few in number and will be better commented upon in the Chapter on "The Streets of Cairo," in which city real Orientalism exhibits itself to perfection.

At Alexandria Mr. D. N. Tadros, who was to be our Palestine conductor, came on board, and we at once felt at home under his sympathetic and kindly eye.

The twin boat to the "Prince Abbas," called the "Tewfek Rabbani," was to take us to Jaffa and to it we were transferred about four o'clock. On both boats the rooms were clean and comfortable and the service and meals excellent.

Port Said was reached before nine o'clock next morning, and again the whole day was allowed us in which to visit that city, near the mouth of the Suez Canal, and, as it was Sunday, to go to church

and to rest. It was a hot day; the mists gave a spectral appearance to the morning, but the afternoon was clear as crystal and the evening bright with moonlight. Port Said, more than Alexandria, was so wholly modern that little else is to be said of it. We left it at half-past eight in the evening, with full anticipations of making the port of Jaffa next morning.

Jaffa came in sight about nine o'clock. First we saw the low reach of white sand to the south of the city, then the city itself, on a hillside, looking much like any other stone-built collection of houses, with flat roofs and a few short, square, towers and one prominent church steeple. The process of getting on shore was so interesting, novel and ludicrous, not to say dangerous, that it gave us new zest for the whole Palestine tour. The sea was smooth enough until the vessel anchored near the rocks in the harbor and then the swells became apparent, especially when, at a certain notice, a score of long, wide boats, manned with from eight to ten rowers each, pulled out from the shore and twisted through and between the rocks in a race to reach our steamer first. How those brawny Arabs did pull and yell and strive to pass each other in the onset. They surrounded the steamer and each vociferously yelled for victims. We knew from the flag which boat was looking for us and permitted ourselves to be dropped down into it, one by one, as a bag of ballast might be dropped overboard. It was fun for the Arabs, but consternation for our ladies, one of whom sprained her ankle in the descent. Then the nine fellows who made up our boat's crew rowed for the shore,

again racing as if their lives depended upon it. The camera, in the illustration, has caught them in the feat exactly as they performed it. The broad, deep chests of these men would have filled the average American gymnasium instructor with envy. If, when Jonah sailed from this port for Tarshish, the sailors in whose company he found himself were as stalwart as these rowers, is it any wonder he made so little opposition to being cast overboard? Resistance would have been useless.

After landing at Jaffa, we walked a block or two to the traditional house of "Simon the Tanner" (Acts 9: 43), saw the old tan vat, stood on the roof, entered the interior, and then took carriages for the Hotel du Parc, where a royal dinner was served. Its grounds were full of tropical trees and flowers, parrots and monkeys, and a noble orange grove was near it; and we left it after dinner with the feeling that it and Jaffa would bear a several days' visit rather than this of a few hours.

From Jaffa we took railroad and crossed the ancient Land of the Philistines. It requires four hours to reach Jerusalem, forty miles away—an average speed of ten miles an hour. This is occasioned by the "mountains of Benjamin," which are to be ascended, and in the midst lies the "Holy City," the ancient and present guardian mother of the whole land of Palestine. The railway was opened in 1892 and, though an innovation, no traveler finds fault with it. We saw from the car windows almost as much and as well as we could have seen in a carriage or on horseback. A Baldwin locomotive and European cars, with compartments opening into each other, moved off at two o'clock on precise time and landed us in Jerusalem on the minute.

The most beautiful sight of this whole day was the Plain of Sharon, here fully twelve, and farther south thirty, miles wide, extending from Jaffa and the seacoast on the west to the mountains on the east; and it is, perhaps, fifty miles long from Mount Carmel on the north to Beersheba on the south.

Here the Philistines dwelt, and its great fertility and loveliness made a deep impression upon us. It called up questions, then and especially later, when we saw the remarkable barrenness of the hill country, why it was that those enemies to Israel were allowed to dwell there for centuries. Surely David needed the Plain of Sharon for his flocks and his husbandmen, and yet he never utterly drove out the Philistines. But this is not the place to consider that subject; whatever the reasons we were amazed at the wonderful outlook. It was not clear enough to see to the extreme north or south, but as far as the eye could reach there were grassy fields and rich harvests and groves of olives. It was a country hardly to be called rolling, but with swells and a few streams; a veritable land of "milk and honey" now as in former ages. "The excellency of Carmel and Sharon," said Isaiah; it was so rich it could be passed into a proverb. Here and there men were ploughing with oxen in the primitive way, with a wooden "scratcher," and everywhere were pretty wild flowers, anemones, ranunculi, and especially the red, poppy-looking flower, known generally as the "Rose of Sharon." Off in the distance were mud villages, the houses being of earth over a framework of reeds, but, near by, every foot of ground was devoted to agriculture.

We stopped a moment at a station near Lydda,

which was visible just over a hill; then passed the site of the village where Samson caught the three hundred foxes, whose tails he made into firebrands. We were now ascending the mountain, but were not yet out of the Land of the Philistines. Here was Ramleh, a large town, with its huge and high square tower; there lay Gezer, which Pharaoh took and gave to his daughter, when she married Solomon, as part of her dowry. To-day no one would accept Gezer as a free gift. That mud village is called Ekron, to which the ancient ark of God was once carried by the Philistines; this Latron, the reputed home of the penitent thief on the cross; and the range of hills behind Latron overlooked the valley of Ajalon, where Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still. Surely we were already in Scripture lands.

We left the Plain and found ourselves ascending a hilly, rough, stony country, wholly unlike Sharon. The railway followed a gorge in its windings and the views became more and more wild and picturesque. There were flocks of black sheep pasturing, and some terraces where ordinary crops and also grapes were planted. Bits of villages of mud or of stone were perched on the hills here and there, none of any great celebrity.

And now it began to rain. We had entered the clouds an hour before reaching Jerusalem; clouds which had overhung the mountains all day, though on the Plain of Sharon and at Jaffa the sky was without a fleck and the sun delightfully warm. It was a slight rain only, more like a fog squeezed into a mist, but it kept us from seeing Jerusalem before entering it even from the railway station;

and, in fact, we entered carriages and confronted its high and grim walls and pushed our way through the famous Jaffa Gate to the Hotel Grand (just within the Gate) before we could quite realize that the day's final goal had been reached and we were on a spot a stone's throw from and easily within sound of the voice of King David of old, as he walked to and fro upon his Tower on the Hill Zion.

A. V. D. H.





## CHAPTER X.

### THE MOUNTAINS ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM.

OUR LAST sight of the Holy Land was from the deck of a steamer. We were starting from Jaffa on the way to Egypt. The sun had set, it was growing dark, and the air had the peculiar transparency which one sometimes observes at that hour. After we had moved a little from the shore, so that we were able to see over the lower hills back of Jaffa, the outline of the whole country behind them became visible on the horizon, dark and still. Just east of us the long, mountainous plateau of Judea stretching southward for sixty or eighty miles; north of this, for about thirty miles, the various mountain ranges of Samaria; then a break in the skyline where the great Plain of Esdraelon reaches right across the country. Further to the left the dark line of Mount Carmel jutting out into the sea; further north, faintly seen in the distance, the hills of Galilee; and beyond, like a cloud, the snowy peak of Hermon, more than a hundred miles away. So by a single view we could see almost the whole land of Palestine, for almost the whole of it is a mountain range, or series of mountain ranges; not very high as compared with the giant peaks of the



*Photo, by Rev. Dr. Richards.*

**MARATHON—MOUND TO ATHENIAN PATRIOTS, 490 B. C.**  
(Page 65).



*Photo, by Rev. Dr. Richards.*

**JAFFA—HOW STEAMER PASSENGERS ARE LANDED  
ON SHORE (Page 75).**

*Photo. by Miss Oller.*  
JERUSALEM—NORTHERLY VIEW FROM MOUNT SCOPUS (Pages 81, 113).



Alps or the Andes, yet these hills are real mountains, with the beauty and grandeur and mystery which belong to mountains 'everywhere. It is a land of fierce winds and pouring rains, and with sudden gleams of radiant sunshine. The ancient chosen people were practically a race of mountaineers; their gods, as the defeated Canaanites used to complain, were "gods of the hills."

Jerusalem is a mountain fastness, firmly established in the heart of the mountains of Judea. The ancient stronghold of the Jebusites, when conquered by David it became his capital and the centre of the national worship. It stands on a group of rocky knolls, twenty-five hundred feet above the Mediterranean and nearly four thousand feet above the Jordan Valley. On three sides it is protected by deep valleys forming an impassable moat for this natural fortress. To the west and southwest is Gehinnom (that is, the valley of Hinnom), the place where the old idolaters used to offer their children by fire to Moloch, and where afterwards the Jews burned the refuse of the city. It became thus a place of awful associations, and has given its name to the most terrible emblem which the Scripture offers of the hopeless ruin of sin: that abyss of Gehenna where "their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched." Some distance to the south of the city this valley of Hinnom is joined by the deep, steep-walled gorge of Jehoshaphat, or of the Kidron, which comes down from the east.

The mountains of which the Psalmist sings that they "are round about Jerusalem" rise beyond these valleys. In our later day an unhappy memory clings to some of them. The long range of Olivet east of

the Kidron slopes southward to a point called the "Hill of Offence," where it is said that Solomon built the shrines for his heathen wives. Further west, back of Gehinnom, rises the "Mount of Evil Counsel," where, according to tradition, Caiaphas had his country house, and in it he consulted with the other Jewish rulers how they might kill Jesus. But no such gloomy associations had been fastened to the hills at the time when the Israelites first went up to the Holy City to sing these Psalms; and in that earlier, brighter day we can well understand how every devout worshipper, going up to the house of his God, would rejoice as he looked about him on these immovable defenses of the sacred place, and with gladness in his heart would sing: "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth, even forever."

The name of one of these mountains is still as sacred to every Christian as it ever could have been to any ancient Jew; it is Olivet, the Mount of Olives. The name belongs to the high ridge east of the city, beyond the valley of the Kidron. The hill rises abruptly some five or six hundred feet above the valley; that is, nearly three hundred feet above the Temple courts on the other side of the valley. As we used to wander about Jerusalem day after day looking for its sacred places we were often tormented by the shifting and contradictory traditions, and it was very comforting to re-establish our faith in something that cannot be removed. For, as if to rebuke our doubts and fears, this old mountain stands unchanged where the Creator set it.

On the further slope of Olivet about two miles

from Jerusalem lies the little village of Bethany. "El Azarieh" the Arabs call it now, from a certain man named Lazarus who once lived there with his sisters. On a rainy afternoon in March three of us, shielding ourselves as best we could from the storm, started for this village on foot. A harder gust of rain burst upon us as we entered the town, and we were glad to accept the proffered hospitality of one of its citizens, a Mohammedan, as they all are there. It was a poor little house to which he welcomed us; one floorless, dirty, smoky room for the whole family, the turbaned patriarch himself and wife and half dozen children; but they made us welcome before a blazing fire of brush, and we found it pleasant to receive even such hospitality in the City of Martha and Mary.

The shower passed and we started back by a foot-path over the mountain. It was the walk our Lord often took when He was teaching in Jerusalem. The path is fairly steep, and, as it lifts you above the village, and the view spreads out to the east, you find yourself looking down into the strange depression of the Dead Sea and the Jordan, that mysterious abyss, unlike anything else in the world, which sinks more than twelve hundred feet below the level of the ocean. Beyond it you have a grand view of Nebo and the other mountains of Moab. But then a few steps more, and you round the crest of the hill and look down across the narrow valley on Jerusalem. I doubt if the whole world affords elsewhere such a view of a city.

We seated ourselves under an olive tree, and the Testament fell open at the right place that we might read how the Lord once took this same journey, and,

when He reached this spot, and this same view of the doomed city burst upon him, He wept over it, saying: "If thou hadst known." A little further down the hillside we came to a garden, the place where He often went to pray.

For a Christian believer that western slope of Olivet, from the top to the bottom, will always be one of the most sacred places in the world.

There is another mountain north of the city of Jerusalem. It is a long, low, rocky hill, a few hundred yards from the Damascus gate, covered with short grass enough to make it a favorite bit of pasture for the sheep. A part of the hill is now a Mohammedan burial place; it is known to have been the ancient place of execution for the Jews; and there is little doubt that here the martyr Stephen was stoned. Viewed from the city wall, the southern face of the rock offers a most remarkable resemblance to a human skull, and it is now believed with good reason that this is no other than that Golgotha, Calvary, Place of a Skull, most sacred of all the mountains which encompass Jerusalem; that

"Green hill far away, without a city wall,  
Where the dear Lord was crucified, Who died to save us  
all."

Of course there have been other traditions. The guides will point out to you a supposed site for Calvary in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in the heart of the present city. But that fails in many ways to match what the Gospels say of our Lord's death and burial, while this remoter hill beyond the Damascus gate seems to match all parts of the history.

We visited the hill several times. We stood there for awhile Good Friday morning. Again, two days

later, we stood there on the afternoon of Easter Sunday. The day was fair, with cloudless sky, and a goodly company of Christian believers had gathered on the hill. Some one spoke a few words of prayer; and we sang a few hymns of faith; and we looked over the wall into the city which once rejected Him; and we looked up into the blue sky above our heads; and we thought we could almost see the hills and streets of the heavenly Jerusalem, where the throne of God is, and of the Lamb; and that we could almost hear from far away above us, like the sound of many waters, the voices of that great multitude already gathering from all nations and kindreds and peoples and tongues, who sing forevermore the song of the redeemed.

W. R. R.





## CHAPTER XI.

### THE STREETS OF JERUSALEM.

THE hurried tourist, who may spend but one or two days in Jerusalem, particularly during the rainy season, would be apt to carry away with him rather gruesome impressions. The obtrusive exhibitions of extreme poverty; the pitiful specimens of disfigured and diseased mendicants; the unsanitary condition of the streets, the miserable dwellings, and the peculiarly repugnant odor emanating from these conditions, under which exists a compact mass of human beings who manifest an inherent dislike to the bath and laundry, not only grate upon the moral and physical sensibilities of an American, but even threaten the permanent impairment of his appetite.

But several days' familiarity with these sights and odors, coupled with the reminder that, after all, social misery or happiness is largely dependent upon the native training and environment of the individual, enable us to discover, underneath this unpromising exterior, much that is unique and picturesque in this city, whose site was mentioned 4,000 years ago as the stronghold of the Jebusites;

whose early temples and palaces commemorated the genius of Solomon, and near which was enacted the most sublime tragedy in human history.

The magnificent Jerusalem of the Israelites—the Holy City of David—with its gorgeous palaces and wonderful temple, is, however, no more. Its ruins may eventually be excavated, if the spade of the investigator will dig down for a hundred feet through the debris which hides the ruins of the ancient city from modern eyes. But modern Jerusalem can boast of no buildings erected prior to its entire destruction by Titus, in the First Century, and the architecture of Jerusalem of to-day could be justly called a burlesque upon the genius of Solomon as a builder.

To ascend or descend its narrow streets or alleys (for none are level), and to pass under their low vaulted ceilings, reminds the traveler of subterranean passages or catacombs. The arched vaults or caves lining these alleged streets in the business portion of the city furnish the shops for the trading among the natives. They are usually large enough to allow goods to be piled upon the three sides of the vault, with sufficient room in the centre for the proprietor (who performs all the various functions incident to shopkeeping), and perhaps additional space for two, and sometimes three or four customers; but four is generally the limit. One vault may dispose of dry goods; another notions; another groceries (from the eating of which may all my friends be delivered); another, fresh meats; another, sandals and slippers; another, tin-ware; another, wax candles and religious emblems, and so on until one or more vaults may be found

for the sale of all such articles as are commonly used by the natives.

But Jerusalem apparently does not favor the department store idea. Each shop has its separate proprietor, and the value of the entire stock of the average store would not equal in amount a single good sized sale in many American retail stores.

The Oriental method of trading is unique. I would enjoy seeing it tried in Wanamaker's, Darlington's or Caldwell's. The customer asks the price of an article, and the shopkeeper names it, declaring at the same time, with the utmost fervor, that never before had he named so low a price. The customer thereupon cautiously offers a fraction of the price named, and calls, with equal fervor, upon a number of her favorite saints to witness that she will not pay any more. The shopkeeper then slightly modifies his former price, but at the same time ejaculates a prayer to be forgiven for making such a sacrifice. The customer then makes a slight advance, and calls upon some more of her patron saints to witness that she will absolutely pay no more. And thus they make their adroit moves back and forth, until a price is finally agreed upon, and both instinctively offer up a secret prayer of thanksgiving for having so shrewdly outwitted the other.

But to stroll through David street and Christian street (a gross slander upon both names!), and through many other nameless streets, proves most interesting—after you have become inured to the odor. All street without pavement, or all pavement without street (whichever way you choose to describe them), and only from six to twelve feet

wide. Here may be seen rows of women clad in a single coarse cotton garment (with the thermometer at 55), modestly obscuring their faces behind grotesque veils, but amusingly oblivious to the exposure of their bare feet and limbs, and spending an entire day in disposing for a few piastres a basket of onions, or eggs, or carrots, or potatoes, or kindling wood.

Winding your way through these narrow streets a sudden thump on the shoulder may inform you that the right of way is being claimed by a donkey, upon whose two sides immense boxes of vegetables, or meat, or charcoal, take up the entire width of the street. You may witness a specimen of Oriental gallantry in the swarthy Arab seated upon the haunches of a diminutive donkey, while the care of two other heavily laden donkeys is entrusted to his frail and bare footed wife, who trudges after them to goad or encourage. In the open street may be seen the itinerant barber clipping the hair of a customer, who kneels before him with such apparent reverence as to suggest the observance of his Moslem devotions, while the barber is earning his fee. In the middle of one business street may be seen a mammoth camel, gravely chewing his cud with appropriate dignity. The peculiar looking carcasses, carried on the backs of donkeys, are but the ancient hides of goats or sheep restored to their original shape while serving as water bottles, while a smaller carcass strung upon the arm of a street vendor supplies the thirsty with a beverage resembling beer. In the Jewish grain market may be seen the measurement of grain, literally "good measure, heaped up, shaken together and running."

over"—a form of measurement from which the more advanced Hebrew in other countries doubtless considers himself happily emancipated. In the dark recesses of these vaults may be seen the mechanic, straining his eyes in the darkness and again straining them in the intense glare of the bright sunlight, thereby aggravating those diseases of the eye which are so common among Orientals.

And everywhere, from the infant whose lips have been taught no other word, up to the aged and decrepit mendicant who suggests a possible escape from the tomb, you may hear the cry of "Bakshish! Bakshish! Bakshish!" The plaintive tone in which this universal prayer for alms is made by Orientals may give the novice the impression of intense suffering and unhappiness, but when he discovers how quickly the piteous tone can be changed into laughter or rage, he may be justified in suspecting that the tune is taught very much the same as the old song of "Tomatoes! Red Ripe Tomatoes!" was taught to the old time street hucksters of our cities.

And yet amid all this complex mass of human beings, crowded together so closely in the business districts as to constantly jostle each other, and, notwithstanding their fierce gesticulations and ejaculations, most of the people appear to mind their own business and not interfere with their neighbors. The native Jew, with a long curl dangling from each temple; the full bearded Greek priest, in his long robe of black, and tall, round hat, and with hair grown to its natural length, sometimes flowing and sometimes coiled in a roll like a woman's; the Arab, with his tawny skin and frequently commanding figure; the Copt; the African, the Dervish, the Abyssinian and

the Armenian are all to be seen, and in many instances the costume resembles the lining of a discarded coat, which, as it in turn became worn out in parts, was replaced by a patch from a discarded calico skirt or a discarded bedspread, or a discarded animal skin, or a discarded jute sack; or, when no discarded material could be found for patching, the space was allowed to remain blank until a piece of some discarded article was providentially furnished. It has been argued that, in consequence of this process of perpetual patching, the same garment is frequently handed down from generation to generation, on the same principle that the human body continues to belong to the same individual, although renewed in all its parts every seven years.

But while this historic city, as it exists to-day—with its curious and grotesque medley of inhabitants, without a single place of public amusement, and in which the watchman gives a warning whistle whenever a stray traveler ventures into the street after dark, may be described in a spirit of levity, we experience a different feeling when we turn to the religious features, which have drawn devout pilgrims from all parts of the world, and in whom we find a peculiar combination of sincere reverence, childlike credulity and a blind and passionate devotion for all so-called sacred things.

For instance, Via Dolorosa is represented as being the identical road which the Saviour trod in passing from the judgment hall to Calvary, and seven distinct stations are marked to indicate the different incidents of that journey. This road leads into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in which is represented the alleged site of Calvary and the Saviour's tomb.

Those who will take the pains to inquire may ascertain that Jerusalem was entirely destroyed by Titus A. D. 70, and no record of the street now called Via Dolorosa can be found earlier than the Fourteenth Century. Nevertheless, on Good Friday thousands of natives and pilgrims travel over this road with the devout belief that they are literally walking in the footsteps of their Lord, and then enter the gloomy interior of that historic church, in which cordons of soldiers are required to preserve order and to prevent a repetition of the horrible scenes of bloodshed, which on more than one occasion attended the crowding together of these fanatical pilgrims of many sects.

The sight of these pilgrims in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is interesting to every student of human nature. Take, for instance, a band of Russian pilgrims—the men with their square faces and long thick hair, and with that stolid expression which indicates unusually dull and limited comprehension; and the women with unshapely figures and somber faces, warmly clad in thick coats and wearing men's stout, high boots. These people are not picturesque. The world must look very dull and very small to them; but the passionate reverence with which these pilgrims kiss the marble slab represented as covering the tomb of the Lord; their reverent regard for all objects accredited as sacred, and their well modulated chanting in their chapel during worship, is a sight which none can forget. These simple minded pilgrims spend no time in questioning the exact location of the sacred points of interest, but feel that in their pilgrimage to Jerusalem they have attained the supreme object of their natural life.

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And these simple minded Russian peasants naturally suggest the query whether, after all, the exact geographical location of sacred places is not of minor importance, provided the mind and heart of the believer experience a new inspiration and elevation?

Outside the city wall, however, is a hill, sloping on three sides, and precipitous on the fourth side, which faces the city, and shows on its surface certain depressions which bear a striking resemblance to a skull. This spot is believed by many to be Calvary, and in a garden at its base was discovered, not many years ago, under a great mass of debris, an arched entrance into a chamber, cut into the solid rock, and which contained an ancient tomb, which singularly corresponds to the description of the one in which the body of the Saviour lay.

But, while reasonable doubt may always exist as to the authenticity of the above sites, there appears to be no difference of opinion regarding the location of the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane, and on this mount, away from the distracting noise, the jargon, the odors and the sights of the city of modern Jerusalem; and with the peaceful valley below us, the historic hills around us, and the refreshing odors of the green fields permeating the atmosphere, the reverent mind can find a peaceful inspiration in recalling the memorable scenes enacted here at the dawn of that era which marked so vital a step in human history.

F. A.

NOTE BY EDITOR.—So much has been written about the modern and also ancient city of Jerusalem, that it has not been deemed necessary to publish more concerning it in this work than is embraced in the two preceding chapters, which

record with much vividness general impressions. One of the latest and best historical and descriptive narratives on Jerusalem is the "Holy City," by the recent United States Consul, Mr. Edwin Wallace. The other sights of the city not mentioned in the foregoing article and which, of course, were visited, are: The site of the ancient temple on which now stands the Mosque of Omar, a profoundly interesting spot, since within the present Mosque may still be seen the rock which crowned Mount Moriah and which King David bought of Ornan, the Jebusite, who had used it as a threshing floor; the Jews' Wailing Place, where are still visible many immense stones of the ancient Temple; the Golden Gate of the City Wall, which has been closed for the past seven hundred years; the Stables of Solomon, underneath the city, where are still visible the stalls for horses and places for tying and feeding them; the so-called Coenaculum, or the Chamber of the Last Supper, the so-called House of Caiaphas, the Pool of Hezekiah and the Pool of Bethesda, etc. It should also be noted that the American Consul in Jerusalem, Dr. Selah B. Merrill, himself a distinguished archaeologist, put our party under great obligations by his courtesy and helpfulness. His "Kavass," in gorgeous uniform, attended us in our visit to the Mosque of Omar, and he himself took pains to point out and explain to us the fragmentary remains of the City Wall, which was standing at the time of Christ.





## CHAPTER XII.

### BETHLEHEM.

HOW anxiously we watched the clouds, but still the west wind blew—that west wind, which overturned our plans. How was it possible a west wind could bring days of rain? But it always does in this far away eastern land, and it surely did on this one particular day in March, when we were obliged to give up our all-day trip to Hebron, with its stop on the return at Bethlehem, and to content ourselves with a visit to the Tombs of the Kings, said to be where the kings of Judah were buried, but most probably the last resting place of Queen Helena and her family. The approach to these tombs is down many steps to a gallery, opening from which are several reservoirs, now used for the collection of rain water. Farther on, in another court, we saw a large stone, somewhat like a mill-stone, anciently used to roll before the entrance of a tomb. Then we went into the various ante-rooms, in each of which were places for the burial of three or more persons, showing the solidity and indestructibility of ancient sepulchres. Leaving these tombs behind, we drove through the Damascus gate, and—“outside the city wall”—went upon Mount Calvary, where all

the sorrowful scenes of our Saviour's agony rose before us. At the base of the mount we found and entered the Garden of the Tomb, and into the Tomb itself. Although a disputed site, we felt the solemnity and reality of His sufferings and death as never in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

The remainder of the morning was spent in the subterranean quarries, spoken of sometimes as Solomon's Mines. The entrance is little more than a hole in the ground, through which we almost crept, taking our lighted tapers, going through dark and rugged aisles and caverns, until we seemed to be in the very bowels of the earth, and we shuddered lest we became separated from our guide. There are no landmarks, and the extent of these quarries is as yet unknown. They were not discovered until 1852, by Dr. Barclay, but bear evidence of great antiquity, and there is every reason to believe the stones for Solomon's Temple were "made ready" in these depths, "so that there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron, heard in the house while it was building." The great quantities of marble quarried and carried away gave us a realizing sense of the magnitude of the Temple and buildings of that era.

As the clouds had lightened, and there was promise of a fair afternoon, we started after luncheon on the eight-mile drive to Bethlehem. The occasional dashes of rain made it necessary to have the carriage curtains down; nevertheless, when the sun did shine, it was all the brighter by contrast, and the air was fresh and sweet, bringing a thrill of joy as we beheld the land sacred to us by so many and rich associations. Our interest quickened as we reached the Tomb of Rachel, for notwithstanding the



CALVARY—THE PLACE OF A SKULL (Page 84).



*Photo. by Mr. Estlin.*  
**CALVARY—ON THE SUMMIT; JERUSALEM IN THE DISTANCE** (Page 84).



*Photo. by Rev. Dr. Richards.*  
**JERUSALEM—THE DAMASCUS GATE** (Page 84).

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modernness of the structure, with its dome and whitewashed walls, it brought many sacred thoughts to us, even while the various "camera fiends" were taking their snapshots. Was this truly the spot where Jacob parted with the much loved wife? He "buried her in the way of Ephrath, the same is Bethlehem;" her for whom he served seven long years, which "seemed but a few days, for the love he bore her."

As we drove on, and looked out upon the country round about, the Bible stories, so sweet to us from childhood, each came back: Ruth gleaning after the harvesters, that first romance, which made us think of her beauty and grace, and almost forget her unselfish love for the sorrow-stricken Naomi; David, the lad who was "ruddy" and "of a beautiful countenance," watching his father's flocks, practicing with his sling, guarding faithfully the sheep of his care, thereby learning the depth of loving care his Heavenly Father felt for him, when he exclaimed, "The Lord is my Shepherd," communing with nature, and laying away great stores to draw upon for his similes, seeing "the hart pant after the water brook," listening to the roar of the tempest "and the lion," finding "the adder deaf" and the serpent poisonous and being made ready for the anointing oil, which Samuel poured upon his head, as the chosen son of Jesse, to be king of Israel! But the thought of that greatest event of all history crowded out all else, as we drew near the town of the Nativity, and we remembered that weary, anxious Virgin, as she too drew near, "and there was no room for them in the inn," and the bright and beautiful star, that shone over this same spot, and the glory

that was round about, "as the shepherds watched by night."

It was rather a rude awakening to arrive at Bethlehem and find it so modern, with its five hundred substantial houses; it made us forget to think of it as the "City of David." We went immediately into the Church of the Nativity, its nave being "the oldest monument of Christian architecture in the world." We entered through the one small door, the other two having been walled up out of fear of the Moslems. The church is the joint property of Greeks, Latins and Armenians. Passing through it we descended into the chapel, or grotto, of the Nativity, twenty feet below. It is, apparently, a cave in the solid rock, covered over, floor and sides, with marble. In one of the recesses is an immense silver star set in the pavement, supposed to indicate the spot where the Saviour was born. Around this burn fifteen lamps, of which six belong to the Greeks, five to the Armenians and four to the Latins. Hung about are embroideries and drapings, giving a tinselly, gaudy effect, so different from the simplicity and rudeness of the early manger. In other recesses are "The Chapel of the Manger," "Altar of the Magi," "The Chapel of St. Joseph," "The Altar of the Innocents" and the "Tomb of St. Jerome," where he was known to have dwelt, and to have written some of his works, possibly there making his translation of the Bible into the Latin. We spent a little time at each of these shrines, then ascended the stairs, passed through the Church of St. Catharine, and went into the fresh air and sunlight, and, again, from an eminence gained a view of the broad landscape, where we hoped to forget what the hand of man had done

to commemorate the sacred spot, and to call to mind only "that sweet story of old." The effect of different sects striving with each other to set up their altars and their monuments is depressing and most inharmonious.

Before leaving the town it seemed to be in order to do a little shopping; so we passed on to the principal business square and there alighted from the carriage in a thin, pasty mud, and proceeded to the largest store of the town. There were in it large collections of carved mother-of-pearl, olive wood, etc. The fabulous prices asked, and the sudden reductions made, were most amusing, and we saw other "tricks of trade" which were more exasperating. For example, some were thus addressed: "Your mother" (sister or other lady, as they might guess the relationship) "wishes to see you, in the other store." You go, of course, supposing some one of your party has sent for you, only to have the messenger turn on your entering "the other store," smile blandly and say: "I want to show you *my* goods. I have very many beautiful things!" And so you find yourself again a victim of an Oriental lie. A lie well told is not an infrequent occurrence in this land where it seems easier to avoid the truth than to speak it.

Before leaving the city we viewed from a hill the Shepherds' Fields and saw in the distance the mountains in which is the cave of Adullam. It was while in hiding here that David longed—and we endeavored to realize the length of that long and hazardous run made by his faithful and loving men when they overheard him say: "Oh, that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, that is at the gate!" And "he poured it out unto the Lord," when

it was brought to him, feeling it to be the evidence of such consecrated love as was due to the Heavenly Father, but not to a mortal man. We visited this very well of David and drank of its water.

On our return to Jerusalem, we found an "upper room" had been prepared, and all made ready for the celebration of the Lord's Supper. It was the night commemorating his betrayal, in which "He sat down, and the twelve apostles with Him" and He commanded them: "This do in remembrance of Me."

Our company included six clergymen, representing four religious denominations, and we all sat down together in the stillness of that evening hour, in obedience to His command, feeling in that one day we had been drawn nearer to His earthly life, His birth and His death, than ever before.

F. G. F.





## CHAPTER XIII.

### JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA.

ONE OF the most interesting trips made by us was an excursion of a day and a half from Jerusalem to Jericho, the Jordan, the Dead Sea, and return. A few years ago a journey down to Jericho was accomplished by the tourist with more or less difficulty. At that time the road, being a bridle path, was in some places quite dangerous, requiring a sure-footed animal, lest one should be precipitated down the cliffs. Our journey, however, was made in carriages over an excellent road begun by the government some six years ago and finished for the proposed visit of the German Emperor.

As we proceeded on the circuitous route, winding through rocky depths of the mountains, constantly descending for some thirty-nine hundred feet, we could appreciate the remarkable engineering skill displayed in the construction of the road. Its almost perfect condition at present is due to that late expected journey over it by the Emperor Wilhelm. He said he would visit Jericho, but he was prevented by the intense heat prevailing on the plains of Jordan. Not

only the Jericho road, but newly painted buildings in Jerusalem told of the good effects of the Emperor's anticipated caravansary journey.

All along the rocky, precipitous way our eyes were delighted with a profusion of wild flowers of the most brilliant colors—daisies, the white flower called the Star of Bethlehem, and, especially, was there a blaze of scarlet flowers of all kinds, anemones, wild tulips and poppies. It is this contrast between the brilliant colors of the flowers and the sober hues of the rest of the landscape that gives force to the words, "Consider the lilies of the field." Dr. Post, of the American College at Beyrouth, believes that when our Saviour spoke of the lilies of the field, and declared that "even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these," He referred to the wild gladiola, a bulbous plant between a crimson and heliotrope in color, which grows in great beauty in Palestine. Whatever was the special flower designated, the wild gladiola possesses the gorgeous hues which might be compared to the robes of the great king.

Beside the natural features of the country, our interest was deeply excited by our conductor, who pointed out to us the sites associated with the life of our Saviour; for example, the place where stood the village to which Jesus sent His two disciples to find the ass and her colt tied, to be brought to Him for use on His last triumphant entry into Jerusalem. Then we passed the supposed site of the house of Simon the Leper; and the village of Bethany, to which Jesus often resorted after the fatiguing labors of the day in Jerusalem, and where He found a quiet, congenial resting place in the home of Mary, Mar-

tha and Lazarus, with whom He realized an ideal friendship. Several miles beyond we rested our horses at the new khan recently built upon the site of the inn to which the Good Samaritan might have carried the wounded traveller. Then on, winding in and out through the rocky defiles, until reaching a place where we caught sight of a thread of verdure at the bottom of a deep glen, the most romantic I saw in the whole of Palestine. This has been identified with the brook Cherith, where Elijah remained for a long time at God's command, and where he was fed by the ravens. Proceeding down the bare limestone hills, we at last caught sight of the modern town of Jericho, had a glimpse of the Dead Sea, and of a part of the Jordan Valley, and, far away to the east of the Jordan, saw a line of verdure which marks the course of the brook Jabbok, upon whose banks Jacob wrestled with the angel. The valley itself we found to be a treeless, barren plain. But "on the farther or eastern side of it a broad ribbon of luxuriant green revealed the course of the river Jordan, where it flows amid willows, oleanders and reeds." On the other side of the river the dark mountains of Moab and Edom bound the eastern horizon, with the peaks of Nebo and Pisgah towering above. One has well said that this vast area of plain and mountain and river and sea is crowded with ancient sites whose names recall many of the grandest and some of the most sublime and appalling events in Biblical history.

We scarcely paused at the hotel at new Jericho, but rode directly on to the site of ancient Jericho, once a royal and famous city, which stood in an exceedingly fertile spot in the valley of the Jordan. This is the same Jericho whose walls God cast down by a

miracle and gave it to Joshua, with a curse on him who should rebuild it. To this Jericho belonged Rahab the harlot, and Zacchæus, who was little of stature. They were the boys of this Jericho who mocked Elisha the prophet, saying: "Go up, thou bald head," and were devoured by two bears to avenge him. The site is a large mound of rubbish and earth and nothing more. We stood upon it and saw off to the west the Mountain of Temptation gaunt and grizzly. Near Jericho is the place where Jesus opened the eyes of the blind man as he passed by. And near by is the fountain which Elisha made sweet, which before was bitter. The Jericho of Christ's time was a little south of this. That was a favorite town of Herod the Great, who built a palace there and considered the place the most beautiful in his dominions. We saw the site, but it had scarcely a ruin. Gilgal, a few miles away, was the scene of the Israelites' first encampment. The ground of Gilgal was the first that was pronounced "holy" (Josh. 5:15). On its hill, during the long wars in the interior of Palestine, the Tabernacle remained, till it found its resting place in Shiloh (Josh. 18:1).

It is exceedingly hot on the plain in summer. The temperature rises to 110° and often 118°. The people who inhabit the valley are a sickly and degenerate race. The climate in winter is mild, and some people have talked of making modern Jericho a health resort. It is said that the Sultan of Turkey owns privately a good deal of land in the valley, but I would not pay him much for the whole of it.

After lunch at the excellent hotel in the modern Jericho, the Hotel du Parc, we proceeded on our way to the Dead Sea, some four miles or more away.



BETHANY—CRIES FOR "BAKSHISH" (Page 108).

*Photo, by Miss Oller.*

*Photo. by a Jerusalem Artist.*  
ON THE SHORE OF THE DEAD SEA (Page 105).  
Showing the Party and the American Flag.



While desolation is a marked feature of this inland lake, we did not find it, as I fancied we would, a gloomy sheet of water sending forth sulphurous exhalations, over which no bird could fly uninjured. It is, however, one of the most curious of inland seas. Thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, it is the most depressed sheet of water in the world. It is forty-six miles in length and nine miles in width. Its basin, as has been well described, is a streaming cauldron—a bowl, which, from the peculiar temperature and deep cavity in which it is situated, can never be filled to overflowing. The river Jordan, itself exposed to the same withering influences, is not copious enough to furnish a supply equal to the demand made by the rapid evaporation. The excessive saltiness of the Dead Sea is remarkable. The saline particles in the water of the ocean are four per cent.; the Dead Sea contains twenty-six and a quarter per cent. This peculiarity is, it is believed, mainly caused by the huge barrier of fossil-salt which closes its southern end, and is heightened by the rapid evaporation of the fresh water poured into it. Here is where Lot chose for himself a home. But at that time it was "well watered everywhere even as the garden of the Lord." Here were those cities of the plain which were so full of wickedness that "the Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven" (Gen. 19:24, 25).

Riding from the Dead Sea two miles we came to a place called the Fords of the Jordan, where Jesus was baptized by John; where Joshua and the children of Israel passed over dryshod. Here also the waters of Jordan were divided at the bidding of Elijah, and

again divided when Elisha struck it with Elijah's mantle.

We found the Jordan to be anything but a noble stream. Hebrew writers have nothing to say in its praise. Naaman, who had come from Damascus, on the fertile banks of the lucid streams of Abana and Pharpar, despised its muddy waters. David was thinking of the rivulet of the Kidron when he wrote of the "river whose streams make glad the city of God, the holy place of the Tabernacle of the Most High." The want of attractiveness in the actual scenes, however, makes us turn with all the more enthusiasm and reverence to the men who have been specially associated with the Jordan. Elijah, who appeared from beyond Jordan in all his mysterious moral greatness, was fed by the ravens down there at the brook Cherith, and somewhere close by ascended to heaven. Then came the gentler personality of Elisha, on whom the great prophet's mantle fell. And last and greatest of the three, John the Baptist, whom Keble describes as "the loved harbinger of Jesus, with the unswerving soul and the fearless tongue, who counted it gain that his light should grow dim before the increasing glory of the Son of Man."

Returning to our hotel for the night, after an early breakfast the next morning we started on our return trip to Jerusalem, with the conviction that this mental impression of the amazing panorama of the Valley of the Jordan would remain with us while life may last.

This return journey was quite as interesting as the first drive of the day before. In part we had become familiar with the road, and our powers of observation had become quickened. It had been a slightly

rainy morning the day before, and in and about Jerusalem the clouds had covered the heavens and the earth as with a pall. But this day there was perfect vision everywhere; the morning was clear as crystal, cool and crisp as on a September day, and when we left the Jordan plain with our faces toward "the mountains round about Jerusalem," their every tower and battlement, rock and pinnacle, was as if freshly let down out of the skies, or newly upheaved from the depths of the earth. The view was not merely beautiful, but inspiring and sublime. We had now all the thousands of feet to climb, and part of it on foot to rest the horses, but every moment of the hours was enjoyable and stimulating. At one point of the journey the native hot-blood boiled and we had an interesting—it might have proven a most dangerous—scene. The driver of one carriage began a quarrel with the driver of another carriage, as to his having in his conveyance the proprietor of the Jericho hotel, "which had not been bargained for" and was not to be permitted. Words came to blows. A Mohammedan in a quarrel is never so much himself as when he can pound his enemy with a rock. "Beelzebub," as his name should have been, took up from the roadside a stone as large as his right hand could grasp, at least four inches in diameter, and was in the act of demolishing the head of his weaker foe. At this juncture our athletic Reverend brother, who knew no fear and would brook no signs of murder, sprang from one of the carriages, grasped "Beelzebub" with a more than fraternal hug, and compelled him to relinquish the barbarous weapon. It required a little time to compel peace, but it finally followed. Probably this encounter was an everyday incident on

the road from Jericho, but the native had his match in an American and we were spared the sight of blood.

We paused to rest at the "Apostles' Fountain," but made no long stop until we reached Bethany. Here we turned to look at the ruins of the home of Mary and Martha, and to go down into the supposed tomb of Lazarus. At this place, Bethany, we met more boy and girl beggars than we saw anywhere else in Palestine. They were disagreeably vexatious and determined, scantily clad, of course, and crying continually for "bakshish."

Now we recrossed the Mount of Olives and saw again over the valley Jerusalem in its rich picturesqueness; the quiet and holy city of ancient story, never so beautiful to us as when we saw it from the distance and in the light of the brilliant afternoon sun. Then, and not after you have entered it, it is "Jerusalem the golden, with milk and honey blest."

A. A. K.





*Photo. by Miss Oller.*

**GETHSEMANE—A SCENE IN THE GARDEN.**  
(Page 84).



MOSES. *Photo. by Rev. Dr. Kiehle.*  
The son of the Sheik who acted as Special Guard from Jerusalem to Jericho.



*Photo. by Mr. Estil.*  
AT BETHANY (Page 108).  
Photographing the Ruins of the House of Mary and Martha.



## CHAPTER XIV.

### CAMPING TOUR—FIRST DAY.

WE HAD dreamed of it. And even when disturbed by the rude noise of unquiet sleepers and of stranger noises in the public streets by the Jaffa Gate, we lay calmly on our pillows and, like Jacob, imagined these were the footfalls of angels on the heavenward stairs. Heavenward stairs may seem poetical, but there were stern realities in the days that followed, that more frequently led downward.

We had been at Jerusalem a week. We were tired of the tradition and superstition of the Holy City. We were almost penniless from yielding to the constant demands for "bakshish." And now we were elated with the bright prospect before us. The day of fond hopes and dreams was near at hand. We were going on a camping tour through the Holy Land, to cross the very fields and walk the roads o'er which our blessed Saviour went. And we were going in the primitive way on horseback, so as to study Nature and carry with us lasting impressions of the scenes and associations of this sacred land. On Monday, April 3, we were to start. Of course,

the early knock at our door, with the call "six o'clock," was unnecessary. Who could sleep with such a prospect before? That morning Scripture was fulfilled and the usual late riser was first at the breakfast table. But oh! the disappointment when we looked from the window. It rained! Not a gentle dropping like the dew from heaven, but a downright, continual pouring of water. We held a council of war, and the decision was that the rain was too mighty a foe for us to fight, and we must wait until another day. So we spent the day in studying the rainstorms of Jerusalem.

We understood the significance of the "early and latter rain," although we did not rise early enough to see its beginning, nor stay up late enough to see its end. The rain comes down by Scripture measure, not "here a little and there a little," but all over, and it seems to come down all at once, and to keep coming all the while until everything is "full and running over." Yes, the Bible is true, the rain did "fall on the just and the unjust." So we patiently took our share with the wicked natives of Jerusalem. No one can doubt the truth of the story of the Deluge after passing through a Jerusalem rainstorm. The only doubt is, whether the rainbow can be a sure preventive for the future. And we saw now the wisdom of building Jerusalem on a hill, with the deep valleys around to carry off the water.

On Tuesday, April 4, the early call was again heard, and eager expectation led us to give a hasty response. But alas, again it rained! This was too much for the enthusiastic ambition of the more youthful tourists. Again we met in council and, like Plato, said:

“To go or not to go, that is the question,  
To face the driving storm like heroes bold,  
Or quail before the elements,  
Which shall the nobler be?”

Then our divine of iron will and giant frame said:

“Why should we falter now?  
We cannot melt like salt,  
We’re sweet, but we’re not sugar;  
My voice is for the journey.”

And so with strong, united voice we all responded:

“From Holy City to the sea we’ll go on horseback,  
And we’ll start to-day. So forward, march!”

Of course we made all necessary preparation for the rain. Wise tourists who follow us should do likewise, even though the guide books say “it does not rain in Jerusalem in April.” We have been there and we know better. It is always well to wear a rubber suit in Jerusalem with hip boots of rubber. These will render excellent service in the rain storms and in traveling through the rubbish and filth of the city. I bought the last pair in the Holy City, which shows how great was the demand. It may be well to insert a paragraph here stating that it is wisdom to wear the rubber suit to bed, so as to be ready for any unexpected calamity. Our Palestine conductor, Mr. Dimitri N. Tadros, a bright and energetic young man, well equipped for just such work as this, had us select the horses to ride. Most people ride donkeys in Palestine. With our fantastic suits we might have been classed with the latter animals. No pictures were taken of us on horseback during the rainy weather; it would have required so much of explanation to civilized people at home, where our friends

would surely have taken us for a band of masked robbers.

Even after mounting our Arab ponies we did not make a general start. Some remained on their horses; others were too heavy for the side saddles and the girths had to be tightened. The feet of some were too large for the stirrups, and new saddles were necessary. But, after sundry changes and dismountings, the various grumblers all seemed to have found the best that could be given them, and concluded thereafter to hold their peace. So in single file we passed through the Jaffa gateway. Our farewells were a mixture of the cries of whip-venders, demands for "bakshish" from those who held our horses and the good wishes of the friends we left behind, who with dim forebodings wished us a pleasant trip. And through the storm we turned our faces toward Samaria and Galilee.

Our party consisted of seventeen tourists and forty-two men to accompany us as guides, guards and servants, with twenty-five horses, ten donkeys and twenty-eight mules, making a grand caravan of 122 animals, quadrupeds and bipeds. A palanquin carried by two mules was the royal conveyance in which one of the ladies rode. On the second day another palanquin was brought from Jerusalem, and from that time we had two "Queens of Sheba" in our procession. Our conductor was a native of Jerusalem, whose special business it is to arrange for and conduct parties through Palestine and Syria. He was educated at the Protestant college in Beirut and spoke English even better than an Englishman and almost as well as an American. He knows the country from Dan to Beersheba, and by giving his personal attention



*Photo, by Rev. Dr. Richards.*  
**FORD OF THE JORDAN** (Page 105).



*Photo, by Rev. Dr. Richards.*  
**CAMPING TOUR—THE START** (Page 109).



*Photo. by Rev. Dr. Richards.*  
**CAMPING TOUR—THE PROCESSION, SHOWING PALANQUIN** (Page 112).



*Photo. by Rev. Dr. Richards.*  
**CAMPING TOUR—JOSEPH'S "WELL OF THE PIT."**  
(Page 132).

to every detail of the trip, nothing was neglected or forgotten. The fact that during the long trip through the severe storm and over the rough and rocky roads none of us experienced any serious illness, or met with any severe injury, was due in a great degree to the unwearied patience and faithful care of Mr. Tadros and his able assistants. The leader of his staff of assistants was Mr. Jameel H. Nssaire, who is also an efficient guide. Our equipments consisted of nine sleeping tents, one dining tent, and one tent for cooking. There were folding iron beds and bedding and all the necessary cooking utensils and provisions for our journey.

Our course was at first toward the northeast, and we rode along the north side of the wall of Jerusalem, passing the Grotto of Jeremiah and the supposed hill of Calvary. For a distance the road was smooth and pleasant. We had been told that we would have rough traveling the first day. But the first half hour seemed to deny such an assertion. Long before night, however, we were convinced that in this one thing at least "the half had not been told." About a mile from Jerusalem we left the carriage road and, turning into a narrow, stony trail, we began climbing Mount Scopus, one of the "mountains round about Jerusalem." This mountain was famous in the history of the siege of Jerusalem by the Roman General, Titus, in 70 A. D., for here he planted those batteries of death that finally caused the surrender and destruction of the Holy City. Every step of this new road gave us increased faith in the truthfulness of the conductor. We had found one Oriental who could at least tell part of the truth, and this was a delightful change. For lying—not a little equivoca-

tion, but, for absolute, unqualified, unmitigated lying—the Orientals can easily beat the world. They lie all the time, waking or sleeping. There are only two exceptions to it, when they lie ignorantly or for money. So anxious are they for money that for a quarter of a cent they will tell a deliberate truth, although it seems to be very wearing on them, and we did not exact it except at intervals. So we were astonished when we found the road as it had been described, rough, rocky and steep.

Nature was lavish with her stones and boulders when she formed this pathway. For our personal appreciation of Nature's ability, one half of the stones would have been sufficient, and for our personal comfort we would have gladly dispensed with the other half. The stones were of every conceivable shape and size. What a wonderful quarry it must have been whence they were taken! Yet what a waste of time to pile them up here for the discomfort of travelers. Had Nature only used her powers in some other manner, many travelers would have clearer consciences when reviewing the scenes and events of such a camping trip. The most of us maintained a dignified silence as we rode slowly along, our only objects being to keep ourselves as dry as possible in the pelting rain, and to keep our horses from stumbling and falling. Possibly some might have indulged in evil thoughts. Among these, perhaps, was the clergyman, who, to preserve his good looks and to keep his face fair and white, purchased a large white hat at Port Said, for a sudden gust of wind blew that same white hat in the mud, whence it was rescued wet and dirty. After that, behavior and comfort were of greater importance than beauty.

Another clergyman had invested in a pair of saddle bags in which were safely stowed away his valuables. Obeying the example of Paul, "forgetting those things that are behind," he rode into Bethel only to find that the saddle bags were so far behind that they were of no further use on the trip.

Reaching the summit of Mount Scopus we were called to look back for our last view of the Holy City. To some who thought only of the modern city with its filthy surroundings it was a glad last look. To others who had become wearied with the traditions of the Mohammedan, Roman Catholic and Greek churches it was a sweet relief to know it was the last look. But to all, the fact that we had seen Jerusalem, and that shorn of all tradition there were still left many sacred places and divine associations, made the last look one of sweet and touching memory.

I had expected great things from the camping trip, for I had been told that the scenery of Palestine was exceedingly wild and beautiful. Alas, the rain and the rocky roads that first day gave me no desire to look at the country. I was more anxious about horsemanship than to look for Nature's beauties in such a barren, forsaken and desolate land. Before the trip was ended I had become so expert on horseback over the terrible roads that I would scarcely have hesitated to climb the Matterhorn, or scale a church steeple.

I was told during the morning that we had passed some sites of ancient towns famous in history. It was probably so. I had no time and no wish to dispute, or even argue with my informant. One town, however, I would have rejoiced to see, a town

where the sun shone and from which the stones were all gathered on one heap.

On a hill a short distance to the right of our road was Gibeah, where Saul lived, and where the seven sons of Saul were put to death, and Rizpah, the mother of two of them, watched over their dead bodies "from the beginning of harvest until water was poured upon them from heaven," until David, hearing of her devotion, caused the bodies to be buried in the family tomb with Saul and Jonathan. Some distance to the left on another hill was the Mizpeh of Samuel, where the Israelites met to choose their first king, which resulted in the selection of Saul. Mizpeh was one of the three holy cities which Samuel as judge visited. During the Babylonian captivity Jeremiah with a small band of people dwelt there. It was from Mizpeh that the Crusaders obtained their first sight of the Holy City and called it Mount Joy, because it gives joy to pilgrims' hearts, for from that place men first see Jerusalem." To the right was the little town of Er-Ram, with about a score of families. This was the ancient Ramah of Gilead. This was the birth place of Samuel, and here tradition says he was buried.

We were to lunch at Bethel, but did not reach that place until one o'clock, when a more wretched, disheartened body of travelers it would be hard to find; weary with the long ride on horseback, thoroughly water soaked (at least some of us), and the most of us disgusted with camp life in general. The poetry had all vanished. We realized now that the beauty and joy of a camping trip in the rain was only the "baseless fabric of a dream." Our lunch was to have been served underneath some shady tree on the sum-

mit of Bethel. But the rain and the wet ground forbade. We waited in the fierce storm for orders. Soon from the leader on the hill above us we heard a call: "Come on." We followed his voice and soon halted before the finest house in Bethel, whose owner had very kindly given us permission to eat from the ground floor of his palatial residence. We dismounted, that is, we slid down from our horses, so wet and benumbed with cold that we could scarcely walk. Bethel is a wretched town of mud huts. "The Four Hundred," that is, the whole population, came out to meet us with open hands and the familiar greeting "bakshish." We were indignant. Terrible thoughts took control of our minds. We contemplated slaying three hundred and ninety of them on the spot and leaving the rest as a frightful example. It would have been good exercise and probably would have warmed our blood and revived our drooping spirits. However, our Christian charity overcame our bellicose minds and we allowed them to live to torment other pilgrims.

We entered the mansion of Mr. Harasheeya through the only passage, a low doorway, where the smallest had to stoop to enter. The house contained but one room, without window, chair, bed, or any article of furniture that we could discover. Perhaps with a view to safety the owner had removed them all. Rugs spread on the ground made our table, and here, strange to say, our waiters soon invited us to partake of a royal lunch. It was a wet, despondent and hungry crowd that reclined, or sat upon the ground around the luncheon. But it was wonderful what changes took place immediately, not only in the food, which disappeared as though an earthquake had

swallowed it, but in the faces and dispositions of the band of pilgrims. The cause of it all lay in the delicious roast chicken, veal, boiled eggs, sardines, biscuit, cheese, nuts, raisins and oranges. We became better satisfied with our condition and with things in general. Our animosity did not extend to more than half of the Bethel "bakshish" beggars. We were willing to forgive and forget. While we were eating our lunch, the owner of the mansion sat in a corner looking on with hungry eyes. It was no doubt the greatest feast he had ever seen. No other member of the family was visible. After lunch some of the natives made a fire of shrubs on the stone porch before the house, and here we stood and tried to draw out some of the unpleasant feelings produced by our wet clothes, even at the expense of smoking out our eyes. We tried to forget our unpleasant surroundings and to think of the Bethel of old. For it was here that one night Jacob, when fleeing to Padan Aram, stopped to rest and "took of the stones of that place and put them for his pillows and lay down to sleep," and while sleeping had his wonderful dream of the ladder reaching from earth to heaven. We had no doubt about the truth of the stone pillows. There is scarcely anything around Bethel but stones. We only wondered where he could have found a place to rest his head without a stone for a pillow.

While we were thinking of the past, the orders came to mount horses and start on our afternoon ride. We found the horses shivering with the cold and our saddles were wet. But we had grown more heroic, and so stoically we mounted, although some of us silently said in the language of the Emerald

Isle, 'Sure and when I come again on a camping trip in Palestine I will stay at home, so I will.'

The afternoon ride was like that of the morning, only a great deal more so. It rained harder and at intervals, by way of a change, it hailed. This was almost too much for our hitherto brave little ponies, and some of them refused to face the biting storm or preferred to meet it sideways. The road became more steep and rocky. At times it was a solid bed of rock, and then again a giant stairway, the steps previously made by the steel-shod feet of horses. So dangerous in places did this narrow path seem that some of our company dared not ride, but dismounted and walked. About the middle of the afternoon we came to the Wady-El-Haramiyeh, or Robbers' Glen, a deep valley between two lofty hills, a wild and picturesque spot. This valley is very narrow and extremely rocky. But there were many olive and fig trees, which were a delightful contrast to the desolate and barren hillsides. It is a lonely place, with no towns or houses near, and, hence, favorable to thieves, as many tourists and also merchants and farmers with loaded camels and donkeys pass through this valley. We rode through the valley for several miles and then came out into a beautiful and fertile plain. Turning sharply to the right soon from some one in the front we heard the cheering news that our night's camp was in sight. Welcome words to wet and weary pilgrims! The horses seemed to have a touch of the new inspiration and carried us at a faster pace to the tents, our halting place for the night.

Happy were we to give our horses in charge of our muleteers and go to those tents, which had been erected for two days. We found everything dry in-

side.. In each tent we also found two comfortable, single beds, with bowls, pitchers, chairs and rugs covering the ground. The inside of these tents were beautifully ornamented with applique work in bright colors and fantastic shapes. Learning that there was a charcoal fire in the cooking tent, we went there to get warm and dry and to form the acquaintance of John, our chef, whose reputation throughout Palestine is famous. Soon we were called by the ringing of a bell to the dining tent, where we sat down on camp chairs around a table, from which was served a sumptuous course dinner, beginning with soup and ending with fruit, nuts and coffee. From this time onward we were ready to certify that camp life is not so bad after all. The one who was thinking of the Pyramid wedding, which some of his friends had planned for him, resolved that if it ever took place John should provide the wedding feast. After dinner a large bonfire was started in the open air and here, before the blazing fire, we stood and got thoroughly warmed and dry, and then went to rest after the experiences and hardships of our first day of camp life.

Our encampment was at the modern town of Turmus Aya. When I saw the crowds of natives gathering around the camp I felt that our contractor had made a mistake in selecting the site, for they surely would annoy us by day and possibly rob us by night. But I was assured, and afterward by observation convinced, that this was the only way and place of safety. By camping within the limits of the town we were under the protection of the sheik, and he, for a financial consideration, was obliged to furnish us with a guard, who would watch over our camp by

night. And during all our encampments from Jerusalem to the Sea of Galilee, through the faithfulness of our guards, supplied by local Turkish authority, we were unmolested by day or by night.

T. E. D.





## CHAPTER XV.

CAMPING TOUR—BY JACOB'S WELL TO NABLOUS.

THE CALL for rising came an hour or two before the weary tourists were ready for it. The faithful steward, Karam, sent an emissary from tent to tent, rattling a knife handle against a tin pan with all possible clangor, and we shuddered but obeyed. It was a tired company which had dropped from their horses with stiffened limbs at Turmus Aya the evening before. It was a tired company which slept like logs that first night in the pleasant tents. It was a tired company yet, which unwillingly opened its eyes at the rising bell above mentioned, and hurried its clothes on its still, stiff limbs. But it had to be done. The tents must go forward to the next place of encampment, and the sleepers must be dressed and out to release them to the bearers.

The first thing to be done on gaining consciousness and powers of observation was to look at the weather. Alas! it still looked showery. The sun broke out for a moment and gilded Turmus Aya, but the gilding was scarcely eighteen karat, and was put on exceedingly thin at that. By the time our excellent breakfast was over—our table was irreproachable through-

out the tour—it was all worn off, and we climbed our horses and set off on our second day's journey under a gray sky. The first mile of our progress was along a sort of by-path across the fields. It had been intended that we should camp at Sinjal the first night, but another party had pre-empted that spot, and we turned off the direct route to proceed to Turmus Aya. This distance had to be retraced by a short cut in order to gain once more the direct road. We soon struck into the latter, and then for a considerable distance our experience was much like that of the preceding day. There were the same ill-defined paths, more like trails than roads, often mere scratch-ways on the rocks; the same desolate hills; the same steep ascents and equally steep descents, over which our sure-footed horses picked their way like cats, through all of which we kept on the sloping backs of our beasts in a most praiseworthy, but, it must be confessed, unexpected manner. We had the same squally showers, too, laden with vicious hail, under which the horses all turned tail to the blast with the uniformity of a cavalry drill. However, glimpses of sunlight would occasionally drift over the landscape and cheer us with delusive hopes. Finally, about an hour before lunch time, the rain came pelting down with a will and soon wet all there was of us left to be wet.

Under these circumstances it was obviously impossible to stop and rest for the noon meal under any vine or fig tree whatever, and nothing but a solid roof would meet the needs of the hour. Accordingly we turned into the village of Howara, and entered the house of an Arab family. It was a stone building about thirty feet square, with one room, which con-

tained the whole family and their camel. In one corner was a platform, perhaps twenty feet square and five feet high, on which the family slept, and apparently sat at such times as they rested. The house contained no furniture in our sense of the word beyond a few cooking utensils and some ragged articles halfway between carpets and comforters, used alternately as cushions and wraps. A fire of dry weeds had been kindled in one corner of the house that we might warm and dry ourselves, but as there was no sign of a chimney, the smoke was soon most pervasive and irritating. To make matters worse, the camel insisted on standing up in his corner beside the platform every ten minutes and grinning over our shoulders, and was induced by his master to kneel down again, at the expense of much heavy sighing on the part of the beast, copiously mingled with much louder growling, gurgling and other demonstrative camel forms of remonstrance. He was evidently much interested in the barbarian visitors. Altogether it was a pretty uncomfortable time. Fortunately it was the last of our house lunches; the rest were in the open air and in the sunshine.

The most interesting event in this day was our visit to Jacob's Well near Sychar, at the entrance of the Nablous valley, and about twenty minutes from the town. Sychar and Joseph's Tomb lay off about a mile to the right, but we did not visit them. We were already anxious for the rest we should find in the tents near by, and the sites themselves, founded on mere tradition, had little interest compared with the certainty that when at Jacob's Well we were at an authentic spot. We dismounted at a door in a

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long wall and were pleasantly greeted by the monk in charge, who courteously presented each of the ladies with a small bouquet. We passed down a garden to some stone steps in the facade of a Crusader's church recently exhumed, and entered an underground chamber about ten feet deep and twenty long, apparently once the lobby of the church. In the middle of this was a low, circular curb of stone. The monk lowered a candle through the central opening, which was about fifteen inches in diameter, and showed that the upper part of the well was stoned up for about a dozen feet from the top. Below that it seemed larger, but without masonry and cut directly through the living rock. He drew some of the water for us; it was not crystalline, but rather thick and whitish. Whatever might have been the case in earlier times, it is not now especially inviting to the eye, nor tempting to the taste, although not at all bad. However, it did not seem as if it were, in its present condition, good enough to induce people to come a long way for it, especially as there is now more attractive water in Shechem itself.

It seems strange, as you sit on the spot, to think that this now subterranean well could ever have offered a resting place on its curb to that once weary Traveller through Samaria to Jerusalem. But, of course, the surroundings were very different then, and this location is as authentically identified as any spot can be. Here Abraham and Lot have stood and talked. Here Jacob built an altar to the God of his father. Precisely here he dug his well, and must have stood and watched his men as they groped down after the water. Above all, here is a spot made holy by the physical presence of the Christ as He

talked that strange talk with the Woman of Samaria. It seems holier ground than the famous, but far more doubtful Church of the Holy Sepulchre itself.

Pondering on these and many other thoughts to which the place gave natural rise, we lingered under an arbor until a passing shower should cease, and then remounted our horses and rode on to Nablous. We found the tents pitched in the nearer outskirts of the city, between it and the Turkish barracks. Behind us lay Mount Ebal and in front of us Mount Gerizim, only about half a mile apart at their bases. The air is so pure and the distance so short, that those who have tried the experiment say that there is no difficulty in being heard across the valley from one summit to the other, as in the scene recorded in the eighth chapter of the book of Joshua.

The boys and young men of Nablous turned out in a body to see us with all the keen interest with which the same class at home turns out to see the circus. It was hard to keep them off the camp ground. After an excellent dinner, which went far toward repairing the weariness of our day's wayfaring, the kitchen brazier, an iron trough about a foot wide and four feet long, was brought into the saloon tent and we made ourselves quite comfortable. We turned in rather early, and soon the silence was broken only by the occasional whistling of the camp guard as they lounged about the grounds, or by the wail of some jackals off on Mt. Gerizim, who prowled about, yelling like ferocious hyenas, but, cowards as they are, entirely too timid to come near and investigate. We had no fear of them and slept soundly.

M. H. H.



## CHAPTER XVI.

### CAMPING TOUR—TO SAMARIA AND JENIN.

WE HAD camped at Nablous, the ancient Shechem, and, as we had a long ride before us for the day, we were called at 5:45 in the morning, and at 7:30 were in the saddles ready to start. This long interval between the rising and starting was spent in dressing and breakfast, and the packing of camp equipments and baggage on the backs of mules and donkeys. These were always sent on ahead of us, so that they would not interfere with our travel but would reach the nightly camping ground before we arrived. It was amusing to see Mr. Tadros rushing about among the men and striking them heavy blows with his horsewhip, when they seemed to shirk their work or moved too slowly. It gave us some idea of how the Egyptian task-masters used the Israelites during the days of bondage.

We did not ride through the city of Nablous at all, as the streets are very narrow and the arches under many of the houses so low that passage on horseback might be somewhat difficult. Besides, Nablous is strongly Mohammedan, and the people extremely fanatical, and the conductor thought it best for us not to pass through. Nablous means

"new city," the same as Naples. It is the modern town built on the site of ancient Shechem, so famous in Old Testament times, and has about twenty thousand people. Here Joshua came and built an altar to the Lord in Mount Ebal, and wrote upon the stones the law as Moses commanded and then, placing half of the Israelites on Gerizim and the other half on Ebal, he read aloud the blessings and curses of the law. At Shechem Joshua in his old age assembled all the tribes together and gained from them renewed promises of loyalty to God, after which he set up a stone as a memorial. It was at Shechem that Abimelech was made king, and here Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, went to be crowned king of Israel. The modern city of Nablous contains about twenty thousand people, one thousand of whom are Jews, Samaritans and Christians, the rest being Mohammedans. Some of us had visited the city the night before, and were greatly interested in the Samaritan synagogue, which we reached after a long walk under dark arches and through narrow, filthy streets. In this synagogue all the Samaritans worship. There are now only one hundred and sixty of them, the remnant of a venerable people who for 2,500 years have followed the same customs and religious usages as their fathers. The synagogue was a small room, without seats and with no adornments on the walls. Two priests met us very kindly and willingly showed us the two famous manuscripts of the Pentateuch. The first shown was in a bronze case, chased with silver and gold representations of the Tabernacle. This we were told was 2,150 years old. The other, which the priest said was the original and of which the first was only a copy, was in a

silver case. This he said was 3,572 years old, and was written by Abishua, the great-grandson of Aaron.

The Samaritan temple stood on the summit of Mount Gerizim. A large, flat stone now marks the spot, which the Samaritans call holy ground, and to which they turn their faces when they pray.

After leaving camp we rode to the right of the city, passing through the valley between the two mountains, Ebal and Gerizim, with a fine view of both. The clouds in the early morning had given signs of rain, but they soon disappeared and the sun shone brightly. Our party were in good spirits, and particularly so because our early ride was over a level road on the carriage way to Jaffa, although from the grass growing in that road it looked much as though no carriages ever traveled over it. The great change in our feelings was well expressed by one who said: "I am feeling so happy that I could even speak pleasantly to the Sultan of Turkey if I should meet him." Some one replied to test the sincerity of his words: "But how about that boy in Bethlehem, who lied to you and excited your indignation?" "Oh, I think if I saw even him I could hold my peace."

After three miles we left the level carriage road on which we had been journeying so pleasantly and making such good progress, and turned off into one of those narrow paths in which we had already had so many trying experiences. Following this path, we began climbing a steep hill and for two and a half hours rode up and down steep hills by winding and rocky paths. One more exceedingly steep hill we ascended and then were in the modern town of

Sebastiyeh on the site of ancient Samaria, and we dismounted at the ruined Church of St. John. Samaria was beautiful for location and from the summit of this lofty hill we gained a magnificent view of the surrounding country, unsurpassed by anything we had yet seen in the Holy Land.

The site of Samaria was purchased by Omri, father of Ahab, for two talents of silver from Shemer. Here he builded a city and called it after the name of the former owner. Samaria afterward became the capital of the ten tribes of Israel. It was here where King Ahab built his ivory palace and the great temple of Baal, which was served by four hundred and fifty priests, to please Queen Jezebel. Samaria was taken and destroyed by the Assyrians 721 B. C., after a three years' siege, and all its people were carried away captive. It was rebuilt and again captured and destroyed after a year's siege by John Hyrcanus in the time of the Maccabees. Herod restored the city and called it Sebaste, "The August," in honor of the Roman Emperor Augustus Cæsar.

We saw traces of the beautiful temple built by Herod and rode through his grand colonnade of marble pillars surrounding the town, of which nearly a hundred still remain. We then rode, and some walked, down a steep hill again, and at the foot of the hill came to the valley called Wady Bet Imrin. Here we spied the most charming wild flowers, and for the first time saw the black calla lily, of which so much has been written by tourists. The color of the flower is a dark, spotted purple, probably changing color with age. The leaf, stalk and blossom, except in the color of the last, resemble very much

our white cultivated lily. The fragrance is unpleasant, and no one cared to pick the second flower.

We climbed another steep hill and had an exquisite view of Sebastiye and the valley. Going down on the other side through a narrow pass in the rocks, one of the palanquins came to grief. It was too wide to pass through the straight and narrow way. After some effort and delay the muleteers removed it from the mules, carried it over the rocks and then restored it to its usual place, when the procession moved on.

At 12:30 we stopped for lunch back of the modern village of Ain El Seeleh. Another party of tourists were also lunching here by the side of a spring, where some women had come from town to do their weekly washing. The horse ridden by a lady of our party, being anxious to join the horses of the other party, could not be controlled by his driver. In his efforts to have his own way rather than follow the will of his mistress, he came too near the washing women and as a result one of the earthen jars was broken. Instantly such a wail of grief and despair arose from the owner that one would have supposed her whole household had been slain. But an English shilling was sufficient to heal all wounds and dry every tear, while the unruly horse was brought under control by the strong hands of a manly escort.

We lunched this day under a large fig tree, while near us were groves of apricots and almonds, whose fruit was yet green. When we were ready to start on the afternoon ride, how we were amused to see the muleteers fasten the palanquins between the mules! These palanquins had long poles on each side, extending like wagon shafts from both ends. Between these the mules walk, carrying the weight

on their backs by chains, which are fastened to the poles and then hooked to the saddles of the mules. In order to put the palanquins in position for riding, the mules are driven between these shafts, which are then lifted up and hooked to the saddle. One of the mules in the rear invariably refused to allow this connection to be made. As soon as the palanquin was raised, he would begin jumping and kicking, making it for a time utterly impossible to fasten him to the poles. I tried to count the number of kicks to a second, but gave it up. It seemed as if there were a hundred feet in the air at once. The only way to make the unruly mule tractable was by twisting its ears so tightly that it seemed to forget all about anything else. When once the palanquin was in place, this very mule was the safest and best in the whole party, unless one came near its hind feet.

Our ride after lunch was within sight of the town of Jabbok, and for several miles we passed through a beautiful and fertile valley, almost entirely covered with grain fields of wheat and barley, with here and there a field of lentils, while on the hillsides we could see numerous herds of cattle and sheep feeding. Crossing a slight elevation we came into the charming and level plain of Dothan, and after riding several miles across this plain, we reached the "Well of the Pit," where tradition says Joseph was thrown by his brethren. Near this well was a second, with a water trough, the two accounting for the name Dothan, meaning "two wells." Above these to the north was a green hill with some ruins on the summit. This hill overlooks the wide plain of Dothan, where the sons of Jacob pastured their flocks, and on this summit, possibly, Joseph went to look for his brethren.

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There is a small, modern town at the foot of the hill, almost entirely hidden from sight by olive and fig trees, in which we could hear a steam engine in operation. Riding a short distance we passed on the right the modern town of Abeiah, where we saw a great many camels. This was surprising, as we had been told by one whom we considered good authority that we would see no camels in northern Palestine. That same afternoon as we came near to Jenin we counted forty-five camels in one body feeding on the hillsides.

After passing Abeiah we rode through great orchards of immense fig trees, the largest and finest we had seen anywhere on our journey. They were said to be probably 400 years old. The trunks are the original, but the branches are cut off every few years and new ones take their places. Accordingly we often saw fig trees with huge old trunks and branches of only one or a few years' growth.

Another ride of an hour through a narrow valley brought the camp in sight at the town of Jenin, and we were again glad to reach a halting place. The day had been beautiful, and the roads much better than on the previous days, but, as we had been in the saddle nearly ten hours since morning, we were thoroughly fatigued. On this arrival there was a noticeable absence of a dirty crowd of sightseers around the camp, such as we had noticed on former nights, and the few who came were well-dressed and peaceful. Everything was neat, clean and dry. The tents had been placed on a beautiful green sward, free from stones, and a bountiful dinner prepared by John was served by our faithful stewards. After dinner we warmed ourselves by the charcoal brazier

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in the dining tent, felt at peace with all the world, and went to our beds where, notwithstanding we heard the calls of scores of jackals, like the laughter of children, we soon fell into pleasant dreams.

T. E. D.





## CHAPTER XVII.

### CAMPING TOUR—OVER ESDRAELON.

OUR JOURNEY to-day was to be shorter than usual, and so we did not start until eight o'clock. We first rode around the town of Jenin and found it to consist of about 3,000 people. It is mentioned in the Book of Joshua as Engannim and belonged to the territory of Issachar. Engannim means "Fountain of Gardens," and it is well named even in modern days, for a large spring east of the town supplies the stream that after running through the village waters the gardens and the fields outside. The inhabitants are almost all Moslems. Our ride for the whole day, with the exception of climbing the mountain at Nazareth, was across the great plain of Jezreel, or Esdraelon, a most beautiful and fertile plain, the finest in all respects that we saw in Palestine, although it is said not to be as rich or varied in its productions as the Plain of Sharon.

This Plain of Esdraelon is seventeen miles long and about nine wide. The black soil is really lava thrown up by ancient volcanoes. It is the largest level space in Palestine, and hence has been the battle ground of the country for over forty centuries.

Every acre of its soil is rich with human blood. After two and a half hours' ride from Jenin, we came in view of the Mountains of Gilboa, a short distance away on the right. It was here Saul and Jonathan were slain in battle, and as we passed I could not but remember David's mournful lamentation over Saul and Jonathan, found in II. Samuel, 1. Later we came to the town of Zerein, the site of Jezreel, famous in the history of the tribes of Israel. Important battles were fought in this vicinity. Near Jezreel Judah's best king, Josiah, met an early death in the valley of Megiddo. At the foot of the hill to the east of the town we were shown the spring where Gideon's army was tested and where finally the three hundred who lapped like a dog were chosen, to go forth and deliver the Israelites from the oppression of the Midianites. The city was built by King Ahab, as his country seat, and here he spent much of his time, and had his gardens and groves. It was to enlarge his private grounds that he desired to secure the vineyard of Naboth, the site of which was also pointed out. Here Jezebel built a temple to Astarte, in which she had four hundred priests to minister. It was from this very tower that Jezebel was thrown out, by order of the conquering Jehu, and eaten by the dogs. It is now one of the most wretched and filthy towns we had seen, composed of mud houses, built very close together, many of them having no doors, but simply holes to crawl in not over two feet high, with no windows and no chimneys, and from many of them we could see the thick smoke coming from the entrance. Crowds of Mohammedan children followed us through the streets, calling us Christians and saying we would go to the bad

place. As we left the town, boys with slings threw stones at us.

An hour's ride to the north and we reached Shunem, at the foot of Little Hermon, on the southern slope, while Nain, where our Lord raised the young man, is on the northern slope. The entrance to Shunem was through a road lined with hedges of immense cacti. These hedges were from twenty to thirty feet wide, and through them it was impossible for ony one, man or beast, to force his way. I thought Jezreel was the most wretched place I had ever seen until I had passed through Shunem, and then I felt that "comparisons are odious." It was at Shunem that the prophet Elisha found that "great woman" who built for him a little chamber where he might rest; and it was her dead child whom Elisha by a miracle restored to life. It was Abishag, a Shunammite maiden, who became the wife of David, in his old age.

After riding through Shunem and down a steep, short hill, we suddenly came into a beautiful little lemon grove under the shade of whose trees, filled with fragrant blossoms, we saw our lunch spread. It was a delightful place to eat, and our appetites were no doubt increased by the surroundings. A crowd of Shunammites came down to see us eat, and quietly sat watching us with hungry eyes. There were sixty-four of them by careful count, without the two ugly, hungry dogs that also scented the food from afar and with avidity gulped down everything that was left from the table. No doubt they still remember that day as a royal feast day in their history. After lunch one of our clergymen read to us from the Bible, as appropriate to the day's trip, Da-

vid's lament over Saul and Jonathan, and Elisha's miracle at Shunem, and also the account of the miracle on Mount Carmel, after which we all joined in singing "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing." While the divine was reading, Amos, our pet donkey, began to bray loudly, and even the Doctor's stern command: "One at a time, please!" did not silence him, nor would he keep still until one of the table waiters went and held his mouth shut.

We were soon in the saddle again and fairly started for Nazareth, still riding across the plain of Jezreel. That city had been in sight up in the lap of the hills, but was now lost to view. The ride was delightful. The road was level and free from stones, and some could not avoid the temptation to urge their horses to a canter. We passed around the foot of Mount Hermon, came in sight of Mount Tabor, a majestic and well-rounded lonely mountain one thousand five hundred feet above the plain. From Mount Tabor, Deborah and Barak, with their army of 10,000 men, rushed down upon the mighty host of Sisera with his nine hundred chariots of iron and destroyed them. Near the foot of the same mountain Kleber with three thousand French soldiers held in check the whole army of the Turks, consisting of fifteen thousand infantry and twelve thousand splendid cavalry, for six dreadful hours, when Napoleon from the summit of Tabor saw the fearful struggle and came to the rescue of the wearied Kleber, carrying death and destruction to that mighty Turkish host. In fact, around the foot of Mount Tabor the war cry of nations for four thousand years has filled the air. Perhaps

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no single mountain if it could speak could tell such tales of battles fought and won as Mount Tabor.

When we had nearly crossed over the plain of Jezreel we met with a novel experience. The road led across a brook, with soft, deep mud beneath the water. There was no bridge and our only way of crossing was by fording. The horses jumped and plunged, sticking fast in the soft mud and almost throwing us off, but by the shouts and whips of the muleteers they brought us safely across, with a little more of mud and water on our clothing, but no other damage. A much more interesting and amusing part of the crossing was with the occupants of the palanquins. They were not willing to risk it in their "houses," but if they were to be submerged in the waters they preferred to select their own way and place of the immersion. As there were no other donkeys or horses on that side of the stream to carry them across, one of the muleteers volunteered to transport them in safety to the other side. The Dean of the company had spent an hour previous in riding in one of the palanquins, taking the place of "Queen Marie." He was of heavy weight, and the muleteer was far from being a giant. With the venerable preacher on his back, we looked on with some degree of fear and anxiety. Would he be able to bear that weight of wisdom and theology safely to the other side? Suppose he should make a misstep in the soft mud and be like the blind leading the blind, both falling into the ditch. Or suppose in the middle of the stream he should grow weary and sit down to rest, or consider it an opportune time to stop and demand "bakshish." While all these questions were revolving themselves in our minds, how-

ever, the muleteer was patiently plodding along, and he landed his burden in safety on the grassy bank amid the applause of the throng. He now went back for "Queen Elizabeth," who was waiting her turn to be "backed" across the brook. We were more anxious now than for the preacher, for here was the sunshine of the camp, and one accident to her already had made us extremely desirous that at least she should not be drowned. But the muleteer tucked her feet under his arms; she held him, O, so tightly about the neck, and she, too, was taken across in safety. Then our conductor, Mr. Tadros, whose horse refused to take him over, was carried across. The mules finally brought the palanquins over without harm, and then we were ready for a fresh start up the hill leading to Nazareth.

We soon ascended a hill nearly a thousand feet high, climbing up a steep, rocky road, which, however, bore some evidence of human work; it was not all made by the feet of animals as were most of the roads we had been traveling. Reaching the summit, we looked back, and more than one of us thought it was the grandest view we had yet had. There was some descent on the other side, for Nazareth is not on the top of the mountain, but in a natural basin with the mountain ridges as walls surrounding it.

Our first view of Nazareth as it lay on the hillside in the form of an amphitheatre was very attractive. Everything from a distance indicated a more cleanly and thrifty condition than that of any town we had viewed. As we approached, we came to the carriage road leading to Haifa and this we followed until we reached our camping ground. Going down this hill

the Dean and his palanquin met with some difficulty, just what could not be ascertained. This moved one who viewed the scene to put it into rhyme:

“The preacher he rode in a palanquin,  
And a royal smile on his face was seen;  
With haughty disdain he looked around  
On the pilgrims on horseback and those on the ground.

“I ride like a king o'er my royal domain,  
And no one shall ride this palanquin again.  
The muleteers looked wise and said ‘bakhish, two francs,’  
And the mules cut up their hilarious pranks

‘Then the preacher resolved, with hasty discretion,  
No longer to be an Arab patrician,  
But tumbled quickly from off of his seat  
And meekly came into camp,—on his feet.’

Our tents were pitched on a beautiful green field on the finest camping ground we had yet found. After giving the horses in charge of the muleteers and going into our tents to remove the dust and dirt of the day's travel, we were anxious at once to visit the town so full of sacred associations in connection with the life of our Lord. For here was His home and here He spent His childhood, youth and early manhood in humble toil, waiting and preparing for the great work of His life, afterward to be condensed into the brief space of three years.

We saw all the traditional sites of the town in connection with Christ's life: the home of the Virgin; the spot where she received the announcement of the angel that she was to be the mother of the Messiah; the workshop of Joseph and the site of the house where Jesus lived. We also visited a chapel, where we were shown a large, flat stone carefully covered, from which they said Jesus ate with His disciples. As usual I gave little faith to these traditions, but be-

lieved that somewhere in this same place our blessed Lord lived and worked and walked with men. In the chapel built over the traditional carpenter shop of Joseph was a remarkable painting by a French artist, Joseph Le Font, which we admired exceedingly. This painting had only been here a year and a half, and is not, therefore, mentioned by any guide book. The scene is the carpenter's shop. Jesus, a boy of about twelve years, stands by a workbench making a cross. Joseph, with saw in hand, stands on the other side looking on intently but seeming only to notice the progress the bright boy is making in learning the carpenter's trade. Mary, the mother, sits at the end of the bench, with loving face watching her son. Her face was the sweetest I have ever seen. Her look is one of gentle, strong, motherly affection, and yet there appeared to be much more in it than that. It is a look far beyond the present, in which the cross becomes a bitter reality, and her mother heart is yearning in its sorrow over her first born. The face of Jesus is one of beautiful, sweet childhood, in which there are already visible traces of the strong and noble manhood that He afterward exhibited.\*

Returning to our camp, we passed the Fountain of the Virgin, the ancient and present water supply of Nazareth. Here women were constantly coming with their large water jars, which they filled, and then, balancing them on their heads, carried them away without using their hands. Many of the women of Nazareth are Christian. They are said to be the best looking and best dressed of all the women of Palestine. There are no Jews at present living in Nazareth.

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\*The picture was specially photographed for the party and is reproduced in the frontispiece of this work.

An interesting feature of a subsequent afternoon in Nazareth should be noted, and perhaps this is a good place for mentioning it. When some of the party were upon the hill back of the city, watching the sunset and the extraordinary views of mountain and valley (see Chapter XIX), others were invited by the chief dragoman, Mr. Nssaire, to visit the home of an uncle, where a half hundred more or less of his "cousins" were gathered. The house was newly built, of white stone, well cut, and was attractive and clean within and without. Coffee was served, there were music and dancing, and conversation was carried on in both English and Arabic. Bright, sprightly boys and girls, and intelligent, well-dressed men and women were in the throng, and they were as delighted with their visitors as the visitors with their hosts. It was a merry and happy hour for all concerned, and gave us a good insight into the characters and customs of some of the plain but good Christian Greeks of this quaint and attractive "city on the hill," our visit to which will long be remembered.

T. E. D.





## CHAPTER XVIII.

### CAMPING TOUR—TO SEA OF GALILEE.

HERE ARE two views in Palestine which will always stand out clear in my own memory as just a little more charming and enrapturing than any on the whole journey northward from Jerusalem to the mountains of Lebanon. The first has been referred to in the preceding chapter, and is described at length in the next, embracing the view from the hill behind the village of Nazareth, whence are seen the plain of Esdraelon, the mountains of Gilboa and Carmel and the Mediterranean Sea. The second is that view of the lofty ranges of hills which surround the Sea of Galilee, with the waters in their lap like a shield of lapis lazuli in setting of gold and red and gray; brightest under the morning sunshine, calmest and tenderest in the shades of twilight. It is this latter picture which was a little nearer, it would seem, to the heart of Jesus when He became a matured man than any other in the region of Galilee.



*Photo. by Miss Foster.*

**CAMPING TOUR—ENTERING CANA (Page 145).**

Showing Hedges of Cacti, grown for purposes of defense.



*Photo. by Miss Covit.*

**CAMPING TOUR—NOON LUNCH AT CANA (Page 154).**



*Photo. by Rev. Dr. Hutton.*  
**ON, OR HELIOPOLIS—THE OBELISK.**  
(Page 206).

Nazareth itself is in a basin between high hills, though perched hundreds of feet above the plain to the south. To get out of it you first ascend until you obtain a lovely but final view of its trim, white, stone houses and its groups of pretty maidens at the Virgin's Fountain. Then a long descent is made over a fairly good carriage road, and the country becomes slightly rolling for a few miles until we are past "Cana of Galilee." All the way to Tiberias, which is on the seashore, and which is some twenty-five miles away from Nazareth, we met long carriages, much like our old-fashioned stages, each with three horses, taking travelers to or from the shores of the inland sea. It is the first real road we had seen since leaving Jerusalem, except the piece of one at Nablous, whence it takes off to the southwest to Jaffa. It was now in parts scarcely traversible, and in the early spring must have been deep in mud. Sometimes our horses kept in it, but quite as often they chose paths for themselves to the left or right of it, where the footing was more even.

Gath-hepher was, perhaps, the most picturesque site in view from our pathway. It was off to the left, high upon a hill, and out of its ruins tall trees were growing. It was the birthplace of the prophet Jonah. Cana was conspicuous as we approached it chiefly from its high rows of cacti on either side of the road. It is now a village of half a thousand people, poorly constructed, and yet ranging a little higher in order than the mud villages we had passed in Samaria, and far superior to Shunem, the town we had last visited prior to reaching Nazareth. We were interested in Cana because the Lord's first miracle had been performed there, but not sufficiently

interested in humbugs to enter the church in which were kept the supposed jars wherein the water was turned into wine for the marriage feast. The water fountain by the roadside may have been, doubtless was, the same from which those at the marriage drew the water for the feast, for every village had one fountain, near or far away, and its hidden springs have been flowing on through all these past centuries, with no rivals to come upon the scene. Palestine may lose, one by one, its springs and river beds, but it gains no new ones; and so, when you now see a natural fountain, it is almost absolutely certain that it was flowing long before the Christian era. There were maidens here with their pitchers, but we did not tarry, for there was a long road before us. We could muse, however, as we passed on, over the earliest miracle of Christ, and over the later one when the nobleman's son, who was at the point of death at Capernaum, sent to Cana to obtain the word of cure from Jesus, and we could remember that Nathaniel, he with whom there was no guile, had been born there.

From this point forward for an hour, perhaps, we were crossing a tableland, wide and fertile, poorly cultivated, yet abounding in pleasing views and beautiful flowers. These flowers had strewn the way-side from the city of Samaria onward, and we never grew weary of their brilliant hues and exquisite shapes. At times they were as numerous as in the gardens of Kew, and as rich and rare as the most elaborate rugs on the floors of the nobles in Damascus. It was a trifle too late to find them in their full luxuriance on this route to Tiberias; we had seen them in more regal magnificence on higher lands and in a cooler atmosphere near Samaria. Still we could

count myriads of them at times, and each cluster seemed to sing out praises to Him who had "considered the lilies of the field" and loved them.

In an open field of stubble we rested for a forenoon lunch, and from this hour on it was a long, hard pull over a hot plain before we reached the spot from which we could obtain our full bearings and be assured we were drawing near to the day's dearest goal. In the meantime one sugar-loaf hill to our right furnished a noble picture for the memory. It was Mount Tabor, round and smooth as the dome of St. Peter's, greener and lovelier than any of the surrounding hills, dotted here and there with umbrageous oaks, which looked, however, in the distance like cattle grazing in fields of wheat. The Transfiguration may or may not have occurred on its summit, but it is so central for the plains on either side that it might well have been the scene of a drama so tremendous in the history of the three beloved disciples. To the left were the Horns of Hattin, the Mount of the Beatitudes, and, while later we had a fuller view of them from the body of the lake, we could here discern the ruggedness of the crags and boulders which surrounded the depression where, perhaps, the multitude stood when Jesus pronounced his memorable "Blesseds." These two scenes were all that could fairly claim our attention and stir special emotions as we wended a weary way on and on under a red-hot sun, without a speck of shade for the last half of the way, and with neither fountain of water nor sign of habitation. Could it have been so when the Saviour trod these paths over and over between Nazareth, or Cana, and Capernaum, where was His longest abode during His public ministry? Were these

plains and hills so bare and so cursed with drought as to-day? Was the population so sparse, the roadway so rough and the solitude so profound? Perhaps not. But the traveler, of to-day at least, must pursue his journey much of the way as if he were in Siberia, an exile and "a prisoner of hope."

We saw Bedouins as we neared Tiberias, but no other people. My own horse proving a hard rider, and the hundred miles of overland horseback journey to this point having proved extremely fatiguing, I dismounted when first the hills surrounding the lake came into view, expecting that a half-hour's walk would bring me down to the level of the waters. In this way I fell far in the rear of the party, and, ere I was aware, they had disappeared and I was near a Bedouin camp almost wholly alone. For a moment an involuntary sense of fear crept over me. They looked peaceful enough, the men by their tethered horses and the women and girls by their tents, but what if they should prove to be robbers?

At about this point that wonderful view of the Lake of Tiberias, or Sea of Galilee, noted in the opening paragraph of this chapter, opened up to the eye and made me forget the Bedouins and everything else but the scene. The atmosphere was as clear as crystal, notwithstanding the intense heat of the sun. How small the sea seemed to be, and how profoundly still! Not a ripple on its purplish bosom. Not a sound on its rocky shores. Not a bird in the still, hot air. Not a boat where once a hundred vessels, with their curved white sails, went to and fro, to carry commerce from shore to shore, or to bear sturdy fishermen to deeper places in the lake. Not a city of the nine teeming cities, not a village of the

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scores of populous villages which once lined its shores, to be discerned with the eye or with the glass. The one city of Tiberias was yet hidden from sight, and there is no other now on Galilee. Down and down you look to see this body of water, for it is almost seven hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and it was from three to four hundred feet lower than where I stood. And then those hills on hills, range on range, round about, girding it like sentinels, watching over it as a mother over her sleeping child. Light limestone rocks, gray tertiary deposits, yellowish clay beds, which may have been thrown open to view by earthquakes; red sandstones, black basalts and lava streams from now extinct volcanoes, were all intermixed and added to the peculiarity of the prospect. I had thought of this sheet of water as embowered in wooded hills and grassy slopes, but the first view of it was so unexpectedly unique and picturesque, so strange and romantic, so serene and solemn, that it captivated me, until I had passed the "robbers" and forgotten all the perils by the way.

The downway road to Tiberias was winding and disappointing, long and tedious. It seemed to take a full hour to make the descent. But at last I reached camp, and found the main party had gone on to a spot a mile or more beyond the city where boats were to be in waiting, and there they had already lunched.

All we cared to see of Tiberias we saw in thus passing by it; and, in the dusk of the evening, going through one of its streets to reach the camp, which, as usual, was outside the city limits and toward the west: It is a fairly large, not very thriving town,

with no attractions *per se*, and no historical associations connected with Christ. Its chief modern fame consists in its wealth of fleas; happily we did not see or feel them in our tents during the one night of our stay. One of the party went still further down the lake and shore and took a bath in the hot spring bathhouse, which has been located there from time immemorial, but he reported the same to be primitive and, on the whole, disagreeable.

It was about three o'clock when we entered into three large boats, each about twenty-five feet long by nearly six feet wide (and they were two out of the only dozen or thirteen on the entire lake), and strong men began to propel them with clumsy, heavy oars, our bows being turned toward the north end of the lake. The water was as smooth as glass, clear and deep, and every prospect was of a perfect afternoon on Galilee. These were sacred waters, none more sacred in the whole wide world, and we could not readily express our unusual and deep emotions.

"O Galilee, sweet Galilee,  
Where Jesus loved so oft to be !  
O, Galilee, blue Galilee,  
Come sing thy song again to me."

We had sung that in camp before, but thereafter it assumed a new and tenderer meaning.

We might have gone on foot, or horseback, along the western shore from Tiberias to Magdala and have had equally good views of the water, but this would not have brought us quite so near to the life of the disciples and the people who surrounded the Great Teacher when this was the center of His active labors, nor to that of the Master Himself, for we know how often, by day and by night, He must have

been in the same kind of boat, often rowing and at other times being rowed, and as often sailing before the fresh morning breeze toward the numerous villages that then lined the shores. Our three cumbersome boats carried in each only six or seven persons besides the two oarsmen. We made good speed, but the distance ahead to row was some eight miles, and as much to return.

Far in front of us was the line of the snowy-white range of the Lebanon, and on either hand were gorge-cut hills and cliffs and a stillness like that of the Dead Sea. In the course of a half-hour a breeze suddenly blew up. The lake became ruffled in a moment. The wind was ahead and it required more strength to row than before. Would it be possible with a still stiffer breeze to reach Bethsaida and Capernaum, both, and perhaps Magdala, and yet return by dark? Hardly. We promised "bakshish" if a little extra muscle were used. This made our one boat shoot ahead of the other, and we fairly distanced it by a quarter-mile in the next half-hour. The breeze now quartered more and a sail was lifted. This helped us substantially, and in good season we reached the shore near Bethsaida. Alighting from the boat, we walked on the beach, composed almost wholly of small white shells, for about ten minutes, and found the supposed site of the village where Andrew, Peter and Philip lived before their call into the apostleship of and fellowship with their dear Friend and Lord. Only a few tumble-down buildings were in sight and no people; the place was uninhabited. But there were several boys and two fishermen on the shore, and, to our intense delight, the latter were fishing with nets, as Peter and Andrew had so often done,

and probably with the same kind. We saw them dexterously throw these nets, with their numerous sinkers, so that they struck the water flatwise and sank to the bottom, for the water there was not over two feet deep. Stooping down they would find the fish entangled in the net, and, by pushing them along to the edge, the fish were then raised with the meshes tightly around them, and placed in the fish-bag thrown over their shoulders. I was so interested in the thirteen caught in this manner, before our eyes, that I offered to buy them and completed the bargain by handing out the equivalent of twenty-five cents. Two cents per fish; and we had them next morning for breakfast, and splendid eating they proved. The fish were called moosht and the lake abounds in them. They were flat in appearance, about eight inches long and four wide.

From this point we could only look off toward Tell Hum (Capernaum) and wish the afternoon were longer. But the sun was getting low and we found we could neither visit that spot nor Magdala, much less the coast of Gadara on the east.

All this north end of Galilee is barren of people or towns. The soil is fertile but dry, and there were crops growing. There are few trees, but many low shrubs. Gennesaret, that plain which in olden times was the favorite gathering place of masses of people to hear Jesus preach the new Gospel of love and to be fed at His hands, lay to the northwest, untenanted even by sheep, as peaceful and quiet and restful to the eyes as some of the uplands of northern Scotland. Here was the centre of teeming populations nineteen hundred years ago, and now there was the desolation of death.



*Photo by Rev. Dr. Richards.*  
**CAMPING TOUR—MEETING WATER CARRIERS ON THE  
PLAIN OF JEZREEL (Page 135).**



*Photo. by Rev. Dr. Richards.*  
**ON THE SEA OF GALILEE (Page 151).**



*Photo, by Miss Coit.*

**"JOHN, THE COOK," (Page 120).**

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Why did Jesus select this Sea of Galilee for the scenes of His early ministry? Was it because it was near his former home—only a day's journey? Was it because it was far removed from Jerusalem and the abode of humble folk? In part so, perhaps. But everything, then, must have conspired to make the region one of unusual influence among those classes to whom He first desired to preach, the industrious poor and the humble pure. It was the only spot in North Palestine so tropical that the services of the primitive church could always be held out of doors, and it was rich in honest, hardworking men and women who longed for something better than the teachings of rabbinical scribes and pharisees. And then it was so isolated and so beautiful!

Our return was with sails fully set and at a quickened pace, owing to the promises of extra pay to the boatman who should put his crew into Tiberias first. Such a race as it was for the last half of the journey! We were so intent on achieving the victory that I am afraid we did not enjoy as thoroughly as we should the serene and splendid sunset over the heights of Hermon. As the shadows of the hills lengthened and deepened, their sharp contours became more graceful, and twilight fell just before we landed on a quieted lake again, once more as peaceful and lovely as a summer's dream.

We sang that evening in our tents "Sweet Galilee" with unusual fervor and with thankful hearts, and were mindful next morning of the singular fact that in those tents were bushels of white daisies!

In the morning, early, we bade adieu to Tiberias and went up the western slopes in the usual single file, looking back over our horses again and again at

the exquisite prospect. The vast amphitheatre of the lake, thirteen miles long and from six to eight wide, grew smaller and smaller as we receded from it. It was a morning fit for Eden. Never was the air clearer, nor the sun brighter, nor the prospect fairer. "Full of grace and peace," I thought, as I looked finally at the bosom of the lovely waters. "Peace, be still!" said the Master, once, and His peace was surely brooding there now and would continue there forever.

We lunched in a grove of figs at Cana. The usual mixture of onlookers, chiefly young, were there, but they had long since ceased to attract much of our attention, which was fully paid to the appeasing of hungry appetites.

And all the while our thoughts went back to the dear, blue waters we had left behind and to which our visit had been all too short. The pleasure of that brief visit was ours for only one day, but even yet—

"How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,  
O sea of Galilee!  
For the glorious One who came to save  
Hath often stood by thee.  
Fair are the lakes in the land I love,  
Where pine and heather grow,  
But thou hast loveliness above  
What Nature can bestow.  
Graceful around thee the mountains meet,  
Thou calm-reposing sea ;  
But oh ! far more, the beautiful feet  
Of Jesus walked o'er thee."

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A. V. D. H.



## CHAPTER XIX.

### CAMPING TOUR—A SUNDAY IN NAZARETH.

AS HAS been noted in a preceding chapter, we had spent a night in camp at Jenin, a town on the southern border of Esraelon, just where the hills of Samaria fall away into the great Plain. Next morning at sunrise we gained a wonderful view to the north, for over the lovely green of the Plain we saw the rampart of Galilean hills, with snowy Hermon beyond. The blue haze of distance made a heavenly vision of this entire hill country, and when we saw far up the hillside indications of a little city, it seemed no unworthy dwelling place for the Son of God. But we had to mount our horses and ride across the Plain, and up those hills; and before the day was done we found the enchantment had faded out of the prospect, leaving us a large amount of dismal and squalid reality. Jezreel, where King Ahab had his splendid summer palace; Shunem, where a certain great woman kept her prophet's chamber furnished for the entertainment of Elisha,—shall we ever rub out from our memories those pictures of hopeless degradation, the mud hovels, the filth, the rags and

beggary? And even Nazareth itself, that village far up the hillside, with its show of greater prosperity, its glib salesmen and guides, its air of smug respectability,—when one was trying to fit his thoughts to the scenes of the childhood of Jesus, I am not sure but even the wretched, cursing children of Jezreel were less offensive than a certain well-dressed youth of Nazareth who pestered me for an hour with his offer of cigarettes and cigars, and ended with asking me to give him half a franc!

Perhaps, after all, this painful disenchantment was a part of the lesson we had come so far to learn. The real Nazareth in which Jesus lived his holy childhood and youth was no sanctified cloister, comfortably remote from the wickedness and wretchedness of men, but a place of unsavory reputation, where a carpenter's son growing toward manhood might learn by heart all the difficulties and discouragements of a holy life.

But our stay in Nazareth was not to be altogether disappointing. To those who wait patiently some day the vision will return. On Sunday afternoon some of us started up the side of the hill on which the city is built. Picking our way through a labyrinth of narrow streets, after a considerable ascent we found ourselves facing the front or lower entrance of the beautiful English Orphanage. In the little schoolhouse beside the gate a company of children, forty or fifty of them, were gathered for a Sunday School service, and were singing very sweetly. As we listened to them and watched them it became easier to believe that even children of Galilee are not past saving. From the cursing, begging mob who assailed us in Jezreel, or Cana, to these little

singers with their bright faces and gentle voices, was a long step, but, if the step has been taken by some, why should we despair of the others? When we left the Orphanage to continue our climb up the hill, one of the children came with us a little way to show us the path, and, when she left us, her blushing but firm refusal of the proffered "baksheesh" convinced us that the teachings in this institution must take an admirably practical form.

Gaining the summit of the hill we sat down for a long afternoon of undisturbed delight; no vexing importunities of guide or peddler to trouble us here, nothing but the genial companionship of the grass and the flowers and the sunshine and the wonderful prospect; for this ought to be named among the most wonderful mountain prospects in Palestine or in the world. On the north the view is bounded and dominated by snow-clad Mt. Hermon; to the east, beyond the mysterious depression of the Jordan valley, stretches the rugged range of the mountains of Gilead and Moab; to the west the blue Mediterranean and the long dark line of Carmel; and to the south, beyond the wonderful Plain, the mountains of Samaria. Considered as a view it was worth our long journey to see it. But this cannot be considered simply as a view. Sitting on this hill you find the whole long course of the sacred history spread out beneath you. We looked off to the southeast upon the rounded peak of Mt. Tabor, where Barak collected his troops on the night before he rushed down upon Sisera and the hosts of the Canaanites, and defeated them. A few miles further, round the corner of Little Hermon, was Gideon's spring, where he tested his soldiers before he broke in upon the camp of the

Midianites. Directly above this we could see the crest of Gilboa, where Saul fought his last fight against the Philistines, and the mighty were fallen in the midst of the battle. Over there, on Mt. Carmel, at the other end of the Plain, Elijah had his controversy with the prophets of Baal. And when they were slain and when the cloud appeared out of the west, like a man's hand, and quickly the heavens were black with clouds and wind and rain, the hand of the Lord was on Elijah and he girded up his loins and ran before the chariot of Ahab all the way to Jezreel, more than twelve miles across the plain, as the crow flies: and the whole course of that footrace was spread out visibly before us.

We felt sure that the child Jesus had often stood upon this very spot, and fed His imagination with the stirring events from the history of His own people. But to us the scene was most of all interesting because of what it recalled to us of the story of that Jesus Himself. Just below us the mountain village where He was brought up, being subject to His parents and increasing in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man. Beyond the hill to our left, about three miles away, lies Cana, where "the conscious water knew its Maker's voice and blushed." A little farther, in that deep valley whose bottom we cannot see, lies the Sea of Galilee, where so often He worked and taught, and called some of the fisher folk to Him that He might make them fishers of men. On those slopes of Hermon one day as He prayed He was transfigured, and His disciples beheld His glory. Facing us on a hillside to the southeast we can just distinguish the village of Nain, where one day a man lay dead, the only son of his mother and she a widow.

In those mountains of Samaria, blue with distance, if your eyes are good, you may trace the outline of Mount Ebal, and on the further slope of it you know there is a well where one day a woman came to draw water, and heard strange words from a traveler resting beside the well. Beyond Mt. Ebal and about twice as far away, if these nearer mountains could be drawn aside, you may fancy that you would see the Holy City and Olivet.

The whole expanse of this landscape, already hallowed by God's dealing with His ancient people, has been made more sacred for us by the footsteps of our Lord. Only a week ago we were standing on the hill without the city wall where our Lord suffered; and here to-day we have been resting for a little while on this height in the midst of that Galilee where He gathered His disciples about Him and worked and taught. And so long as we live these two Sunday afternoons will be freshly remembered.

W. R. R.





## CHAPTER XX.

### CAMPING TOUR—TO HAIFA.

IT WAS a glorious dawn that signalled the end of our camping trip. Henceforth we should travel by the more conventional steamboat, or train, and no longer trust our horses to find a safe path over treacherous stones, or to carry us gaily across level plains.

One or two characteristic incidents marked our departure from Nazareth. We had said good-by to the portion of our caravansary that was to return to Jerusalem, and instructions had been given for the tender care of little "Amos." Then came the final ordeal with the local photographer, and once more we submitted ourselves to be presented to posterity in all the dilapitude of costumes that had weathered rain and sun, and whose effect was heightened by the "kufeyehs" dangling from behind our hats. In vain did the palanquin mules kick against being placed in the foreground of the picture. They, too, must submit. Welcome to restive horse and rider was the "all over"



*Photo, by Miss Oller.*

**OUR FAITHFUL FRIEND "AMOS."**  
**(Page 160).**

*Photo. by N. M. Saba, Nazareth.*

CAMPING TOUR—AT NAZARETH, ON THE CITY GREEN (Page 14).



and the command to start. But at this juncture appeared numerous small boys eager to persuade one of the most generous of our number to part with some of his shillings for their poor tobacco, Nazareth ploughs, or, most appropriate of all, hand crocheted lace.

Finally extricating our friend from their clutches we began in earnest that toilsome ride to the sea. With Nazareth we seemed to leave the Holy Land and to enter again the wider world. From 8 until 11 o'clock we journeyed steadily, and then came a short halt under a fine old oak, whose friendly shade was unusually welcome. It could not last long, however, for hunger spurred us on to our noon resting place. That lunching spot—shall we ever forget it! Not all the rugs in the mosque of Omar could vie in coloring with the carpet Nature had spread for us. Corn flowers, poppies, anemone, clovers, cyclamen, and many whose names we knew not, these each and all contributed to the glory of the whole. Above us were the finest trees we had seen in Palestine, and under them we would willingly have tarried long, had not Mt. Carmel loomed up at such a distance that we knew to reach it before dark we must move on.

Across the plain of Esdraelon we rode, noting with interest the encroachments of western civilization. A railroad was being constructed by an English company, but the stones for ballast were being carried in baskets on the heads of native women. When wearied by our long ride we were suddenly refreshed by a glimpse of the Mediterranean lying at the foot of Carmel and at first dimly visible through the waving palm trees. Hurrying our horses on, we at length came to Haifa, where we paused long enough to learn

the direction to the monastery, whither three of us concluded to go, as we could do so and return before nightfall. Treading the narrow streets, then through the more spacious European quarter, we came out again to the open, where we began to ascend the side of the mountain. All day we had travelled on a fine road, one of the few in the Sultan's domains, and even this path was a great improvement on the rough trails in the interior. Up and up we climbed and more and more of the sea stretched out before us; sails shimmered in the afternoon sunlight, and the shadows lengthened along the cultivated fields. Reaching the top, all below us lay peaceful and happy, as if it were not, under Turkish rule, the great Eastern symbol of lawlessness and extortion. Dismounting from our horses, a monk met us, and took us around the monastery. He showed us here the Grotto of Elijah. Truly the prophet of old had found a good place to escape from the world in the silence of this mountain.

Travelers are sometimes entertained over night here, but the hospitality extended to us consisted in a drink of the sweet wine of the country, thought to be very palatable. It would have been a pleasant place to pass the night, perhaps. The clean, white structure was built around a court and hung like an eagle's nest on a crest overlooking the sea. But coming into the harbor was a vessel, reminding us that we must again turn our faces toward Haifa. Slowly and regretfully we began the descent. This happy outdoor life was drawing to a close. To all, however, it had not been an unmitigated pleasure, as we were assured when we reached the hotel at Haifa and learned of the sorry plight in which some of our com-

panions had come into town. Since Time wipes out the memory of discomforts, it is not now worth while to go into detail save to say that the palanquins had been turned into ambulances for the most weary, and the occupants were safely and soundly in bed, to remain there until the whistle of the Egyptian Line steamer blew at ten o'clock to convey them and us to Beirût.

J. G. F.





## CHAPTER XXI.

### DAMASCUS.

ON THE road to Damascus and such a glorious ride, crawling up, up to the height of five thousand feet right into the region of clouds and snow, winding about the mountains, catching fascinating glimpses of Beirut lying far below us on its beautiful, curving shore, and on the other hand feasting our eyes upon the lovely valley spread out before us like a rich Persian rug in its varied colors, walled in by the magnificent Lebanon range, the highest peaks glistening with snow.

We have ascended all this time and are now beginning to see the clouds on a level with us and the great patches of snow all about us, when we believed we had left summer behind us in Beirut. Occasionally we hear the sound of a stream and suddenly we come upon a baby waterfall tumbling down a steep cliff. It is made by the snow melting upon the hill-side. There is scarcely any vegetation up here, but as we descend we see more and more cultivation, until we reach the Abana river, which literally flows through a garden for almost its entire length. The

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train carries us along its bank, and the rushing, hurrying river, appearing and disappearing in its winding course, fascinates us and we feel after a time as if we were running a race with it. The apricot orchards along its banks are in full bloom, the trees growing close to the water and in many cases fairly in midstream. As the river flows through the city of Damascus, it remains with us all the last miles of the way.

We arrived in the city about four o'clock and were landed in the usual turmoil of a railroad station, with drivers shouting and gesticulating and every one excited. In such a tangle of horses and carriages, if we had not become accustomed to it and to Jehu-like driving we might expect to have been killed at any moment. The drive from the station was warm and dusty and so the cool courtyard of the Hotel Besraoni, with the fountain in the centre, was most refreshing.

Having a little time before the dinner hour, I took a walk through the bazaars. So much has been said and written about the bazaars of Damascus that my expectations were up to the highest pitch, and I certainly felt the fascination of wandering through the principal streets with their arched roofs and bewildering little shops, whose doorways are framed with tempting articles for sale. As I was looking about a young man came up, presented his card and invited my friends and myself to enter his bazaar, whereat our own party guide turned upon him fiercely, struck him with his cane and called him a robber. The proprietor of another bazaar came up to the guide's assistance, seconding the remark that the other dealer was a robber. For a few minutes we had a lively

scene, but, as I was wondering what would be the outcome, the engagement ended as suddenly as it began. I shrewdly suspected that "our friend in need" and our own guide had an understanding that we were to be taken into his bazaar to the exclusion of others, for we eventually landed there.

Could I realize that I was in one of the oldest cities in the world, some say the very oldest? How old is Damascus? Charles Dudley Warner's "In the Levant" says: "According to Jewish tradition, which we have no reason to doubt, it was founded by Uz, the son of Aram, the son of Shem. By the same tradition it was a great city when a remarkable man of the tenth generation from the Deluge—a person of great sagacity, not mistaken in his opinions, skilful in the celestial science, compelled to leave Chaldea when he was seventy-five years old on account of his religious opinions, since he ventured to publish the notion that there was but one God, the Creator of the Universe—came with an army of dependents and reigned in the city of Uz." But while we are looking about and trying to grasp all this antiquity, we are in danger of being run down by a heavily loaded donkey, or a string of camels moving toward us with their measured tread. We must walk in the middle of the street, as there are no sidewalks, and we are obliged to learn how to dodge our way back and forth through the crowds, a feat which we had successfully practiced in other cities.

Where shall I begin to write of all the strange sights which passed us in review, sights like a panorama of extremely odd and interesting pictures. Here is the lemonade man, have we not seen him before on the dock at Alexandria? We hear a jingle

of brass cups and looking to see where it comes from, find close beside us a man with a large glass jar slung across his chest filled with lemonade (I could actually see the lemons floating in it) and a piece of ice in the top of the jar. His cups are in a funny sort of case buckled about his waist. Suppose we look into some of these small shops as we pass. There is a man, only a few yards back from the street stirring candy in a great brass kettle over a fire, and I can see the result of his labors in this round flat pan placed on the top of a wicker stand. He seems to sell his sweets right out of the same pan in which it is cooled. You do not have to look inside the next shop to see the owner making ice cream, for he is working in the street, freezing his cream by a very slow process I should say. Here are some delicious looking cookies and all sorts of sweets, some tempting but more often quite the reverse. And what about these people's clothes? There is a deal of sameness about the women's costumes; the only variety being in color, the women of one sect wearing black, another white and a third striped goods, all made after the same pattern. There are two full skirts, the outer one being drawn up over the head, giving a decidedly ugly appearance to the back. These high-class women are wholly veiled; the lower class wear a plain, long, usually blue gown and no veil. The costumes of the men are more varied and often much handsomer. On this hot day we shall see quite a number with long broadcloth coats, lined with fur. Another costume usual all over Palestine and in Greece looks something like a gymnasium suit, with all the fullness hanging down between the knees and it is extremely awkward.

Our guide soon directed us to one of the bazaars, where we could inspect rugs, silks, inlaid work and brass to our heart's content, and, if we have the money to spare, could squander it all on these costly articles. When you step within the doorway a curtain is lowered, and you have the feeling that you are imprisoned and must pay to get out.

It is getting late and shutters are being put up, so we must be off and away. As I reached the street corner after leaving the bazaar, our guide attracted my attention to a minaret very near, where the priest was calling to prayer. I waited a few moments to hear him, but the sound of his voice came very faintly owing to the noises in the street around us. I was surprised that so few appeared to answer this call.

The Eastern people impressed me as having a great deal of spare time on their hands. Still they seem to know how to use it, for they play checkers or dominos in front of their shops, or smoke nargilehs in a comfortable way.

Next morning we started out for a drive. It proved rather a disjointed affair, for we were obliged to get out and walk many times because of the narrow streets. We visited the Great Mosquè, which was burned six years ago and is now being restored. One section is already built up to the roof and the ceiling is decorated in those rich and varied colors peculiar to Moslem architecture before the walls of the other parts are finished. We looked into the Church of John the Baptist, now used as a mosque, but we could not enter. There were two rows of beautiful marble columns, rich though small, stained glass windows and magnificent Turkish rugs upon the floor. We mounted next a high minaret and ob-

tained a fine view of Damascus surrounded by its orchards and guarded by the glorious mountains, Hermon with its cap of snow crowning all. The view of the city itself from there is peculiar, for the houses are low and flat, some having queer, dome-like tops, which look like ant hills, and many of the streets are covered with curved roofs. The effect is monotonous, but is relieved by the minarets, of which there are several scores, most of them pretty and graceful.

We visited the tomb of Saladin. It is difficult to become accustomed to the amount of color lavished on these Oriental tombs. Green and gold are the favorites, and every one has the turban carved over the top of the headstone. A glass case over Saladin's tomb holds a wreath presented by the German emperor. He has promised a gold crown, but it has not yet come to hand.

The peculiar interest in this city to me was in the fact that Paul first lived here after his marvellous conversion near the city. We visited the house of Ananias and were led through a neat little paved courtyard to a small underground chapel, which contained an altar and a few seats for worshipers, all extremely plain and simple.

Through a door in the street wall and an uninviting alley we reached a pretty courtyard with a fountain in the center and with flowering trees and shrubs. This was a private house and we were shown into the different rooms opening on the court, where we satisfied in some degree our curiosity as to how the people of Damascus live. The rooms are much alike, except that the draperies and decorations in some are handsomer than in others. The divan ran round three sides of the rooms and the ceiling in

the best room was elaborately painted. The ladies of the family were seated in one of the rooms smoking nargilehs, but somehow did not seem to match their surroundings. We explored various little cupboards and niches and discovered that the bedding is laid up on shelves during the daytime to be spread upon the floor at night.

We next drove outside the city to see the traditional site of Paul's escape. It is only a corner of the wall which has not crumbled down as yet, and I endeavored to picture the scene of the fleeing Apostle and the basket. Beyond this point is a rather uninteresting road and it passes the burying ground, where some of Mohammed's family lie. Later we turned into "the street called Straight" and entered upon another long succession of entertaining sights. One was of a man sitting on the sidewalk (there seems to be really a sidewalk here) mending shoes and taking up the entire width of the walk with his materials. Beyond him was a man having his hair cut, also in the street. And here were one, two, three, four carpenter shops in a row. Each trade forms a group of its own. It was odd to see them holding the pieces of wood with their toes as they sat before their lathes, turning the latter with their hands. Next was a row of shoemakers cutting out bright pieces of leather and then hanging up red slippers all about them, making again a pretty spot of color.

On the afternoon walk we heard a strange noise directly opposite the hotel. It proved to be a snake charmer, who was drumming on a strange looking tambourine and singing in a monotonous voice to his snakes as they bit at his fingers. But there was nothing very wonderful in that, since their fangs had

been removed. The silver bazaar, which was next in order, was a weird place. It appeared like a cave with small alcoves to form the shops; the light was very dim and all noises seemed deadened. Here we found many of these workshops, with two or three men in each, making the filigree jewelry that is so characteristic of the East. I wandered about here for some time feeling as if in a dream and then turned homewards to really dream about all the strange sights and sounds our company had been passing through that day.

E. C.





## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE TEMPLES OF BAALBEK.

IT WAS with a sigh of regret that we turned our backs on Damascus. It was leaving the heart of the Orient; and no one could do that unmoved. In that thronging crowd of Oriental life we feel that we Occidentals are lost in the great flowing stream of the East. A week could have been spent delightfully in just watching the crowds in their strange costumes, the workmen and the ways of the place. Yet we had seen all there was to see in the tourist sense, and to have lingered would only have been to repeat. So we went down to the railway station to retrace part of our journey of two days before. The train, coming from some place farther up the country, had not arrived and we were standing rather wearily waiting when a most polite attendant brought chairs and, with a smile of beaming good will and exhaustless benevolence, begged us to sit down while we waited. It did look considerate of him. Yet those who sat had occupied their chairs but two or three minutes when he demanded instantaneous rent! It somehow made it seem easier to leave Damascus.

Entering the train we soon retraced our way along the rushing Barada, crossed the anti-Lebanon and the Beka'a, and were at Mallakah-Zahleh. According to the time-table of the railway the trains from Beirût and Damascus ought not to arrive at exactly the same moment, but the former should reach the station half an hour earlier, giving its passengers time to get their lunch at the restaurant and be ready to leave just as the latter brings up its quota of hungry travelers. But they usually manage to meet so as to interfere with one another's luncheons, and this particular day the matter was still further complicated by the fact that on our train was a great Russian general with his two gorgeous "kavasses" and his military suite, so that the restaurant people quite lost their heads. However we got some sort of lunch finally, and set out on our long drive in curious carriages with brightly colored calico curtains.

It was a beautiful day although slightly warm. The road ran up the valley known as the Beka'a, the grade slowly rising all the way as we drove on for four hours to our destination at Baalbek. The drive was pleasant, although we began to wonder where the ruins were, as they scarcely show until you are close upon them. About a mile before entering the village we saw the "Kubbet Douris" a few rods from the road and leaving the carriages walked aside to examine it. "Kubbet" means dome, and "Douris" is the name of the village near by. Whatever it was once this ruin is no longer a "dome." It is a circular "praying place" of the Moslems, made by setting up stone pillars with pieces of ancient architrave joining their tops, the whole being obviously plunder from Baalbek. The singular thing about it is that

these columns are red syenite from Egypt and far up the Nile. How they came first at Baalbek is a question in ancient transportation not easily solved, for the columns are twenty feet in height and nearly three in diameter, and consequently heavy.

Reaching the modern village of Baalbek we were driven to the "Victoria Hotel," the quaintest of all the quaint Oriental hotels which we encountered. As neat as wax, it gathered itself around its little central court, its balconies all tiled in red, and, opening off one of them, two little bedrooms with a sitting room between them, the latter having no side wall, but opening by an arch the whole width of the room on the balcony and with a broad divan across the opposite end of the room. Perhaps the oddest thing of all to find in so remote a spot was the sole chambermaid, who spoke very good English, and proved to be a native of Baalbek who had migrated to Springfield, Mass., where she had learned the trade of dressmaker, became engaged to be married to a brakeman on the Boston and Albany Railroad, and had returned all the way to her native town for a brief visit to show what she had grown to, and who had, rather by anticipation it must be confessed, taken already the Irish name of her brakeman instead of her own Syrian one. These are the things which make the world seem small.

As the afternoon was fast waning we did not then stop to gather these details or even to examine the hotel, but hurried at once to the ruins. In extent, impressiveness and elaborate beauty they far surpassed our expectations. First we skirted the temple area and looked at the retaining walls. No doubt the buildings are of many ages, the unfinished sculp-

tures in some places running well on into the Christian era, but it seems equally plain that parts of the great constructions run back into Phœnician ages and the dim dawn of prehistoric times. In the walls are specimens of Cyclopean masonry. Great stones are there over sixty feet in length, thirteen in height and probably as much in width, laid without mortar. Probably they are the largest stones ever used anywhere in a building, and they date to the very earliest times. To add to the impression which they produce they are laid nineteen feet above the spectator who stands at the base of the wall. How they were quarried, how they were placed in their positions and by whom, will probably never be discovered. These things are hopelessly lost in the mists of a hoary antiquity.

It is needless to repeat here what may be found in all the guide-books, or in "Alouf's History of Baalbek." History, statistics, dimensions and detailed architectural descriptions may well be left to sleep in their places until wanted—where whoso desires to investigate them may search at his will. We need not now linger over the traditional history which makes Nimrod the originator of the temple of the Sun, or even that which supposes Solomon, far later, built a temple at Baalbek for the god of one of his wives, which, after he had passed away, the Phœnicians and then the Romans successively added to and embellished. The general style of the architecture, an over-ornamented Corinthian, shows that embellishment continued late into Christian times, perhaps into the Third Century. The Christian Emperor Theodosius (379-395) discontinued the heathen use of the temples and altered one of them into a

church. The Turks and the Arabs, too, have had a hand in their history, using parts of the buildings as a fortress, thus ruining some of their most picturesque features. Earthquake also has shaken them again and again, especially in 1759.

But it is still bewitchingly beautiful. Remains of two temples are yet standing in the great inclosure. Authorities have differed as to which was the Temple of the Sun, and which was that of Jupiter. But it seems to stand to reason that in a town whose name means "Sun-city," the largest temple would be that to the sun. So the best authorities now hold. We entered the precincts by a long vaulted subterranean passage of Roman origin, emerging from which we were in the court. In front of us were the six tall columns still standing of the Temple of the Sun-god: a little to the left was the Temple of Jupiter. It was a strange revelation and experience, too, from the long drive across the unmarked plain and from the squalor of the modern village, into all that splendor. Only pictures can do it justice. The Temple of the Sun has almost vanished. Once fifty-eight columns of yellow stone, each sixty feet in height, made of three superposed drums each seven and a half feet in diameter, grouped themselves in haughty grace about the central building, their smooth shafts crowned with rich, almost too rich, Corinthian capitals. Now only six are standing. Yet imagination can reconstruct the once splendid vision. Beyond it lies what was formerly the entrance court, bearing on its stout sidewalls the niches, covered still with alternate gables and arches of stone, which shadowed and protected the long vanished statues which once looked down from them. The court itself is 441

feet long and 369 wide. When the glow of the setting sun was on these long lines of splendor the effect may be imagined.

The smaller temple, that of Jupiter, is less ruinous. It stands a little to one side of the larger edifice. Its four walls are essentially intact, although the roof has disappeared. The exterior columns are more than half of them still standing, the capitals of some of the double row on the front being not only elaborately carved, but their shafts elegantly fluted, while the ceiling between these exterior columns and the main walls are deeply coffered in a sort of stone network out from the intricacies of which human faces look down and peer. On the inside the great chamber is lined by pilasters, or half columns, with fluted shafts and exceedingly rich Corinthian capitals, the whole presenting a scene of singular richness of detail. Indeed, the details are sometimes too rich for the highest and most chastened taste. Nevertheless the whole effect is one of singular charm. In the thickness of the front wall is a concealed stone staircase up which we climbed to look down on the wonderful chamber from the level of its roof. We wandered about the vast enclosure, inspecting room after room, and court after court, not neglecting even the Arab fortress which was made out of part of it, not at all to its architectural advantage. We are not likely any of us to forget the three sunny hours we spent in these exquisite and impressive ruins.

Through the golden softness of the sinking sun we retraced our path to the "Victoria." On our way we paused to inspect the ancient mosque whose nave and aisles show plainly yet that it was once a church. It has evidently been built out of spoils from the an-

cient temples. Few of the pillars were alike and their capitals were also unlike,—often did not match the columns which they crowned. Here would be a polished red granite column made by hand, as was evidenced from the fact that while looking regular and true to the eye, one's touch is instantly aware of inequalities in its surface. Others were of alabaster; others yet of limestone. The roof was burned off years ago, and although it could be restored to-day at a small expenditure, the Moslems abandoned it and built a new and uninteresting mosque according to their usual custom of rarely repairing a sacred building. Still further along the street we came upon the graceful little circular temple now called the "Temple of Venus," with its incurved polygonal architrave, rich with graceful carving, mournful yet beautiful to this day.

The writer went out on the roof of the "Victoria" after night had fallen. The singular brilliance of the Syrian stars lit all the sky and the new moon hung still in the west. Ghostly and dim in the uncertain light the mighty columns of the Temples of Jupiter and of the Sun stood in solemn quiet not two hundred feet away. And so, like a symphony which dies into silence, our day at Baalbek ended.

M. H. H.





## CHAPTER XXIII.

### AT BEIRÛT AND DOG RIVER.

FOR THE majority of the party, this Sunday spent at Beirût was truly a day of rest. The beginning of the heat was much felt, but in spite of the warmth of the sun, we all went to the morning service at the American Presbyterian Church. It was a refreshing and homelike service in a fine large church, with good organ and choir. The pastor of the church, who was a Scotchman, conducted the opening exercises, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. R., a member of our party, from the text Haggai 2: 9. We were far, very far, from our homes, but the accustomed delights of worship and habitual turning of the heart and mind toward the great truths of our holy religion, even in a heathen land, were like a spring of refreshing water which made the day one of rest and calm to us all.

After this quiet, restful Sunday, we were fully ready on Monday morning to plan and execute an

expedition not set down in the programme of arrangements.

The steamer which was to carry us down the Syrian coast to Egypt would not leave until evening, so there were several hours before us of bright sunshine and delicious air. As we looked out in the early morning at the exquisitely blue sea, rolling its gentle waves in upon the small beach at the front of the hotel, and then over the closely built town, to the amphitheatre of hills encircling it, we realized that before us was certainly one of the fairest spots on the face of the earth. Northeast of the town, stretching his mighty roots to the very edge of the sea, towered the giant Sannin, his great, rounded summit covered with the whitest of snow; so ethereal, so majestic, that it seemed no exaggerated expression of feeling to say, as a visitor of former years had done, that he felt as if he were seeing a vision of the Great White Throne!

Early in the morning, the sun rising far off over the Anti-Lebanon range strikes his rays first upon this great snow summit, towering against the sky. All day long it appears to grow whiter and more brilliant under the level rays, a most insistent object in the landscape, seeming much closer at hand than it really is. Then, with the sinking of the sun in the waters of the sea, a most delicate roseate flush creeps over the mountain top, lasting long in the twilight, and finally changing to a strange, solemn gray at the summit of the great purple mass of mountain. Sannin alone was occupation enough for a day.

But there were other things beside mountains to see, and several of the party were anxious and ready to go to the famous Nahr-el-Kelb, the Dog River,

with its world-renowned inscriptions. Taking carriages soon after breakfast, a few of us, accompanied by a guide, started upon the expedition. It was a morning's trip, of several hours' ride, but no one found it fatiguing. The sunshine was bright, the air soft and the scenery most beautiful. We passed through the edge of the town lying upon the shore and soon got out into the country toward the east and north. The road followed the curve of the large and beautiful bay of Beirut; known as St. George's Bay, because legend records that the hero and saint of that name here killed the "mighty worm" and rescued the Syrian princess. At the left was the intensely blue sea, with its small waves breaking incessantly on the white beach, while to the right was a constant succession of orchards of mulberry trees in full and luxuriant leafage, just ready to feed the thousands of silk-worms which in a few days would begin their greedy lives. It was with great interest that we heard about the process of silk-worm raising, the most important and remunerative occupation of this whole region. Everywhere were to be seen throughout the orchards preparations for building the booths in which the culture is conducted.

After crossing the Beirut river on a long, many-arched bridge, the hills began to draw down to the sea, and soon before us there rose a steep, rocky promontory, between the edge of which and the sea there was just room for our carriage road. Rounding the point, we had arrived at the mouth of Dog River, and the opening of the deep and rather gloomy ravine down which it rushes from its source far back in the Lebanon range. At a little khan by the roadside we left the carriages and followed our guide up

the steep rock-path of the bold headland, by successive terraces broken out by Nature, or hewn out by man to make roads for conquering armies. This seems to have been a favorite route for the monarchs of Egypt and Assyria in their movements back and forth, and here are the inscriptions and carvings we had come to see.

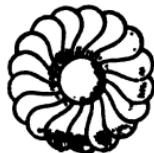
They are cut in the perpendicular sides of living rock along the ascending paths, all of them looking out toward the sea, and so nearly obliterated by the action of the weather upon them, that it is only in the most favorable light that they can be made out at all. There are nine in all, three of which can be recognized as Egyptian, and the rest, Assyrian. They were undoubtedly intended to commemorate victories, but which ones will probably never be known, as the inscriptions are almost gone, and only the faintly outlined figures remain. Here is a full-length sculpture of an Assyrian king in one of the best preserved slabs but with no inscription. There is another monarch of Assyria with a curly beard and long robe, the panel covered with cuneiform inscriptions which may have been carved much later than the figure, as they are sharp and clear. On this same slab is a writing engraved by the French expedition of 1860, so that many different ages and civilizations are here recorded. Layard thinks that the Assyrian sculptures are the work of Sennacherib, whose invasion of Syria took place in 701 B. C. The Egyptian work is much more ancient, and consequently fainter. According to Lepsius, it relates to different expeditions of Rameses II., who lived in the fourteenth century before Christ. There is little to be seen on the panels but a few hieroglyphics or the dimmest of figures,

smoothed off by the steady roll of over three thousand years.

Coming down again to the road, and walking a little way up the ravine, there is to be seen on the rock-face, sharp and clear as if cut yesterday, a fine Latin inscription hewn by the order of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, about 180 A. D. It records the fact that he had opened up the rocky pass which begins here. Further on there is an Arabian inscription on a large slab in the rock at the foot of the bridge, stating that it was last restored about 1520 by Sultan Selim I., the conqueror of Syria.

So the records of widely separated ages are here gathered together, making it a unique spot to visit, and most interesting to those who are able to look at it with the eyes of sentiment and imagination. The afternoon of this day found us embarked on a steamer to travel down the Syrian coast on our way to Port Said and Cairo.

M. E. H.





## CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE LAND OF GOSHEN.

WHEN Jacob, with his children and his grandchildren, his flocks, cattle and other wealth, went down from Hebron into Egypt to see his long-lost son Joseph, then governor of that country, tradition says that Joseph was at On, known to the Greeks and to us as Heliopolis. Whether the meeting took place near there, or nearer Tanis, it was not in the land of Goshen, but at the least a day or two's journey from it. The narrative says: "And Joseph made ready his chariot and went up to meet Israel his father, to Goshen; and he presented himself unto him, and fell on his neck, and wept on his neck a good while." It was but a little distance Joseph had to go as compared with the long desert journey of two hundred and fifty miles which his venerable sire had just concluded, yet it awakens most pathetic associations to think of that chariot drive of Joseph to meet his father, who had come in one of the "wagons" sent up into Canaan for him by Joseph's order,

and then the affectionate and tender meeting! It seems to me I see Jacob now, with his caravan of camels and oxen, cattle and horses, goats and sheep, relatives and servants, wagons and household goods, crossing that divisional line near where the old Suez Canal of Darius I. afterward ran, and where the present canal also has its course (at El-Kantara), and proceeding on westward toward the Pyramids, still finding on his right and on his left only the yellow, drifting sands. An uninteresting, tiresome road, over which the few remaining bushels of grain saved from the years of famine in Canaan were carried to feed the animals, as there was no pasture by the way. In a day or two more the land of Goshen was skirted, and, while it was withered by the same famine, it had some water and it looked like a goodly land. Somewhere here, on the verge of Goshen, occurred the affectionate meeting of father and son, and just here "in the best of the land" of Egypt, Pharaoh permitted these despised "shepherds" of the north to settle permanently.

The long railway ride from Port Said to Cairo, one hundred and forty-seven miles, has nothing in it to attract the attention save three things, and the interest in them is progressive as each is named. The first is the straight line of the Suez Canal, by which the railway runs on the west. Owing to its embankments, the canal itself is rarely visible from the train, but large ships on its surface often glide by like things of life. The canal is eighty miles long. We passed along about fifty miles of it to Ismailia, where the railway diverges to the right and goes in a straight line for ninety-seven miles further to Cairo. It is suspected from some old Egyptian

documents existing that on quite this identical spot, before the time of Moses and probably before the days of Jacob, a canal existed and formed the eastern frontier of Egypt. There were walls and fortresses along or near its course, and these are described, without distinctly mentioning the canal, as early as 2466 B. C., or seven hundred years before Jacob came to Goshen. In any event the great Darius, King of Persia, completed, or perhaps reopened, a canal here 500 B. C., and Trajan restored it about 100 A. D. The traces of it were everywhere visible when De Lesseps dug the one which was opened, in 1869, after an expense of \$95,000,000. The second point of interest was the crossing place of the caravan route from Palestine, the same now which was used through all the ages since people came into Egypt from the direction of Syria. The Christ Child came over it in His mother's arms some seventeen centuries later than Jacob, and to-day we may view it as a narrow way, over which one's eyes never look in vain in either direction without seeing camels and their burdens. Unfortunately I missed the view at just this spot, for the sand was monotonous, the heat great, and our train probably whisked over it when I was otherwise engaged. The third and best sight is the Land of Goshen, and this no one could pass over by day and fail to note as a spot of great fertility and some beauty.

The one train took us to Ismailia, where we changed trains after lunching in the station and eating food we had brought along from Port Said. The change was necessary because of the transition from a narrow to a broad gauge road. We had good compartment cars from Port Said to Ismailia; from the

latter place to Cairo the compartments were on the less attractive plan. They permitted some twenty-four or more passengers in each compartment instead of ten; and, as a result, we had many strangers with us, to such an extent that some of us sat upon the floor and others stood up, and all were crowded the whole distance from Ismailia onward. Telegraphing for, or even engaging, reservations in Egypt, as in Italy, is generally a useless precaution.

Of course it was a bright day, for what other days ever come in Egypt? In fact, we saw later, when in Cairo, some cloudy hours, and if we had been in America it would certainly have poured rain. But as a rule the same unclouded days followed one another, hot as a furnace when the breezes did not blow, although usually a stiff wind swayed the tops of the palms and filled the sails on the various deltas of the Nile.

No one can quite comprehend the desolateness and the billowiness of the Egyptian desert until he has seen it. The sand is not white like shore sand, but of deeper yellowish hue, and, while often it lies level for stretches of miles, it as often appears rounded up into small and great mounds and sometimes immense hillocks. And there is not a shrub nor spear of grass to vary its deathlikeness. It must teach an awful lesson of patience and faith to travel on for scores of miles over such an arid waste and not see a spring of water, nor a green herb, and not listen to the song of bird or voice of man.

Ismailia looked like a pleasant and active city. It did not exist until the latest Suez Canal was being constructed; then De Lesseps saw its good position midway between the towns of Port Said and Suez,

and it sprang into being. . The sand comes right up against its doors; yet it has water supplied from the "Sweet Water Canal," that runs hither all the way from the Nile, and with its growing population is said to "blossom like a rose."

It is not a great distance westward from Ismailia—say thirty miles—to the old city of Pithom, the treasure city built by the toiling Israelites, who had to make bricks for Pharaoh without straw. The discovery of the site of Pithom, in 1881, we owe to M. Naville, and it is to be hoped, as it is now quite accessible to travellers, being near the railway station of Mahsimeh, there may some of us visit it in the near-by future.

Where exactly did we enter the Land of Goshen? Scholars and investigators will disagree. But Goshen would seem to have been a limited territory on the extreme southeast of the fertile portion of the Nile delta. The triangle which would be made on a map from Zakazik southerly to Belbes, thence northeasterly to Tell-el-Kebir, and thence northwest-erly to Zakazik, is now believed to have described, with fair approximateness, the land given to Jacob and his posterity. If so, the railway from Ismailia first enters it near Tell-el-Kebir, which is just beyond the cemetery, where a monument marks the resting place of the British soldiers who were slain in the battle with Araby in 1882. We are still here in the desert, so far as the path of the railway goes, but off there to the south you see a beautiful green tract following the line of the Freshwater canal, and this is the beginning of Goshen.

That Freshwater canal is from henceforward for some miles a most conspicuous object to the south.

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Who made it? The great Rameses II., to supply water from the Nile to those treasure-cities, the building of which kept the Israelitish bondmen employed for many years. It was and is a grand monument to a most ancient and cruel cause.

"And thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me," said Pharaoh, "thou and thy children and thy children's children, and thy flocks and thy herds and all that thou hast." How tender the invitation to sojourn for all time in this spot of rich land, and all because of the affection the king had for his good prime minister, Joseph, the Governor. The royal house of Pharaoh was at Tanis, about thirty-five miles northeast of Goshen: only a single day's journey for Jacob if he wished to have audience with the king, or for Joseph, if, when he was staying at court, he desired to go out and see his father. Goshen was so situated that it was on the edge of the fertility of Egypt, but neither within the bounds of disagreeable activity, nor of too great proximity to the court, in case of war. It was an ideal spot for the growth of a thrifty and virtuous people.

Our train ran slowly and soon after we first saw the Freshwater canal on the left we found the area of fertility widening. Presently it reached to the railway track; then crossed it. In one minute, as it were, we had wholly crossed the boundary lines of desert, which had followed us with severity all the way from Port Said, and were completely in a territory "of milk and honey." Everything of death had passed away and all was life and prosperity. Not an acre but was under cultivation. Barley fields were ripe for the harvest. Pasture lands there were few,

for rich crops grew on nearly every acre. We saw nothing in all Lower Egypt excelling and rarely anything equalling the richness of this Land of Goshen. Small canals and irrigating ditches carried the "freshwater" everywhere. The shadoofs were in operation in many places; that is, long poles, weighted at one end, and with a skin bucket at the other, operated by a "fellah" from morning to night. He dipped down the pool and filled the bucket from the canal, drew it up and emptied it out into a ditch. It is said that six men working all day with this shadoof, from sunrise to sunset, can irrigate two acres of wheat or barley; and for this the wages of each would be but a few cents. Men were holding wooden ploughs hauled by oxen. In the isolated pasture patches were flocks of goats and sheep, the sheep always black, or parti-colored, never white, and the goats very similar in colors. Here and there were groves of date-palms, and near them little mud villages, disagreeably ugly as they everywhere are.

It is twenty miles from Tell-el-Kebir to Zakazik, the one side of the triangle of the land of Goshen. It is yet, and perhaps in 1700 B. C. it was much more, a goodly land; the land wherein Jacob lived for seventeen years and then died; the land where he blessed and prophesied concerning his children, who became the heads of the tribes of Israel; the land from whence he was carried up by Joseph and a great company of mourners to be buried at Hebron in the cave of Machpelah.

On leaving Goshen at Zakazik, which is a thriving city of some forty thousand people, we could see to the south the ruins of that ancient city of Bubastis, so fully described by Herodotus in the Fifth Century

B. C. We know now that this city was in existence 3733 B. C., when the builder of the Great Pyramid was reigning, and that it became the place where perhaps millions of embalmed cats of Egypt were reverently interred. Peace to those cats! Unless they are immortal, how much labor was spent in vain.

Now the fertile soil seems to cease. There are here and there mounds of old cities, and we are again on the edge of the desert. The one lone obelisk of Heliopolis looms up to the right, the Pyramids of Gizeh appear on the western rim of the horizon, and, in six miles more, we are in Cairo, which in the days when Mark was a fellow-laborer with Peter and Paul was called "Babylon." "The church that is at Babylon . . . saluteth you; and so doth Marcus, my son," wrote Peter (in I Pet. 5:13), and this was not the Babylon of the Euphrates, but of the Nile.

A. V. D. H.





## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE STREETS OF CAIRO.

THE Midway was one of the most popular features of the World's Fair at Chicago. And the streets of Cairo were among the most popular features of the Midway. Some patrons of this part of the exhibition formed the erroneous impression that most of the women in Cairo concealed their faces behind black veils and brass nose pieces; that most of the men wore Oriental skirts and squatted Turk fashion; that transportation facilities were confined to the camel and donkey, and that the continuous and only form of public amusement was of a rather startling and shocking character. As one enters the city of Cairo to-day, however, he will be agreeably surprised at its many evidences of cosmopolitanism.

If he drives through the extensive and ornate gardens of the Ghezireh Palace Hotel, he may imagine himself suddenly transported to the Hotel del Monte, at Monterey, California. If he strolls through the drawing room of the Savoy or Shepheard's, he may conclude he is in Saratoga. If he walks through the broad avenues of the newly built portion of Cairo, he

may be reminded of the boulevards of Paris. If he peers into the shop windows lining the Sharia-Gamel, or the Muski, he may recognize the conventional features of the retail district of a continental city. If he spends an evening at the Khedivial Opera House, he may imagine himself in Philadelphia or London. If he trades at the bazaars of the Arabs or Algerians, he may suspect himself still in Damascus. If he rides donkey-back through the narrow streets of old Cairo, he may feel that an impassable gulf separates him from European civilization. If he visits the alabaster Mosque of Mohammed Ali, or the university Mosque el-Azhar, with its five thousand earnest students of the Koran, he can easily believe himself to be in the very heart of Mohammedanism. If he gazes upon the Nile, under the soft light of the full moon, he may readily drift into a dreamy meditation upon the historic stream without which Egypt would be a barren desert, and with which has been linked so much that is weird and mysterious in Egyptian story. If he visits the Gizeh Museum and recognizes at its portals the familiar but mummified face of the most celebrated of the Pharaohs, and gains an insight into ancient customs from the pictorial carvings upon the unearthed monuments, he may feel that this is the most promising spot for unraveling the secrets of ancient history. And if he pays his respects to the Pyramids and the Sphinx, he may experience a profound feeling of reverence in standing face to face with the most ancient and celebrated monuments of human construction.

With this heterogeneous combination, all within the confines of a single city, it is easy to see why Cairo should be regarded as one of the most interest-

ing cities of the world; although if the visitor chooses to limit himself to but one of the many worlds in Cairo his impressions will be proportionately different from those which are made upon the traveler who enjoys seeing the city in its entirety.

One of the very picturesque sights in the fashionable district of Cairo is the fine equipages drawn by splendid specimens of Arabian horses and preceded by one or two forerunners or outrunners. These functionaries, whom I have never seen in any other city, are generally fine-looking, slenderly built Arabs with black hair and moustache; with their feet and the lower part of their limbs bare; attired in a red fez and white turban, a white shirt with the sleeves rolled up to the shoulder and disclosing bright red undersleeves, white bloomers, a short, circular jacket, richly embroidered with gilt, and a large, bright-colored sash, and each carrying a long pole. Thus equipped, they keep running a certain distance ahead of their carriage to "clear the way" for their master, and they apparently never tire. The bright colors and picturesqueness of the costume, combined with the graceful activity of the men, form a picture which one delights to see.

But, in order to observe that which differs most from modern life and customs, the traveler must leave the fashionable and modern district of Shepheard's and stroll through the narrow lanes and streets of old Cairo, or in the Arab district, and if he does this in the heat of the day he will realize in a cool and refreshing manner the advantage in a semi-tropical city of walking through very narrow streets in which the overhanging balconies almost meet. In going through old Cairo he is strongly reminded of the

buildings in the streets of Cairo as exhibited at the World's Fair. To stroll or to ride on a donkey (the most popular form of conveyance) through these so-called streets, some of which are not more than six feet wide, is curiously interesting.

In the morning, noon or night are seen, at the Arabian cafés, the native Arabs sipping their Turkish coffee or smoking their cheap cigarettes, or their picturesque nargilehs. From the great number of these patrons one might suppose the Arabs were lazy and unwilling to work, but in order to dissipate this idea it is only necessary to watch the railroad porters, the hack drivers, the donkey boys, or boatmen struggle, push, fight and swear to get possession of a passenger and his luggage. But the active energy of the Arab rarely causes him to spend his spare time in self-improvement, particularly in the line of personal or household cleanliness; smoking, coffee drinking, chatting and the observance of his Moslem devotions, are the conventional ways in which his unemployed time is generally spent.

The native costumes are varied, but the most popular style among the men is a long skirt, made apparently of blue Kentucky jean, and a red fez, either plain or dressed with a white or green turban. The ordinary costume of women of the poorest class (who find time to blacken their eyelashes and eyelids, and have their faces and chests tattooed) consists of a long blue or black skirt, with the upper half frequently thrown over the head, and with a long black or white veil concealing their face. Inasmuch as these styles never change, and as a woman's garment can be purchased for fifty cents, it is distressing to think of the havoc which would be occasioned among

our fashionable dressmakers and milliners if Worth (or his legatee) should suddenly authorize the adoption of the Arabic costume among his devotees in Philadelphia and other large cities. While, however, the costume of the Arabic women undergoes little, if any, variation, the dress of the men is frequently modified by the partial adoption of European fashions, the grotesqueness of which is quite striking when an Arab is seen wearing his conventional long skirt and fez, but at the same time displaying European gaiters and a short spring overcoat.

In the native bazaars one sees the greatest diversity and animation in Oriental life. Like the celebrated bazaars of Damascus, those of Cairo are generally separated into different classes, and each shop consists of a single room, which is usually smaller than our average American show window. In this room, or in front of it, the proprietor squats or stands and conducts all the minutiae of his business. The streets or lanes which are lined with these shops are always full of life and animation, being frequented by both natives and foreigners, and they resound with the braying of donkeys, the warning shouts of their drivers, and the jingling cymbals and calls of the water and lemonade vender, who keeps his beverage stored in a goatskin. But when the jewelry or silversmith bazaar is pointed out, and one sees a narrow lane not over four feet wide, and lined on both sides with the smiths, who in their miniature boxes both make and sell their wares, he recognizes an amusing contrast between the old and the new by recalling to mind the Tiffanys, the Caldwells and other typical smiths of America.

In the perfumery bazaar the proprietor, surrounded

on three sides with his large bottles of varied perfumes, enterprisingly offers to part with a drop (but the smallest drop I have ever seen), as a free sample. Attar of roses appears to be the most popular odor. In the fez bazaar each shop is provided with brass forms which, when heated, are used to press and repress the fez into the desired shape. In the slipper bazaar, the silk bazaar, the dry goods bazaar, the Algerian bazaar and in all the other bazaars, distinctive Oriental features are found which cannot fail to interest and entertain.

Although less animated, it is also interesting to stroll through the narrow lanes in the residential district of the Arab population. The visitor may be obliged to frequently retrace his steps when he finds no outlet to a long and tortuous lane, but he avoids this perplexity after he learns that "Sharia" means a street with an outlet, and "Artfet" a lane which may terminate in a private courtyard. Such a stroll, while interesting in disclosing how much Oriental contentment may be crowded into a single chimney-less room with a stone floor, at the same time awakens a feeling of profound gratitude at the superior household and sanitary conveniences of those in similar positions in our own country.

An equally Oriental impression may be formed by listening to the sonorous cry of the muezzin from the towering minarets as he calls the faithful Moslem to his prayers; or by visiting the many ancient and modern mosques with their conventional fountains in the courtyard in which the Mohammedan is required to wash his face, hands and feet before starting on his ninety-nine prayers; and particularly by visiting the mosque which is used as a university, in which the

five thousand students formerly spent their entire time in committing to memory the words of the Koran, and who graduated only after this mnemonic feat was accomplished. It is a ludicrous sight now to see those thousands of pupils squatting, Turk fashion, on the matted floor of the mosque; some by themselves, others being taught by an instructor; some writing the words with ink on slates made of tin, and all energetically swaying their bodies backward and forward, and nodding, with a quick, jerky motion, their heads in a number of directions. The reason assigned for this grotesque act of gymnastics is that the faculty of memory is thereby kept in a superior state of activity, and that which is learned becomes more solidly packed in the mind—probably on the same principle that governs an automatic packing machine. One energetic pupil squatted so closely to the stone wall and shot his head and body forward so vehemently as to suggest the theory that he proposed to dispute the infallibility of the old adage regarding a man “butting his head against a stone wall.” Some of the other pupils were stretched out full length on the floor taking a nap. As a university scene, it possesses sufficiently grotesque features to more than interest the humorist.

When one wishes to suddenly step backward a few thousand years and breathe the atmosphere of ancient Egypt, commune with its noted personages, and become familiar with its old-time customs, all he need to do is to enter the Gizeh Museum.

When he looks upon the mummified face of Rameses II., who reigned over half a century, and whose father is believed to have been the Pharaoh who ordered the murder of all newly born male children

among the Jews, he may feel that he recognizes an old acquaintance, for his striking physiognomy has been produced and reproduced so frequently in magazines as to make it very familiar. His features have been so perfectly preserved during the several thousand years in which he was entombed that they do not appear repulsive. The face and head are worth studying. The unusually prominent and highly arched nose indicates great love and power of command, while the facial features and the head suggest the characteristics of the cool, calculating, passionless diplomat. From a study of the features and those of his father, it is easy to believe that such acts as the murder of Jewish infants would not be ordered to gratify any special love for cruelty, but simply as a supposed inevitable incident for guarding and perpetuating the power of their dynasty—just as our own newly elected public officials cut off the heads of certain subordinates, not from any feeling of malice, but, on the contrary, frequently with a sentiment of genuine compassion; but the act of execution is nevertheless carried out as one of the inexorable laws in practical politics for maintaining partisan or factional control.

There is a published story that when the mummified remains of this proud old Egyptian king were transferred to Bulak the Custom House authorities were puzzled to know how to classify the importation, as "mummies" could not be found in their official list. The problem was, however, finally solved by entering the mummy as "fertilizer," for the reason that many mummies had been used by the Arabs for that purpose and also because the duty upon fertilizers was low. Had this incident occurred before

Shakespeare's time it might have furnished the illustrious bard an illustration of the fall of the mighty, even more striking than was found in Cæsar, who,

"Dead and turned to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

I mentioned this story to Professor Sayce, the eminent Egyptologist, who smilingly said it was an entertaining story, but he would not like to guarantee its accuracy. He told me, however, of an actual occurrence which may not have been heretofore published. It was to the effect that when the mummies of the kings were being taken away from Luxor some of the natives pretended to be affected with great grief at the carrying away of their ancient kings, and ran along the shore after the boat, wailing, shrieking and throwing sand into their hair, when suddenly a strange and weird spectacle presented itself: a number of the mummies of the kings, which were spread out on the deck of the boat, and which had been lying motionless and serene for thousands of years, gradually raised their heads as though in recognition of the tribute of respect which the natives were paying, and as though they desired to take a last look at their ancient resting place. If I said nothing more about this story the sanity of both the professor and myself might seriously be brought into question, and Rider Haggard might also use the incident in a coming story of "He," to illustrate the weird and perpetual power of the early Egyptian sorcerers. As a matter, however, of cold, scientific fact, the apparently miraculous movements came from the expansion and contraction of the skin, caused by the intense rays of a Luxor sun beating down upon the exposed bodies.

The lover of mummies can, in this museum, have his taste abundantly gratified, for he will find many celebrated ancient rulers and numerous rows of shelves of the priests of Ammon (the sight of which gives a weird significance to the old phrase of being "laid on the shelf"), and also a lot of lesser dignitaries, many of whom are, no doubt, more celebrated as a speechless mummy than when they engaged in the activities of life as a human individual.

The hieroglyphics and pictorial carvings on the stone slabs brought from Luxor, Memphis and other ancient cities give a practical insight into ancient mechanical arts, and the simple and primitive tools which are there represented favor the theory that the construction of the pyramids and other colossal tombs and temples of antiquity was accomplished not by the aid of superior or phenomenal forces, the knowledge of which lies buried, but by the use of simple mechanical contrivances operated by the concentrated energy of a fabulous number of workmen.

But what would Cairo, and, in fact, what would the whole of Egypt be without the Nile? When one pauses to consider the marvelous influence of this historic stream, which, by its annual overflow of alluvial deposits, converts a dead, barren desert into one of the richest and most fertile regions in the world, it is easy to understand why the Nile, with its four thousand miles of length, should always have commanded such deference and even reverence from Egyptians. When the river reaches its highest point, as indicated by the nilometer on the Island of Roda, it is possible to determine with considerable accuracy the abundance of the crops for that year, as the height of the river regulates the number of irrigating canals

which can be supplied with water, and this, in turn, determines how many acres of soil can be cultivated. To the absolute dependence of the Egyptians, from the very earliest period, upon this one great source of life is attributed their early intellectual development. It is contended that "the necessity of controlling the course of the Nile and utilizing its water forced them to study the art of river engineering; and as they beheld in the starry heavens the calendar which regulated the approach and departure of the inundations, they naturally became students of astronomy. As the annual overflow of the water obliterated all landmarks, it became necessary annually to remeasure the land, and to keep a register of the area belonging to each owner. The soundness of property, therefore, became recognized, and the disputes which naturally arose each year showed the necessity of adopting settled laws and enforcing judicial decisions. The Nile thus led to the foundation of social, legal and political order."

The water of the Nile is more murky than either the Schuylkill or the Delaware, but when it appears as drinking water upon the table it is clear as crystal, and the wonderful transformation from offensive muddiness into crystalline purity is due to the simple process of filtration.

F. A.





## CHAPTER XXVI.

AT ANCIENT ON.

TOWARD the cool of the evening we took landas, drawn by two horses, to visit the site of that most ancient of universities, wherein was taught by the priests of On "all the learning of the Egyptians." It was a place hoary with age when Joseph was given in marriage to Asenath, the high priest's daughter. This famous institution of sciences was in splendid activity when, four hundred years later, the university degree was conferred, as doubtless it was, on the young man, Moses, who was to be the greatest of the world's lawgivers. Eight centuries later we find the Greek writer, Herodotus, calling it "Heliopolis," and composing within its precincts a portion of his learned history. And even Plato, later still, thought it not beneath the dignity of a youth born under the shadows of the Parthenon to enter its classic shades and pursue, for a period of thirteen years, the studies of an occult philosophy; nor did Solon,

Thales, Pythagoras or Eudorus. The great priest-historian, Manetho, officiated at the Temple 320 B. C., when it was still in the heyday of popularity. If it be pleasant to visit Oxford and Cambridge, with their annals of a thousand years, how much more intense the interest in treading on ground hallowed by the learning of at least forty centuries, and where at one time there are said to have been thirteen thousand students preparing for the priesthood.

The roadway took us straight through the northerly part of the city of Cairo, past Mohammedan shops, through residence streets, along the barracks of English soldiers and around one of the Khedivial palaces, known as the Palais Taufik. We saw the high hedge-walls of the palace enclosure, and the immense square stone structure, rather ornamental, within which we knew the Khedive then was, for the royal flag was flying from the standard on the roof. It is in the midst of a rich piece of ground, where oranges and lemons are abundant and where ripening crops of grain are plentiful. We crossed the plain where, in 1517, was fought the battle by which the Turks became masters of Egypt, and where, in 1800, ten thousand French troops of Napoleon's army defeated sixty thousand Orientals. The road was smooth as a floor, and tamarisks, mimosa, and, chiefly, sycamores (those which produce a variety of figs) lined the way. The trees were not yet dense, as their leaves were young and small, but in a month more we should probably have found the shade quite grateful.

We soon came to an enclosure a little off from the roadway, say a hundred yards to the east, where the immense sycamore tree known as the "Virgin's Tree" stands. It is old and gnarled and must have stood

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there for several centuries, but by no manner of "miracle" is it likely to have had existence when Mary and her babe "rested" in the land after crossing the desert. Perhaps its trunk next to the ground is eight feet through, but this might easily be grown in the course of two hundred and fifty years. We saw many such trees, though younger, in Palestine, and they brought to mind the story of Zaccheus, the publican, and also that the prophet Amos was "a gatherer of sycamore figs." Just by the tree was a natural spring of water, and the paraphernalia of water-wheel to draw up the water, and circular power for the buffalo to furnish the motive force, was over it. We pushed around the power to make the wheel go, as no buffalo or buffalo driver was at hand, and the skin buckets brought up sweet and wholesome water, of which we drank.

In a quarter of an hour more the tall and lone obelisk now at Heliopolis loomed into view. It is the only stone to mark the site where once was university and temple and also a city. It is the most venerable obelisk in the world, the parent of all which should come after. If we could not visit Luxor to see those pylons of Thothmes III., what more satisfactory sight might we gaze upon in Egypt than this one majestic record of the early days of the Middle Empire, erected 4332 years ago!

As we came up to it we found it stood in what is at present a pit, with its base at least ten feet below the present level of the soil. The excavation to the base has only been made within the past three years; so that now by going down steps just constructed we can stand on the original foundation. But all about it were fields of lentils, wheat and

barley. They were waving in the warm spring wind, and, if they had any voice, it was the low, soft threnody which seemed to call the reapers to their approaching task. Everywhere, as far as the eye could see, were level ground and rich harvests. There are three good harvests to be gathered every year in Egypt, and this was the earliest, but not the best, which is the crop of autumn. Could it be that there ever stood a city or a seat of learning here? We could not guess it if we had not this tell-tale obelisk of Usertesen I., who began to reign 2433 B. C. and who erected two great obelisks in front of the Temple of the Sun full seven hundred years before Joseph was given the daughter of Potipherah, the Temple priest, by Pharaoh, for a wife. That king erected them to commemorate the first festival of Set, another form of the Phoenician god Baal. Its companion obelisk is probably one of those in Rome. All obelisks were erected in pairs in front of temples; and Usertesen I. set the example until the Egyptian world had at least fifty-five of them scattered between Heliopolis on the north and Karnak on the south. This obelisk is sixty-six and one-half feet high. Down the centre of each face is a single line, and it consists of the most clear-cut hieroglyphics to be seen upon any obelisk or granite of ancient days. It records that Usertesen I., King of Upper and Lower Egypt, lord of the diadems and son of the Sun, whom the spirits of On love, founded it on the first festival of Set. The bees had filled up the lines on three of the sides with cells so that they were illegible for years, but recently these have been removed and the stone put in excellent order.

This obelisk is interesting, not only from its age

and the certainty that it was a familiar sight to Joseph and to Moses, but equally so because it marks the locality whence came at least three other and later obelisks famous in the American and European world, the one in New York City, the one on the Thames Embankment, and the third in the square of St. John Lateran, in Rome. Thothmes III., who was the greatest of the Egyptian conquerors, erected these succeeding obelisks before the same temple at On, and Augustus Cæsar had them removed to Alexandria to adorn that modern city of his era. Why just one was finally left I do not know, but probably to keep silent guard of the spot whose antiquity was then venerable, and which must soon after Cæsar's day have become little more than a heap of ruins.

Obelisks point to the sun and no doubt were considered as helpers to the worship of the God of Day, when Usertesen II. erected the first pair at On. In no other country but Egypt has an original obelisk been found. The Egyptians of the Twelfth Dynasty like those preceding it, worshipped the One God. The unity of the Supreme Being was expressed by hieroglyphs and in priestly teachings. The Sun was regarded as the chief symbol of God, hence a Temple to the Sun was the least pagan, perhaps, of all heathen temples, whether in Egypt or at Baalbek.

But it is not supposed that the Heliopolis obelisk was the earliest in Egypt, though none of earlier date now exists. On one of the earliest tombs, a prince of the Fourth Dynasty is spoken of as "Priest of the great Obelisk of Khufu"—Khufu being the builder of the Great Pyramid. Possibly the pyramid was referred to as "the great Obelisk," but is that probable? In any event this one preserved antique specimen of

almost prehistoric days is sufficiently unique to stir the imagination of any modern traveller.

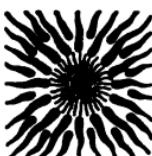
On was settled so early that we cannot fix its date. The worship of the sacred bull Apis was established under the Second Dynasty, 4100 B. C., and, at the same time, the same kind of worship of the bull Mnevis was begun at An (On), as we learn from the Turin papyrus. It would seem as if Heliopolis could equally claim with Memphis the greatest antiquity of any city whose exact site is now known.

This spot, then, has a peculiar charm. I should like to have lingered there till the sun went down. A dozen miles away were the Pyramids, serene and almost holy in their skyward symbolism. Between them and us rolled, unseen, the Nile, whose humanly distributed waters made the natural desert on which we stood to bloom and blossom like the rose. Our eyes were beholding in the distance what the maiden Asenath beheld on the morning when she became a bride. But oh! how different the immediate surroundings! Priests and princes, priestesses and princesses, temple and city, wealth and culture, masters and slaves—all gone like the orange blossoms of the early Fall. Everything perished but this one sentinel, whose finger yet points to the same Sun that the people of On had worshipped. There was everywhere the stillness of death, and yet Nature was jubilant with life. The poetical and the mysterious had vanished away ages ago; the practical and the really spiritual remained. It seemed incredible to realize whose feet had imprinted the black soil buried beneath these grain fields. But, as we mused over it, it was time to go.

And we went to see, near by, what was so different

and so unique—an ostrich farm. Over a hundred and twenty ostriches kept in mud pens, some mere babies scarcely a foot high; some tall and terrible like monsters of the desert, as we found one to be when he suspected we were after the eggs on which he was sitting, and when he made the rush forward which frightened the ladies nearly out of their wits. It was a curious spectacle. Some had plenty of black or white feathers and some none, for they had been plucked. Some were looking after their brood. The majority were simply standing erect, startled, perhaps, by so many persons peeping in at them at one time through the open doorway. We saw at least one bird twenty-five years of age, but perhaps the majority were not over five or six years old. The ostrich farm had been in operation here for over twenty years, and was in the keeping of a Frenchman who had made a pecuniary success of it. He had incubators to do some of the hatching, the process requiring forty-five days, and we learned that this process was successful.

A. V. D. H.





## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE SPHINX AND PYRAMIDS.

TO VIEW the Pyramids for the first time under the full glare and heat of the Egyptian sun can hardly be other than disappointing to those who have cherished a sentimental and poetic interest in these ancient monuments. The sight is, of course, impressive, because of their colossal proportions, but as one looks at that massive pile of rough stone, he is strongly tempted to forget the inglorious theories of their astronomical and mathematical significance, and exclaim: "What consummate idiocy!" When he recalls further that the huge pile of masonry in the Great Pyramid possesses no feature of artistic beauty other than its perfect conformity to the angular lines of a pyramid; that it monopolizes the space of thirteen acres; that it contains over two million separate blocks of stone; that it weighs over six million tons; and that it required for its construction, according to Herodotus, the services for twenty years of one hundred thousand men during three months of each year, a feeling of intense irritation and exasperation may be engendered against Cheops, the builder, who,

while possessing such absolute power over the toilers in his dominions, expended this enormous amount of energy merely in erecting, in conformity with mathematical principles, a gigantic stone quarry, when the same expenditure of time and labor might have created a temple of colossal proportions and of marvelous architectural beauty.

But if the traveler is willing to undergo the fatigue of being hauled and pushed up to the summit, he is rewarded by a view which is not only extensive, but intensely interesting. He may also experience a grim satisfaction in defying the original purpose of Cheops by utilizing as an observatory what he designed only as his pretentious tomb. On the one side stretches out, as far as the eye can see, the barren desert, grimly suggestive of death and desolation, and only relieved by the smaller pyramids of Sakkara, Dashur and Abusir as silent reminders of the dead past of Egyptian civilization. And as a refreshing contrast to this picture of death may be seen in the east the glittering course of the Nile, on the borders of which stretches a varying breadth of rich, green, vegetation, picturesquely relieved by the stately date palm tree; while to the northeast rise the graceful minarets of the cosmopolitan city of modern Cairo.

If now the traveller, after descending from the summit, desires more fatigue, he may crawl through the narrow and slippery passageway into the tomb chamber in which Cheops expected his mummified body and his buried jewels to be perpetually secure. That his plans were utterly thwarted awakens a feeling of keen regret on the part of those who would like to expose him to public view, like other fossils and curiosities of his age, in the Gizeh Museum.

But there are other times and places when a view of the Pyramids gives rise to other thoughts and emotions. Some places, like the lives of some men and women, are best seen at a distance. Their large proportions are not designed for close or microscopic inspection; no more than is the Jungfrau, whose face, both in the bright sunlight and in the soft glow of the full moon, shines with rare and radiant beauty to her distant votaries in Interlaken, but less attractive features are disclosed to the closer and more critical observer at Wengernalp.

And so it is with the Pyramids. Long before reaching Cairo they loom up out of the horizon, hazy, misty, and frequently softened with the varying tints of the setting sun, like a deified guardian of the Past, welcoming you to the land so rich with its buried tales of the most ancient science, civilization and humanity. At a distance they are no longer a mere pile of stone, but, like every perfect picture or statue, they become imbued with life—not with the life of to-day, but with the life of the hazy past, which is interwoven with the mysteries of the Nile, the charms of Cleopatra, the magnificence of the Court of the Pharaohs, the thrilling adventures of Moses and Joseph, and with the mysteries and subtleties of the most ancient magic and priestcraft.

And this living spirit always pervades the Pyramids when seen at the proper distance. Looking at them from the citadel in Cairo, or while sailing on the river Nile, or from the site of ancient Memphis, or from the train in leaving Cairo, as their misty forms gradually fade in the distance, no such irreverent idea as "stone quarry" is suggested, for as their colossal and angular forms loom up out of the

horizon or gradually fade from view, they assume a form of grace and beauty and dignity which may be profoundly felt, but not adequately described.

The Pyramids also tell another story. They point significantly to the temples and baths and palaces of Imperial Rome, resplendent with architectural beauty and the choicest statues of Grecian sculptors, but which, mutilated and dishonored, were soon filled with débris and served but as sub-foundations for future structures. They point with equal significance to the former Temple of Baalbek, colossal in its proportions and yet finished with all the grace of the best Corinthian architecture, but whose ruins to-day give but a hint of their former magnificence. They also point to the site of ancient Heliopolis, whose magnificent structures filled the world with wonder, but of which only a single obelisk remains to mark the spot, while one companion obelisk has migrated to London and another to New York City. And yet amid this destruction of ancient forms of architectural beauty the Pyramids, antedating them all, have for five thousand years proudly maintained their original form, although stripped of their polished stone veneerings and robbed of their mummified contents.

Perhaps, after all, our hasty judgment of Cheops as a builder was fallacious. Instead of condemning him for consummate idiocy, perhaps we should accredit him with marvellously keen foresight in adopting a simple style of architecture which has so successfully withstood the ravages of time and the cupidity of men. We confess a keen desire to closely inspect his mummified physiognomy side by side in the Gizeh Museum with that of Rameses II., the Pharaoh who

was responsible for the early adventure of Moses in the bulrushes. We might silently crave his pardon for our first hasty judgment upon his Pyramid and express gratitude that, notwithstanding his apparent disregard for human life and energy in carrying out his selfish purpose to perpetuate his glory, he nevertheless erected a monument which for thousands of years may continue to be of intense interest to posterity, even though the mummified remains of its ambitious builder may have been utilized as a fertilizer by the Bedouins of the desert.

Apropos of the above, the following poem generally impresses one weirdly as he hears it recited within the very shadow of the Great Pyramid in which the embalmed King was supposed to be entombed. Rev. Dr. R. gave it to us from memory, and stated that the author, Helen T. Hutcheson, was a gifted young lady who died soon after her marriage:

"I think I lie by the lingering Nile;  
I think I am one that have lain long while,  
With my lips sealed up in a solemn smile,  
In the lazy land of the loitering Nile.

"I think I lie in the Pyramid,  
And the darkness weighs on the closed eyelid,  
And the air is heavy where I am hid  
With the stone on stone of the Pyramid.

"I think there are graven godhoods grim,  
That look from the walls of my chamber dim,  
And the hampered hand and the muffled limb  
Lie fixed in the spell of their gazes grim.

"I think I lie in a languor vast;  
Numb, dumb soul in a body fast,  
Waiting long as the world shall last;  
Lying cast in a languor vast.

"Lying muffled in, fold on fold,  
With the gum, and the spice, and the gold enrolled;  
And the grain of a year that is old, old, old,  
Wound around in the fine-spun fold.

"The sunshine of Egypt is on my tomb;  
I feel it warming the still, thick gloom;  
Warming and waking an old perfume  
Through the carven honors upon my tomb.

"The old sunshine of Egypt is on the stone,  
And the sands lie red that the wind hath sown;  
And the lean, lithe lizard at play, alone,  
Slides like a shadow across the stone.

"And I lie with the Pyramid over my head;  
I am lying dead; lying long, long dead;  
With my days all done and my words all said;  
And the deeds of my days written over my head.  
. . . Dead. Dead. Dead."

But a wonderfully interesting companion to the Pyramids is the Sphinx. Unlike them, its acquaintance should not be made from a distance, but near by as its greatest height is but sixty-six feet from the base. Its face is that of a man (not of a woman, as is sometimes supposed), and possibly represents the features of King Amenemhet III. (Twelfth Dynasty), by whom it may have been constructed. Its body is in the form of a recumbent lion, with its front paws stretched outward on the ground, and it is hewn out of the natural bedrock.

This fascinating face of stone may be looked at in the bright sunlight, at sunrise, at sunset, by moonlight, or even in the night, by an artificial magnesium light, but the face never wearies, never disappoints. In its calm and sublime dignity it may seem to represent Inexorable, Passionless, Eternal Fate; supremely indifferent to the rise and fall of successive dynas-

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ties; treating lightly the civilization of the different epochs; unawed by the revelations of science and of magic; unmoved by the invasion of foreign armies and the uprooting of ancient customs and idols; equally indifferent to the indignity of having its nose used as a target by gunners and its body partly buried beneath the shifting sands of the desert. Passionless the face may be said to appear, but this feature is doubtless due to the sculptor's skill and not to its absence. Nowhere have I seen a face in stone which has so haunted me since—a face which seemed to hold the power of revealing the most ancient secrets of the Past, but which, with its far-away look, was serenely gazing into the most distant Future for the ultimate consummation of things, and totally indifferent to the transient events of a day, a century, or a millenium.

With its weird power of responding to the varying fancies and emotions of the observer, who can tell what it said to Napoleon at the battle of the Pyramids; to Saladin when he gained supremacy in Egypt; to Constantine when considering the introduction of Christianity; to Marc Antony while yielding to the enchantment of Cleopatra; to Alexander the Great when planning for a brilliant and progressive Egyptian Empire; to Moses while receiving his education at the Court of Pharaoh; to Joseph when celebrating his wedding with the daughter of Potipherah; and to the millions of other human beings, both great and small, who, during five thousand years, have gazed upon that marvellous face. To each one it no doubt told a different tale—just as it does to-day.

The Pyramids, the Sphinx, the Nile—three rare



*Photo, by Rev. Dr. Richards.*

**EGYPT—AN AMERICAN GIRL ON TOP.**

She is standing on the summit of the Great Pyramid; the Second Pyramid in the distance shows upper portion of marble encasement.



*Photo, by Mrs. Hutton.*

**A DELIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE (Page 241).**  
On the Banks of the Nile; making the start for Memphis.



*Photo, by Miss Oller.*

**EGYPT—NATIVES NEAR THE PYRAMIDS.**

links in the chain which connects the most ancient civilization with that of to-day; and when we begin to realize the advanced state of civilization in Egypt thousands of years before the discovery of America, and long before the establishment of the Roman Empire, we may well feel that a closer acquaintance with these legacies of the Past may serve as an agreeable diversion in the rush and hurly-burly of the Western civilization of to-day.

F. A.





## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### A BEDOUIN FESTIVAL.

AFTER eating in the open desert our evening lunch, spread out upon one of the colossal paws of the Sphinx, and while absorbed in studying by the soft light of the rising moon the weird features of that face of stone which for thousands of years has impassively gazed upon the varying fortunes and civilization of ancient and modern Egypt, we were startled by hearing in the still night some of those peculiar sounds which the Arabs call music, and which became so familiar to the patrons of the Midway during the World's Fair. Our Pyramid guide, who bore the distinguished name of Hassan, informed us that his brother was to be married the following morning, and he invited us to witness the consummation of the preparatory wedding festivities, which had been in progress for the past five days.

We gladly accepted the invitation and trudged through the heavy sand of the desert, with no evidence of life save the distant musical strains, when a sharp turn in the road suddenly revealed a sight which formed a strange contrast to

the previous solitude and darkness. Before us appeared an oblong square formed by Arabs of all ages and sizes and conditions, clothed in their native dress, squatting, Turk fashion, around the edge of the square. In the centre of this curious group was a raised platform carpeted with matting, surmounted with a bright red canopy that was ornamented with Oriental figures, festooned with gayly colored flags, and brilliantly illuminated with lamps and candelabra suspended from the roof. To increase the brilliancy of the scene, torches made of burlap saturated with oil and wrapped around poles were also lighted at intervals.

Among the Arabs all was life and commotion. The incessant chatter which one hears continually among Arab porters, Arab boatmen, Arab coachmen, Arab guides, Arab merchants—in fact all who talk the Arabic language—was heard here just as usual. An American listening to this vehement chatter for the first time would be justified in suspecting the Orientals of continually quarrelling, but would soon discover that the peculiarly explosive sound of certain Arabic words may at times express affection even when mistaken for violent feeling.

There were assembled about five hundred male friends and relatives of the groom, but no women—for the Arab rarely escorts his female friends to a place of amusement or entertainment. Among the audience I recognized the camel boy who had persisted in making my camel trot at a most hazardous gait and who pretended not to understand my sharp and emphatic orders to have him walk. I also recognized the son of one of the Sheiks, who, in eight minutes, had nimbly run up to the summit and down to

the bottom of the highest Pyramid, but who now experienced difficulty in balancing himself on top of the rickety five-foot ladder which two other guides were supporting.

The man who assumed the management of the lighted torch may have imagined himself to be "Liberty Enlightening the World," for, inflated with the importance of his position, he brandished the torch among the flags and the inflammable roof of the canopy with a recklessness which would have paralyzed an American fire insurance inspector, while his equally reckless jabs among the bare legs of the Arabs would, in America, have resulted in the passage of fierce resolutions of protest by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. But neither the bunting nor the legs caught fire, and when we entered the assemblage every one seemed glad to accord us the right of way, to place seats for us at the best and most conspicuous point of view, and to treat us in every way as special and honored guests.

I soon found myself confronted with the following problem concerning human nature:

Every one who has traveled in Oriental countries is familiar with the term "bakshish." The word originally meant "gift" and it may still be employed to some extent in that sense. But its universal meaning when hurled at travelers by the natives is "*Give me money!*" And the word possesses the singular power of making every receiver of "bakshish" crave for more, and, in the majority of cases, to also demand more. You may pay for the privilege of ascending the Pyramids (which money is divided among the several Sheiks who control the district) and you may pay for a camel ride, or a donkey ride, or

for any other privilege or accommodation, but invariably these, as well as all other Arabs who may have honored you with a glance, or a word, or a pull, or a push, will demand "bakshish" in addition, regardless of how liberal your first payment may have been—provided you are sized up as being sufficiently tender-hearted, unsophisticated or exasperated to yield to the importunity.

But at this Arabian festivity no one, strange to say, asked for "bakshish." The camel boy who during the day appeared to have "bakshish" uppermost in mind; the son of a Sheik who had presented a demand for two shillings for standing on the Sphinx while our photographs were being taken; the guide who claimed to have given an additional pull or push up the Pyramids and a consequent fee—these and all the other "bakshish" receivers who frequent the Pyramids were there, and they gave us a most cordial welcome, seemed proud of the honor of sitting near us, willingly gave us all the information we desired, saw that newcomers did not obstruct our view, and yet not a single request for "bakshish" was heard!

From what I have learned of the Arab's real nature I am not yet able to determine whether the genial sphere of friendly hospitality actually excluded the sordid idea of gain (a theory which most Pyramid visitors will treat with incredulity), or whether a still larger contribution might possibly have been expected as a spontaneous expression of appreciation, such as sometimes follows the enjoyment of that which is novel and entertaining. However, it is more pleasing to cherish the first view, and I shall adopt it in spite of its probable unreliability.

A wedding ceremony for an Arab is no trifling af-

fair, even though according to Moslem ethics he may marry four wives and also marry the fifth, provided he simply sends one of the first four back to her parents, if they are living. I do not know how elaborately the event is celebrated among the very poor, but in the case of Hassan's brother, who was reputed to own considerable fertile land and whose prospective bride, or her family, was also reputed to be well off, the preparatory festivities had occupied five days. During the day the male friends enjoyed themselves mainly in equestrian sports. Upon their handsome Arab steeds a number of riders would fly like the wind, then suddenly stop, fire off their guns, wheel around and run as rapidly to their starting point. The fearlessness and perfect poise of a skilful Arab horseman is beautiful to witness, and an Arab enjoys the sport as much as do our western cowboys. Toward evening luncheon was provided for the guests, and two buffalo cows slaughtered to furnish the necessary meat. And the bride also has her festivities, but only among her female friends. I was not informed of what they consist. I tried to find out for myself once, when, in strolling through the streets of Tiberias, my guide mentioned that some Oriental wedding festivities were being celebrated in one of the houses we were passing, and I was invited to call upon the bridegroom, who welcomed me most cordially and insisted that I join him in smoking one of his wedding cigarettes. After listening to the so-called music, and trying to say pleasant things through the interpreter, I expressed a desire to pay my respects to the bride. The astonished look on the faces of the men proved that this suggestion was a decided innovation, but the bridegroom finally consented when I

proposed leaving the bride a silver souvenir. I was then conducted to a different house and ushered into a large room where the prospective bride, elaborately attired, was surrounded by and chatting with a great host of her female friends. I confess that my courage was put to a test as I ran this gauntlet of Oriental women, but I cordially shook hands with the bride and, through the interpreter, asked her to accept from an American traveler his wish for her future domestic happiness. I also expressed the hope that her life would be as long as her face was beautiful; and this little compliment was greeted with hilarious delight by her many friends as well as herself—for to their eyes it necessarily implied a very long life. However, the only form of entertainment I could discover among these Oriental ladies was "chatting," and for this simple and inexpensive amusement the Arab appears to be especially well qualified by his natural endowments.

But to return to the festivities at the Pyramids. So-called music was first furnished by Arabs upon their native instruments, and I recognized the same old tune of the Midway. I have been told the Arabs have one or two other tunes, but I cannot recall having been told of a third. Like Chinese music, they all sound alike. Then some officers of the Khedive's army cleared a space for other musicians and dancers, and in so doing unceremoniously tumbled the came! boy over the white-bearded patriarch, who, in turn, shoved back the official doorkeeper of the Temple of the Sphinx, who, in his turn, pushed back some one else, and so on, like a row of standing bricks, until finally the Arabic scolding and threatening and swearing ceased and the lines were amicably readjusted.

Then a brass band made its appearance, and it is not yet quite clear to my mind whether the band and the native musicians were trying to play a responsive duet or whether one was determined to drown the noise of the other. Then a man and a boy made the round in an introductory dance very similar to the Soudanese style, in which the dancers by their quick, convulsive movements seem determined to violently throw a fragment of their hips at some imaginary foe.

At this point in the program a much-heralded Egyptian dancer from Cairo, for whose performance a fabulous price was said to have been paid, made her appearance.

And this young Egyptian, with her large, lustrous eyes, full face, clear complexion, dark hair, and with her robust but not unshapely figure arrayed in an elaborate gauzy black silk and lace dancing costume, richly ornamented with gilt and spangles and varied colored jewels, and at first covered with a loose-fitting crimson silk cloak, was one of the very few Egyptian dancers who could justly claim to be attractive. As she glided over the platform and danced in the Oriental style to which Egyptians have been accustomed for thousands of years, some of her movements might have been considered sufficiently graceful to be classed with the Delsarte physical culture exercises; while the combination of her jewelled Oriental costume, the decorated crimson canopy, the brilliant lights, and the intense gaze of five hundred enraptured Bedouins of all sorts and conditions, all in the open desert and almost in the shadow of the Sphinx and Pyramids, carried me back with irresistible force to those olden days when the brilliancy and adventure of Oriental life fired my boyish imag-

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ination through the fascinating tales of the "Arabian Nights."

We left the festivities long before their close, and soon the bright lights and gay colors were again shut out from view by the abrupt turn in the road. And as we re-entered the gloomy presence of the Sphinx, its face, in the pale light of the moon, looked down upon us like a familiar shade from the dim and misty Past, and its strangely significant smile might have been interpreted as a disdainful sneer at the simple Egyptian festivities we had just witnessed, and as a suggestive hint of the marvellous tales she could tell of Oriental magnificence and voluptuousness, which marked those ancient festivities when Egypt was the proud mistress of the civilized world, or when Cleopatra waved her seductive spells over Marc Antony.

F. A.





## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE RESTING PLACE OF THE PHARAOHS.

EVERY traveller to a great city has one or two definite points of interest which draws him toward it. It is in Jerusalem the Holy Sepulchre, or the Mount of Olives; in Rome the Colosseum, or the Forum; in Athens the Parthenon, or Mars Hill; in Venice the Piazza of St. Mark, or the Bridge of Sighs; in Florence the Ufizzi and Pitti galleries, or the monastery of Fra Angelico; in London the Tower, or Westminster Abbey. In Cairo to many it is the people, or the Pyramids, those wonderful sepulchres of dead kings, whose "more than forty centuries looked down" upon Napoleon. Yet I confess to having a much more intense desire to see the Nile than the tombs of Cheops and Chephren, and the Museum of Gizeh even more than the Nile. It is all a matter of reading or habit of thought. The Pyramids, photographs could well represent. Their dead occupants are absent, and, only dismantled, grim masonry remains. Their venerable antiquity is splendid, and, seen from the river Nile, rather than close by, their forms are imposing and stately. I would not have missed the Pyramids—

those sentinels of such a hoary antiquity. Nor would sentiment permit me not to be fascinated with the yellow waters of the once mysterious Nile. But somehow I felt a much stronger impulse to see the coffined dead of Gizeh; to look into the actual faces of the old conquerors of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Dynasties, who made the architecture of Egypt illustrious for all time, conquered the mighty nations of Syria and Libya, developed under learned priests the most stable and, in some respects, the most intense and least understood religion of pagan times, and had been for four hundred years the governing lords over the descendants of Abraham, culminating in those days of tyranny when at least one of them knew Moses and must have talked with him face to face. These once had been living beings, grand monarchs, splendid architects in stone and of story, and living men have always been more inspiring to my imagination than dead products of either nature or art.

When, in 1881, those thirty-six Pharaohs and queen-wives of Pharaohs, and princes and high priests, were brought down the Nile from Deil-el-Bahari, where Emil Brugsch had found them, they found temporary resting place in the Boulak Museum, within the suburban limits of the city of Cairo. But all the Boulak treasures were removed in 1889 to Gizeh, on the high road to the Pyramids.

I judge it to be about four miles from, say Shepheard's Hotel, in the centre of Cairo, to the Gizeh Museum, and it is a most interesting drive. The Nile bridge, two-thirds of a mile long, will alone furnish an artist a variety of kaleidoscopic pictures of fellahin, camels, asses, buffalo, oxen, goats, country

wagons and whole families on them, beggars, tramps, elegant turnouts, etc., such as he could not sketch in their variety in a month. Then comes the avenue, well-shaded and smooth as a floor, lined with lebbek acacias, following the course of the river and with charming views of the new and old city of Cairo, including the location of the nilometer of A. D. 716, and the traditional place of the finding of Moses in the bulrushes. When at last we reach the Museum, we find it a palace in a well-wooded park, which is all walled in with stone walls and full of pleasure grounds and gardens. In the middle ages it was the place of residence of the Mameluke sultans. The building we now see, the more modern Palace of Gizeh, was constructed by the Khedive Ismail for his harem, at a cost of twenty-four million dollars, and it would be an ideal place for the present Museum but for the fact that it is liable to burn down at any time, not being fireproof. The loss of its treasures to the world would be incalculable.

Most of us visited the Museum twice. The first time we were enabled to obtain a general idea of what it contained and where. We then saw the three or four most powerful of the Pharaohs. But our glances at them and at other objects were hasty, and, by reason of it, feverish. Our curiosity was wrought up, but not satisfied. On the second visit we explored nearly every one of the ninety odd showrooms, and came away, no doubt, wiser and more seriously minded than when we entered. We learned of Egyptology considerable; we saw of ancient Egyptians themselves a remarkable and an astounding spectacle.

One can only speak definitely of what interested

himself in such a vast collection. For me, independently of the one chief and incomparable centre of attraction, I think I best enjoyed the splendidly preserved statues, the oldest known to history, of the Prince Ra Hotep (the Peace of Ra), and his attractive wife, the Princess Nefert (the Beautiful), discovered within their own tomb at Medium, about forty miles south of Cairo. Nothing of modern times appears to be more lifelike than the statues of the Prince and Princess. He is not decorated like a modern royal personage, but sits in the plain, usual fashion of a man of intelligence and thoughtfulness, dressed in a simple white kilt, which reaches to the knee, and with a single charm suspended round his neck. She has a plain robe of white, open at the neck, exhibiting an elaborate necklace of six rows of colored beads. He has close-cut hair. She has a bushy black wig of ringlets, which does not add to her beauty, though, on the whole, she must have been an attractive woman. Both were cut out of limestone of fine grain and were colored—he red, as the male sex was usually represented, and she fairer in color, and chiefly white because of her outside white robe. These two persons, of whom we have here accurate likenesses, are believed to have been closely related to the events of the Third Dynasty, over 5500 years ago, or 3665 B. C. Think of the ages which have passed since sculptors full of genius cut their lifelike bodies in the hard, white limestone; ages represented by at least seventy generations of men who lived before Moses received the Commandments of God at Sinai. If we are to judge from the paintings of oxen, geese and ducks found in the same tomb at Medium, now to be seen in the same room at Gizeh,

Prince Ra Hotep managed successfully a large and thrifty farm on the banks of the Nile, where the fashion and tools of farming were not unlike what they are to-day.

Near these two statues is the small wooden statue known as "The Village Sheik," found in a tomb at Memphis and believed to belong to the Sixth Dynasty, perhaps 3300 B. C. That a wooden image could survive fifty centuries seems impossible, but in an Egyptian climate and tomb all things relating to preservation are possible. The Sheik is three and one-half feet high, fat and sleek; is said to have had originally a coat of plaster and then one of red paint. The plain wood, with some cracks in it, remains. It has eyes of white quartz, as have, by the way, the statues of Ra Hotep and Nefert just described. These, with their pupils of dark rock crystal and bronze eyelids, give a lifelike expression to each of the faces which is foreign to all modern marbles.

The tomb of Tih is described in a later chapter. The statue of Tih is here and, if it be of the Fifth Dynasty, as is supposed, it shows just how he appeared in everyday life 5465 years ago. He was tall and square-shouldered and probably as amiable as he was active.

The statues of King Chephren, found in a well in that oldest of old granite temples near the feet of the Sphinx; the various large sarcophagi of different tombs of Egypt; the nine colossal statues, almost alike, of Usertesen I., of perhaps 3000 B. C.; the collections of papyri and scarabœi of the days of the earlier and later Pharaohs; the stele of Menepkah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, which earliest mentions the Israelitish people in Egypt; "Israel is wasted and

his seed is brought to nothing"; the tablet of Sak-kara, giving a list of fifty-eight Egyptian kings; the decree in three languages of 238 B. C. found at Tanis; the wax-colored portraits on cases of mummies of the Second and Third Centuries after Christ, so startling as speaking likenesses of the actual men and women encased within; the house utensils and household gods of the long periods of time when all Egyptians worshipped Ptah and Ammon, Osiris and Horus; the exquisitely finished gold jewelry of Queen Aah-Hotep, who was buried with these ornaments at Thebes when Joseph was governor of Lower Egypt—these and a thousand similar and dissimilar objects arrested our too hasty attention. I would like to describe them all with some minuteness, but can only say to the reader, "Go and see."

And now, last as at first, we come to the one culminating feature of Gizeh, the mummies of the valley of Thebes; the kings and the priests of Upper and Lower Egypt; the men of whose public temples we know so much, and of whose private homes and lives we know so little.

The great find of royal mummies was in 1881. Ten years later another wonderful discovery followed—of the priests of Ammon—in the same Libyan hills near Thebes. And again in 1898 still another lot of eight Pharaohs of the period between Thothmes IV. and Rameses VIII., exactly supplementary in dates to those of the earlier discovery, came to light. So that now some twenty or more of the great and lesser Pharaohs of the most interesting period in Egyptian history lie in state to any eye which chooses to look at them, and with them a host of priests and priestesses of the Temple of Ammon at

Thebes, who, while their names are not enrolled on the pages of history, have had full insight into all those mysteries of state religion in that far-off time, a better knowledge of which we curious moderns are tempted to covet.

They, like their royal masters, are unwrapped and are exposed to the pitiless gaze of the crowd. Their noses, ears, shoulders, fingers are distorted, and their eyes and mouths stopped up with paste and bitumen, but they are simply silent like other dead; if life could be breathed into them again they would speak and smile and tell stranger tales than any told us by the books or by living beings.

Here were Thothmes I. and II., Amenophis I., Seti I., Pinotem I., Rameses III. and others of the royal line; each with an individuality quite his own. The great warrior Thothmes III. had been also unwrapped, but his form had quickly crumbled into dust and so he is not visible.

I liked best of those named the splendidly preserved, mahogany-black, serene countenance of old Seti I., father of the great Rameses. He was probably even more of a tyrant than was his son; in many ways not so great a sovereign, though quite as much of a warrior; but this has nothing to do with his condition as a mummy. He is a first-class royal mummy. His sarcophagus of alabaster, now in the Sir John Soane museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, is the finest in existence, and perhaps his is the best preserved mummy in the world. His face may belie his record, but it is as benign and refined as ever came from the embalmer's slab. The father to this extent outvies the son; his physique is clear-cut and strong, for he was evidently

in the flood tide of health, which sudden death arrested. I do not know which Pharaoh, Seti I. or Rameses II., or whether both, should be awarded the responsibility of cruelly enacting that all male Hebrew children should be cast into the river to die, but certainly one of these is the author of that command, and he had the power to carry out his decree, except where the beautiful love of his daughter prevented its execution.\*

But a greater than a Thothmes or a Seti is here. Imperator imperatorum; the mightiest king known to the Greeks, and the most splendid embodiment of cruel power known to the Hebrews; the one kingly king whose wan face is most sought for by all strangers to the Museum; the Pharaoh whom we peculiarly longed to see in the flesh—how strange that such a thing could be possible! In the next coffin to Seti I. is this man, once the bright, strong son who at twelve years of age ascended the throne with Seti, as a 'co-partner of its glories, and who, after a most brilliant reign of sixty-seven years, closed his eyes in death; an old man, white of hair, but still with a leonine brain and heart. Rameses II. was supposed to have been beautiful in youth, as his statues of that period prove. In old age he could not have been handsome, even al-

\*The reasons given in Osborn's "Egypt in the Light of Modern Discovery," p. 77, seem quite conclusive that Seti I. was the father and Rameses II. the brother of the princess who saved Moses from the death penalty of her cruel parent. But, contrariwise, see a magnificently illustrated and happily written article in the "Century Magazine" for May, 1887, by John A. Paine, which holds that Nefer-ari, granddaughter of Seti I., and daughter and (later) wife of Rameses II., was the gallant rescuer.

lowing for the destructive adjuncts of pitch and natron, but he can easily be imagined to have shown in his countenance, including that thoroughly Roman nose, a determination and force of character which made him like his father, to be "a king who knew not Joseph," and who made the lives of the children of Israel "bitter unto them with hard bondage." We can not love the old man for the part he took in oppressing an honest and hardworking people, whose misfortune it was to grow up as an alien race in a land whither an ancient famine had brought them, but we can at least admire the remarkable granite structures and brilliant foreign conquests of his reign, the like of which made glorious the history of his country; and we can feel drawn toward him when we know that either his own daughter or his sister found the great Hebrew lawgiver by the rushes of the Nile, took him to her home, provided for his education at Heliopolis so that he became "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," and, until Moses reached the age of forty years, must have known him as a man knows his friend. If any one closed mouth in that Museum could be opened for an hour to tell of the stirring events of his time, who would not wish it might be the mouth of Rameses II.?

He died, perhaps, when approaching the age of eighty. No one knows exactly when he began to reign, or we could guess with absolute accuracy his age at death. If twelve when he became joint sovereign, as there seems ground to believe, he was seventy-nine when he died, for he reigned sixty-seven years. His illness was perhaps prolonged, for he looks emaciated and shrunken. Was he six or more

feet tall, as is believed? If so, old age, or the process of the embalmer, has turned back the tide of growth, for he is now apparently much shorter in stature. I do not find in death any very intellectual expression there, but one of sternness and, I may also say, of some majesty. The same square shoulders of Prince Ra Hotep are there: it must have been a peculiarity of the Egyptian race. The legs are little more than skin and bone, and so are the feet, which, like the fingers, are long and slender. The finger and toe nails were dyed with henna—so do the Egyptians of to-day. The long neck seems unnatural, but the flesh of the shoulders is conspicuously absent, due, no doubt, to the art of mummification. The arms are folded across the breast, as was the custom in those days in laying out the dead. The forehead is low; the eyebrows thick and white in color; the temples sunken; the cheek bones prominent. How large seem to be the ears and the jawbone. But the mouth is small. There are little locks of white hair beside the ears and perhaps a few days' growth of whitish beard on the smooth face—and this is all. He sleeps not in his own original coffin, but in one made for his body some years after his decease, when it became necessary to remove it, with the bodies of predecessors, to another and more secret tomb. Some of the "mummy cloth" with which he was enveloped may be seen and there was none in the world finer, so far as we know. It was of rose color and orange linen and as fine as the finest gauze. Lotus flowers were bestrewn between the folds and a figure of the goddess Nut, in red and white, over a yard in length, was on one of the separate winding sheets.

As I watched him there, for the second time and

for several minutes, there came into my mind the words of his own autobiography, proving that at least one redeeming feature this powerful monarch had, amid all his faults and cruelties. He had venerated his father with splendid and unaffected zeal. Who does not admire the son who does not forget to honor his father?

A. V. D. H.





## CHAPTER XXX.

### THE SITE OF MEMPHIS.

TO ONE who stands upon the west river bank at a point on the Nile twenty or more miles south of Cairo, and looks over the level stretch of land, in part covered with palm trees and in part with rich barley fields and the small mud village of Bedresheyn, it seems wholly a dream that this was the site of the first great capital of Egypt, where glorious temples and statues dominated a city of hundreds of thousands of people. Save for the modern settlement named, which a good, strong storm might wash away in a night, are only grain fields, intermixed with desolation. As far as the eye can reach, north, south and west, Memphis must have stood, but it is not. "Noph shall be waste and desolate without an inhabitant," prophesied Jeremiah (Jere. 46: 14, 19) some half a century before Nebuchadnezzar invaded Egypt. The invasion came. Noph

was then partially overthrown. The centuries came and went, and Noph was made utterly desolate. It exists now only in name and not even one respectable ruin marks its site. And yet down to the Twelfth Century so vast were its overthrown buildings that it excited the wonder of beholders.

Memphis was Men-Nefer, "the good abode," "the beautiful abiding place." Noph was a contraction of "Nefer," designated Memphis. The first great king of the First Dynasty, Menes, came down the Nile from Thinis, his birthplace, and selected this spot for his royal residence. That may have been 4400, some think even 5200 B. C., and at the latest was fully 3623 B. C.; a long while before Israelitish history, and perhaps but a short time after the days of Noah. Sir J. William Dawson, the eminent scientific and religious writer of England, sees no reason for doubting that the first settlers of Memphis were direct and near descendants of Ham, and he also says that "not many generations removed from Ham were the builders of the earlier pyramids." (Dawson's "Egypt and Syria," p. 17.). He even finds in the statues of Chephren, builder of the second Pyramid, and of the Princess Nefert\* "typical representatives of the immediate descendants of Noah." If we are standing on ground at Memphis where a grandchild or a great-grandchild of Noah stood and planned out a splendid capital, it surely adds to its thrilling interest. But it is enough to know that the beginnings of the religious and art life of this wonderful country of Egypt began here, let who will have been its first landowner.

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We took a steamer at Cairo from near the long

\*See Chapter XXIX.

Nile bridge to reach the site of Memphis. We chartered it for the day, as there were no regular steamers running to this point. It had a few cabins, in case one desired to take a nap in them; they were used, no doubt, as bedrooms by such as took them for a longer trip upon the Nile. An American flag was at the bow, and as we steamed off against the current we had singular feelings of satisfaction and curiosity; of satisfaction at being at last launched upon such historically ancient waters, and of curiosity at what we might see along and beyond its banks for even the short journey we were to take. It was the Nile of Cleopatra and of Cæsar and of Antony. If these were disagreeable nightmares for the Roman and Egyptian worlds, still, with barges as beautiful as the queen herself, how bewitching must have been the river in those wondrous days. But, a thousand or more years before, how the old Pharaohs loved to go to and fro over these voluptuous waters, with bright sails and with swift slave rowers. What if the Nile could speak; would it not tell of cities that have risen and fallen, of kings and queens long since turned into mummies, of empires and dynasties whose histories parallel the human race?

This Nile is just as narrow and just as broad as it always was in the dry season—say a thousand feet wide at Cairo and varying from that to a thousand yards at some places far up toward its source. When the high floods of October come, the “miracle” transpires by which it rises full sixteen feet and covers all the fertile land of Egypt, east and west, in some places twelve miles, in others three or four miles, in width. I would have given a great deal to have seen the Nile at its flood tide. But we had to

be contented with it just as it is in April, a lordly stream, its current about three miles an hour, with banks of Nile mud often picturesque with palms. The great irrigating wheels, propelled by water-buffaloes, which go round and round their tiresome circles all day long, were everywhere along the banks. Here and there were small mud villages, scarcely worth attention except as proving how meanly human beings can live, when they aspire no higher than did their immediate fathers. I am afraid the bulk of ancient Egyptians lived much as do the fellahin of the present year of grace, and, if so, this will account for it that we have no ruins of mansions of the old times except of the temples of the gods. Even the Pharaohs seem to have resided in but poorly constructed buildings which perished with them. For all this, however, there was a reason. The Egyptians, great and humble, king and peasant, "considered their houses only their stopping places, but their tombs their homes." As Diodorus Siculus wrote (I: chap. 51), they "call the dwellings of the living lodgings, because they are only occupied for a short time; the tombs, on the contrary, they call eternal homes, because their occupants never leave them."

Our best views of the Great Pyramids were obtained about ten miles up the Nile. They were large, dreamy, imperial objects against the western horizon, soft in outlines and in color, full of artistic beauty and serene majesty. I would rather have this view in memory than any closer one which we obtained.

Just before arriving at our landing place, which was simply a bank of the river opposite to a bridle

path and near some conspicuous palms, a lot of donkeys and donkey boys made their appearance and began to follow us. To keep up with our speed they goaded the donkeys, which galloped vigorously along. The sight was a ludicrous one, for the boys shouted and laughed, and their garb, consisting of a white or blue tunic and not much more, with their dark faces, sharp goads and parti-colored saddles, made a rather grotesque appearance. The boat and they halted together. Then we walked down the plank thrown out to the bank, and the selection of donkeys followed. There was one horse only, and that was for our Palestine and now our Egyptian conductor, Mr. Tadros, as was soon discovered. The rest of us took about whatever was offered, and in five minutes were going along single file toward the village of Bedresheyn.

We crossed the railway, passed by the village along its main business street, I judge, kept upon some narrow embankments which shut out the Nile overflow, except as gates in it regulated the ingress of water, and in the course of two miles reached the first of the Rameside statues. All this time we were on ground where Memphis had stood, but there was neither sight nor sign of any former city. From the Great Pyramids, fifteen miles north, to the Pyramids of Dahshur, seven miles south, we were told great "Noph" once covered every broad acre. A city of perhaps a hundred square miles, and we had yet no token of its existence!

Rameses II., once, when a young man, had a narrow escape from fire, said to have been an incendiary one, the perpetrator of the crime being his own brother. As a thank-offering for his escape he

erected at Memphis a magnificent temple to the chief god of that city, Ptah, and in front of that temple placed two statues of himself. They were heroic in size and were executed with beautiful art. This first stone we paused at was one of them. It was of rose-colored granite, the crown separated from the head and the feet broken off above the ankles. On the right side of the left leg the likeness of a son is sculptured; on the left, that of a daughter. Out there among the palm trees, in a spot inexpressibly lonely, it seemed to be wholly out of place. But as we stood on it and looked upon its silent, stern face, we were forced to admire its sturdy grandeur. Just a couple of hundred yards away was its mate, a different and more beautiful statue perhaps, both representing the king at one age yet doubtless by different artists. Authentic portraits both; but very difficult it is to see in this young man's features the withered and emaciated countenance of the Pharaoh of the Museum of Gizeh. These two colossal statues were respectively about thirty-two and forty-two feet in height, and the artificial beard attached to the chin, as was the custom with Egyptian imperial statues, increased their solemn dignity. Herodotus saw these same statues four hundred and fifty years before Christ, and, as he described them, so they are. But why should these two giants lie here and no other statues, no stones of the temple, no coeval monuments, nothing whatever of the ancient city? Why should they alone testify to the utter desolation of Noph?

Some of us could go no farther this day, owing to the heat and to fatigue; so we returned to the steamer to rest for several hours, while our fresher

companions went on to see the chambers of the Apis bulls, which aided to make Memphis memorable, and the tombs of the dead who were buried in the great necropolis on the brow of the range of hills several miles west of the city, in full view of the Libyan desert.

A. V. D. H.





## CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE TOMB OF THI.

THE Book of Genesis relates that when Joseph went up to bury his father Jacob, the Canaanites said, "This is a grievous mourning to the Egyptians." Certainly the art of mourning as practised by the people of ancient Egypt was sufficiently formidable. Old Herodotus bore witness that the Egyptians, besides having a climate and river different from anything else in the world, had adopted customs equally peculiar; to our thinking the strangest custom of all was that which made it the chief business of every Egyptian's life to get himself magnificently buried after he was dead.

The earliest capital of Egypt was Memphis, and nearly all that now remains of this city is its vast Necropolis, extending for some twenty miles along the edge of the desert plateau just west of the Nile valley. Tombs are found everywhere throughout this entire region, and also several groups of pyramids, these being themselves a more stupendous variety of tombs. The nine pyramids of the Gizeh group, including that of Cheops, the greatest of them all, stand within the northern limit of this immense Cemetery; while those of the Dahshur group, twenty miles away across the desert, stand within

the southern limit. Nearer the centre of the Necropolis, and on the borders of the ancient capital, are the Sakkara group, one of them from its peculiar shape being called the Step Pyramid.

Our donkeys carried us comfortably enough from Bedresheyn to Sakkara, donkeys and donkey boys affording us no little amusement. The ways of the Egyptian Arab are peculiar when he is in search of "bakshish," and my own boy, with a quick guess at my race and calling, had re-named his beast Moses McKinley. I had no fault to find with Moses except when he tried to drag me through the insufficient space between a loaded camel and a palm tree, and when he indulged the habit of stopping in full career to scratch his nose against his forefoot. One of the other donkeys by a similar manœuvre projected his rider over his head.

We rode a few miles through palm groves and fertile fields, then climbed a hundred feet or so of sand; and almost in a moment the green of the Nile Valley was lost to sight behind us, and nothing remained but the splendid desolation of the desert; the sand shining like snow in the sun's glare, but with the heat of a furnace seven times heated. Halting on one of the higher dunes, we could see at once the whole expanse of the Necropolis, with the several groups of the pyramids, some close beside us, and others many miles away to the north and south. It was the most impressive view we had of those gigantic creations of human art. There they stood, as they have stood from the beginning of recorded time, and as they will continue to stand after all our other temples and palaces have crumbled to dust, gazing at each other across the desert, and exchang-

ing their leisurely communications. For I could not rid my mind of the thought that they had come to know each other well in these slow centuries; and that while communing with each other they were sublimely indifferent to us, creatures of an hour, crawling about their base.

The pyramids of Sakkara are smaller and ruder than some of the other groups, but the tombs of Sakkara show Egyptian art at its finest. We were able to visit several of them, including the Serapeum; the burial place of the ancient temple of Apis, a long, dark passage hewn in the solid rock where the sacred bulls were buried, each in its granite sarcophagus. We visited also the tombs of Meri and of Tih, the latter, as I was afterwards told by Professor Sayce, offering the finest example of mural decoration now accessible in the country. The tomb is really a large house, or temple, originally standing above ground, I believe, though long ago the drifting sands have covered it over so that a passage must be kept cleared down to its entrance.

Sliding down this passageway and entering the door, you walk through a long series of chambers, and find their walls covered with most delicate carvings, innumerable figures cut in low relief on the limestone slabs. Tih was a high official, it appears, under a king of one of the earlier dynasties, about the time the Great Pyramid was built, three or four thousand years before Christ—for a thousand years more or less hardly counts in Egyptian antiquity. At intervals along the wall the figure of Tih himself appears, life-size, majestic, among the little creatures ten or twelve inches high who surround him. These seem to represent the people of his household and

the slaves on his estate bringing to their master the various fruits of their labor.

On one slab will be an interminable line of porters, each bearing in one hand a fowl, or fruit, or other small burden, while the other hand steadies the great basket carried on the head, and filled with produce of the estate, jars of wine, or loaves of bread: it made one think of the baker's dream, Joseph's companion in prison. On the next slab will be long processions of cattle with their drovers, or, it may be, their butchers; or perhaps carpenters building a ship, or boatmen fishing, or spearing the hippopotamus or the crocodile. All the domestic customs of that faraway past are brought before you with the vividness, and almost the accuracy, of the modern photograph.

It disconcerts one's theories of historic evolution to find these earliest mural decorators displaying an excellence in their art which has scarcely been equalled in these later days. On the other hand, as we studied the domestic customs of those long-buried generations, we found everywhere startling resemblances to what we had been seeing above ground in the modern Egyptian.

A very strange country Egypt is: if you would learn the meaning of its history, you must seek it in a tomb.

W. R. R.





## CHAPTER XXXII.

### VENICE.

VENICE remains to me like a series of enchanting pictures in the mind.

And the first picture is that of the city as seen from the steamer on our arrival. A long stretch of water, smooth as glass, the channel marked out with piles, spread out before us. The city, first so indistinct because of the mist overhanging everything, becomes more and more clear as we approach. On the right are the Public Gardens, with pretty, feathery foliage, and before us the entrance to the Grand Canal. The various Campaniles hold our fascinated gaze for a long time. How beautiful they are! They seem much more substantial than the minarets of the East. Directly before us and grouped together are many of the interesting places we had so longed to see. At our left the church of Santa Maria della Salute and the Custom House; on the right St. Mark's Square, guarded by the Lion and the statue of St. Theodore, these ancient memorials being perched on high columns close to the

water's edge. Here is the Doge's Palace; next beyond St. Mark's and its Campanile; and now we see the Bridge of Sighs between the Doge's Palace and the Prison. On either side of the broad entrance to the square, hotels and private dwellings rise directly out of the water; and between us and this charming picture the fascinating gondolas come and go with a gliding motion, appearing more like some new kind of water-bird than boats propelled by oars.

The next great vision presented to us was, of course, St. Mark's Square. Entering at the right of the square before us is the piazza, bordered on three sides by a colonnade lined with shops, offering all sorts of tempting souvenirs for sale. The arches of the colonnade serve as a fitting approach to the Cathedral, which closes the fourth side of the quadrangle.

Why describe St. Mark's Cathedral when the picture is so vivid before the minds of all with its beautiful mosaics over each entrance, the immense bronze horses of Nero over the middle doors, the handsome domes and graceful spires finishing the roof, and golden colors over all, making the whole look bright, cheerful, Oriental, splendid.

The first church which stood on this site was burned in the Tenth Century, and the architects in rebuilding it chose as a model the Mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople. There are five hundred marble shafts used in its embellishment, which were brought by vessels as tribute from various ports. It was completed in the Fourteenth Century, so that it has stood as it now stands for over five hundred years. The interior of the church is dark, for the marbles are all sombre in tone, the mosaics of the ceiling

with their gold background being about the only bright colors in the edifice. These mosaics date back to the Eleventh Century, and are Byzantine. They picture the Bible history in strange and fantastic designs. The beautiful statues of the Madonna, of St. Mark and the Apostles over the chancel screen belong to the Fifteenth Century. The bronze door of the sacristy, by Jacopo Sancovino, reminds us of the famous door by Ghiberti in the baptistery at Florence, the Entombment and the Resurrection being powerfully conceived compositions.

The Campanile at the right is majestic in its proportions and restful in color, the soft light red of the tower being well offset by the dull green tiles of the roof.

Next to St. Mark's stands the Doge's Palace. Lübke says: "The upper and lower colonnades of the Doge's Palace are the most magnificent of their kind in the world." They are Gothic. A Ducal Palace has stood on this site for many centuries; often destroyed by fire, it has been each time rebuilt with more splendor, until the present building is the result. It is constructed in the form of a hollow square, the inner court being in perfect keeping with the outside. On one side of the court is the Giant staircase, called so because of the colossal figures of Neptune and Mars guarding the top of the flight. This stairway was finished by Antonio Rizzo in 1498. At the head of the stairway between these two statues, the Doges were crowned, after which followed the ceremonial of the Espousal of the Sea. The great council chamber of the Palace contains the enormous painting of Paradise, thirty by seventy-four feet, by Tintoretto. The composition is con-

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fused, there being too many figures to secure the dignity which such a subject would warrant. We passed through the many rooms of the palace with their elaborately painted walls and ceilings and endeavored to imagine how the people lived who resided in such grandeur.

Closely connected with the history of the Doge's Palace is that of the Bridge of Sighs, the next and perhaps even greater object of interest. We crossed it with a feeling of excitement because of the dreadful tales associated with this place. We then retraced our steps and wended our way down into the dungeons under the palace itself, where we peered into the small, dark, damp cells, and finally gazed with fascinated horror at the stone where all executions took place and at the door in the wall through which the bodies were thrown into the canal below. We were glad to breathe the fresh air again and to see once more above us the light of heaven.

The Arsenal, too, is a building intimately associated with the past greatness of this intensely interesting city. Nearly twenty thousand men were employed here furnishing Venice with arms and ships during the period of her greatest power, but now there are comparatively few at work within its walls. The entrance is impressive, guarded as it is by two enormous lions, one of them the lion from the mound at Marathon; and over the door is another lion of St. Mark's. We met him everywhere.

Let us float in our gondolas for a while and enjoy being pushed about in this lazy style with no dust and no rough pavements. It is a constant wonder how the gondoliers can steer round corners and past other gondolas, coming within an inch or two of

each other at times and yet not touching. A wonderful art, that of propelling a gondola, and one of my friends seemed very desirous of learning it. Meanwhile we are passing through one narrow canal after another, catching refreshing little glimpses through gateways of courtyards filled with varieties of shrubs and flowering plants. Now and then we see a vine which has flung itself over a wall or a tree peeping above it. We are on our way to the Public Gardens, the only spot near Venice where one can get even a taste of the country. A long, wide road, running straight out from the landing place bordered on either side by pretty graceful trees, bright flower beds here and there, a band playing somewhere out of sight, pleasant looking people resting on the benches or walking about listening to the music (there is an Exposition on the grounds) make up this inviting scene.

This finished, now for the Grand Canal and the Rialto Bridge! The vicinity of this bridge seems to be the only really busy spot in Venice. On each side of it are little shops, where are sold all sorts of cheap trinkets and articles of clothing. The people whom you see here are certainly picturesque and would furnish an artist with models for years. The fact that the bridge is an arch and you are obliged to ascend steps toward the centre and go down on the other side, makes it all the more quaint.

We now enter our gondolas again and float down the canal. The view of the bridge from a little distance is most charming—the graceful curve over the blue canal, the six arches on either side, with a much higher arch in the center; the delicate color: is it not a fitting connecting link for the two sides of this

most lovely sheet of water? As we glide along we are shown, almost in juxtaposition, as if there were not ages apart in their associations, the house of Desdemona and that of Don Carlos of Spain, and for our special benefit Don Carlos's boatmen appear from a side canal and pass us as if in review. We are shown, too, in a low, dark shop the house of Shylock. And so we proceed, palaces, hotels, houses, museums, churches, all in quick succession, and all beautiful in their colors and architecture and even in their decay.

There is one interesting indoor picture which I wish yet to place before the reader—the lace maker's establishment near St. Mark's Cathedral. Here are girls of all ages, who only receive a franc a day, the best paid of them making the finest laces over cushions. We watch them for a while as they throw the small spindles about in a seemingly hap-hazard way. But it all "comes out right," and in the show-rooms can be seen the result of their labors.

One scene yet—a night scene—and what a gorgeous one. It is a festal picture. An enormous peacock is constructed, covered with many colored lights, the tail particularly resplendent, as it rises high in air. The effect is gorgeous. Close your eyes and imagine this bird, as if just from fairyland, on a large platform, slowly floating down the Grand Canal, stopping occasionally in its onward progress. From the rear of the platform, listen! the strains of an opera, produced by a fine orchestra. Now two glorious voices are lifted in song. And crowded all about in front and behind are hundreds of gondolas following, each with a lantern fixed in the bow. It is a night scene never to be forgotten.

Of course we wandered through the Academy and hoped to bring away even a slight impression of some of the masterpieces of painting. It would take weeks to study the collection so as to obtain an adequate idea of the wealth of art in this gallery. I mention a few which I wish always to remember. Of the older Venetian school Bellini and Carpaccio are the masters, and of the Renaissance, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto and Paolo Veronese. Here is Titian's "Ascension of the Virgin." Lübke says: "A masterpiece of his period of greatest vigor is the Ascension of the Virgin in the Academy in Venice. The magnificent form of the Madonna floats in space, surrounded by a shining host of rejoicing angels; her face is marvellously transformed by a divine illumination as she gazes into the majesty of heaven. Far above her appears, with outstretched arms, God the Father surrounded by a glory of angels; below are the Apostles, gazing upward with passionate longing, seeming to be drawn after the transfigured Madonna, who leaves them behind on the earth to mourn. The story is told with free, bold touches, and with an overpowering wealth of color." Mrs. Oliphant in the "Makers of Venice" says of "The Feast in the House of Levi," by Paolo Veronese: "As we walk into such a presence and see the splendid party serenely banqueting, with the sky opening into heavenly blue behind them, the servants bringing in the courses, appearing and disappearing behind the columns, the carpet flung in all its Oriental wealth of color upon the cool semi-transparence of the marble steps, the room, of which this forms one side, is transformed forever." I found a great part of Tintoretto's work placed in

the Doge's Palace and the various churches. "The Marriage at Cana," in the sacristy of Santa Maria della Salute, is one of his most important compositions. I have already mentioned the huge painting of "Paradise" in the council chamber in the Doge's Palace, where are many of his wall and ceiling paintings.

"Bellini's 'Enthroned Madonnas,'" says Mrs. Hurll, "are known throughout the world. The picture by which he established his fame was one of this class, originally painted for a chapel in San Giobbe, but now hanging in the Venice Academy. Ruskin has pronounced it 'one of the greatest pictures ever painted in Christendom.' It is a large composition, with three saints at each side, and three choristers below. The 'Frari Madonna' is in a simpler vein, and consists of three compartments, the central one containing the Virgin's throne. The angioletti, on the steps, are probably the most popular of their charming class in Venice."

In the Church of the Frari are the tombs of Titian and of Canova, magnificent and dignified monuments to these two celebrated artists.

After wandering about in the Venetian shops, coveting much that we saw, floating about in gondolas and lazily wishing we could keep on floating and feeding the doves in front of St. Mark's, we were obliged to say good-bye even to "Venice, the Beautiful,"—

"Venice once so dear,  
The pleasant place of all festivity,  
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy."

E. C.



## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### FLORENCE.

WHAT a delightful though tantalizing ride it is through the beautiful country between the "Queen City of the Adriatic" and the "Fairest City of the Earth!" A perfect picture of springtime on this sixth day of May—the Tuscan hills and green valleys made charming by a profusion of grape vines hanging in festoons between the trees. And as we dashed in and out of the many tunnels, we caught glimpses of monasteries and citadels, silent, antiquated towns and villages perched or nestled among the hills, cascades and waterfalls sparkling in the sunshine, stations with their odd, quaintly dressed women guards, and, towering grandly above all, the snow-capped Apennines; while near us, always peacefully, restfully, flowed the Arno. Notwithstanding all this beauty, "the tease" and "the sleepy man of the party" demanded their usual attention. So, enjoying the loveliness without, patiently, laughingly enduring the inflictions within, we came to the summit of a hill and saw below us an enchanting picture—fair Florence in the valley by the banks of the Arno, surrounded by hills and mountains, villages and hamlets; a fascinating scene with an inexpressible charm over all. Our exclamations of

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delight had scarcely ceased when we were taken possession of by porters and soon comfortably housed in the Hotel Cavour, near the Bargello.

Florence, with all her wealth of masterpieces of painting and sculpture, her famous churches, monasteries, bridges, has a richer possession in the memory of the lives of the illustrious men who made this city renowned by their works. Supposed to have been founded by the dictator Sulla, 80 B. C., it has in the centuries gone been one of the most important and powerful cities of Europe, the gayest of capitals before Italy's seat of government was transferred to Rome. Though years are required in the study of its history and treasures, yet in the few days we were within her walls much benefit and pleasure were received.

The first day, Sunday, each one of us consulted his or her own desire, going to English service or wandering through the art galleries—Pitti, considered by some authorities the finest collection of paintings in the world, and Uffizi, one of the choicest and most varied of Europe. How our dreams were more than realized as in awe and delight we wandered in and out of rooms, up and down the long galleries, viewing the beautiful Madonnas and scenes from the Mount of Olives, from the Garden and from Calvary. How wonderfully the old masters brought to perfection their conceptions of the saints, the child Jesus and the Virgin Mary, the all-absorbing subjects of their works! As I lingered in the Tribune of the Uffizi where “painting and rarest sculpture make the new rushing world stand still in presence of what an older, slower, mightier world did,” I was irresistibly drawn to the one purest, brightest marvel

of the place, Raphael's "Madonna of the Goldfinch." How it touches and thrills the heart to see the little childish hand poised gently over the tiny bird, while the divine look in the Christ-eyes so softly, sadly, expresses a world of love. "Not one of these shall fall to the ground without your Father." And surrounding it, the magnificent works of Bartolomeo, Correggio, Michael Angelo, Titian, Durer; and the famous statuary, "Venus Medici," "The Wrestlers," "The Dancing Fawn"—bewildering! And I rushed away to rest my eyes on the "incomparably sweet" angels of Fra Angelico, "The Tabernacle" and "The Virgin's Coronation"—"that sea of angel faces, perfect in every type of form and radiant with the meanings of heaven; that thronging High Court of Heaven, blossoming tier above tier in raptures and sweetesses, and still tumults of joy!"

Though I could give but a glimpse, the morning was soon gone at the Uffizi; and Pitti Palace held me charmed for the afternoon. Too much it seemed; the superb decorations of the palace and those unrivalled and celebrated works of Michael Angelo, Titian, Murillo, Rubens, Salvator Rosa, Andrea del Sarto, and Raphael's "Madonna della Seggiola." Happy Florence, to possess such treasures that touch and uplift the heart of men to higher, holier things.

Weariness mingled with my enjoyment as the hours sped away and some of us turned our steps to the Protestant cemetery to see the tombs of Theodore Parker and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The dainty forget-me-nots surrounding Mrs. Browning's tomb tell in their own sweet way that this gifted singer's memory is kept fragrant.

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It was with pleasure we then resigned ourselves to the will and wish of our un-Romeo-like coachman and were whirled away to the Cascine, the beautiful park of Florence, with its fine drives and lovely scenery. Weary, happy tourists, feasting on this enchanting bit of nature, dreaming of things past and to come, chatting and unsuspecting—what was our amazement when suddenly we were halted, and in front of us four coachmen rose to the highest pinnacle of the carriage. What could the meaning be! What could men and women, who were just fresh from palanquins, donkeys, camels, mountain passes, stony, frightful precipices and heated, blinding deserts, think of the scene that held spell-bound our four Florentines this Sabbath evening? On tiptoe they gazed over the high board fence to the side of us, not noting back of them the pained, suffering faces of their victims, who had to await the pleasure of their drivers, while the wild cheering was borne away by the evening breeze. The unexpected! An episode—soon over and forgotten as merrily we surrounded the dinner table and listened to the wisdom that freely flowed from the lips of the dear friends whom we were now to rejoin.

A night's rest, and the day began with a lovely morning drive over the Arno, past San Miniato with its cypresses to the terrace of Michael Angelo that overlooks the city and the valley from the Appenines to the Maritime Alps—a magnificent view! Back of us was Galileo's tower; below, in clear view, "the Pantheon, or Westminster Abbey of Florence," Santa Croce. A statue of Dante is in this square. Gray and dull looking are many of these ancient churches, burying their grandeur between the

gloomy walls that extend far back among the buildings of the city. Our time was limited, and we could look but briefly at the tombs of Michael Angelo, Rossini, Galileo, and others, and Giotto's marvelous frescoes. This vast hall with its massive pillars, the windows giving but faint light, revealed to us too little in our passing look of the meaning and thought of the master-builder that abound in every stone and column. "You are to read and think under these severe walls of mine; immortal hands will write upon them." But Arnolfo's advice could not be heeded.

Michael Angelo's home, with its quaint, small rooms and chapel, filled with reminders of this great artist's life, awaited us. Difficult it was to realize that we were in the very rooms where this great man lived and worked and prayed.

We made haste then to see the mausoleum of the Medici, passing on our way the narrow, gloomy looking home of Dante, just what I imagine a soul like his would require and make. Peculiar is the low ceiled vestibule of the Medici chapel, and we left it by a flight of stairs to the tombs of the princes. The octagonal chapel is covered with a dome and surrounded by monuments; the walls, gorgeously decorated with marbles and mosaics, present fine specimens of the Florentine industry. A quiet remark informed us that near by was the aunt of the Emperor of Germany, who was enjoying as did we the magnificence of these tombs. The Sacristy with its bare walls is the architectural masterpiece of Michael Angelo, and contains some of his celebrated statues, among them "Day and Night" and "Twilight and Dawn."

The morning ramble ended at the Piazza del Duomo with its cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore, the glorious Campanile and the Baptistry. How can one write of this "visible heart of the great old city?" The Duomo, the manifestation of the thought of the great souls of Arnolfo, Giotto, Andrea Pisano, Brunellesco, and others, so beautiful, majestic in its vastness; one is awed by the solemnity of this great cathedral. Pius IX. in comparing it with St. Peter's at Rome said: "In St. Peter's man thinks; in Santa Maria del Fiore, man prays." Not crowded nor striking in its richness, though containing works of Ghiberti, Luca della Robbia, Donatello, Michael Angelo and many others. The Duomo by its simple greatness makes one feel his own insignificance and his thoughts turn heavenward. The Campanile, of such great height, yet so light and graceful, so pure and beautiful, has at its base the bas-reliefs of which Ruskin says the study of it "will give you strength for all your life." And the Baptistry with its marvelous gates of bronze—Ghiberti's "Gates of Paradise"—how wonderful! I gladly joined others in the study of the ten scenes from Old Testament history which are on this gate, "Worthy of Paradise."

"Tis a long story, this sight-seeing in Florence, but I must not forget the famous old historical Palazzo Vecchio, which, with the beautiful Loggia, stands in the Piazza della Signoria, the centre of Florentine business life. Its rustic architecture, the grey, rough stone work of its huge mass, crowned by a covered gallery, surmounted by Guelph battlements, and, rising above all, the watch tower, so odd and singular, which for ages has witnessed the great

public meetings, the frequent turmoils and revolutions of Florence—what memories haunt this palace and square! I walked up and down the grand “Hall of the Five Hundred,” surrounded by the lofty walls covered with frescoes; then, led by guide, passed to the tower, climbing round and round, up the long stairway to the little prison where Savonarola spent the days of his imprisonment. Forty days between his tortures, and then his martyrdom! Breathless, but rewarded, I stood among the battlements at the top, seeing the fair city beneath me, seemingly all peaceful, only the hum of the business life reaching me from this historic square; a different scene from that of the twenty-third of May, 1498. Then this tower looked down upon a long, narrow platform stretching across the great piazza, a great heap of fuel, a throng of faces filled with curiosity and hatred and three men, degraded, insulted, led forth to die. “Martyrs for liberty,” “Apostles of Christian morals,” by some pronounced fanatics; but, not many years later, this very square heard the very thing Savonarola preached made a proclamation from this palace: “Christ the Redeemer was chosen King of Florence.”

After this day of great things, it was charming to seek the shops, to wander idly up and down the busy streets, under the archways, among the vivacious, interesting Italians, to gaze in windows which gave back to us Fra Angelico’s Angels, the swathed infants of Sella Robbia, enticing us in and sending us out happy in our possession.

Beautiful, fair Florence, what memories I have of thee! The walks by the Arno, over the Ponte Santa Trinita to Via Maggio, where the grandeur of the

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many dark, forbidding palaces suggested to my imagination thrilling romances; or, going in the opposite direction, the church of Santa Maria Novella, Michael Angelo's "bride," with her Ghirlandajo frescoes, and Cimabue's Madonna and Brunellesco's Crucifix. And then the church of SS. Annunziata, with its pretty, restful cloister, containing Del Sarto's fresco, the "Madonna del Sacco," and the cloisters and cells of San Marco where Fra Angelico, Bartolomeo and Savonarola lived, thought and worked. Everywhere about were places of interest. But my days for Florence were gone. I saw but part of the treasures of this city, and that little was an inspiration which must make richer and better all lives who receive it.

M. O.





## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### IN ROME AGAIN.

IF THE tyranny of ancient Rome was on the Palatine in the palaces of the Cæsars, and its religion on the Capitoline in the Temple of Jupiter, the heart of Rome, at least, was in the Forum Romanum. This triune force—Cæsar, Jupiter and the “Senatus Populus Que Romanus”—was the power which built up the empire. After the imperial grandeur reached its apex, life took on less sombre colors and then followed the plays at the theatres, the mirths of the baths, the cruelties in the Colosseum. The despots of the marble-crowned Palatine, the Pagan religions of the lofty temples, the eloquent orators and innumerable hangers-on of the Forum, the fashionable social and literary centres in the play-rooms and at the baths, the games in the amphitheatres: these constituted the whole of the activity, energy, life of Rome, and to-day there clusters around their ruined sites whatever is splendid and sorrowful to the visitor. None of them can be omit-

ted in a study of the city; beside them everything else is commonplace.

The program of our second Roman visit in 1899 may be thus briefly stated:

First day: Morning—Vatican. Afternoon—Vatican, Pantheon, Church of St. John Lateran, Michael Angelo's "Moses," Church of the Capuchins, drive to the Pincian Hill. Second day: Morning—Palatine Hill and Palaces of the Cæsars. Afternoon—The Capitoline Hill and Museum, the Roman Forum. Third day: Morning—Music at St. Peter's, reading of the Papal Jubilee Bull. Afternoon—Mausoleum of Augustus Cæsar, Pompey's Theatre, Pompey's Statue, Churches of S. Prudentia, S. Presseda, S. Maria Maggiore and S. Clement.

A comparison of the foregoing with the program named in Chapter IV will reveal omissions of some interesting sights, but what we saw was seen well, which is better than to have seen much more with far less understanding.

I noticed two special facts which greatly interested me in my fourth visit to this growing city. The first was the tremendous jumps forward which Rome has made as a modern metropolis. It is more observable on each recurring visit than any other one thing. Noble private dwellings of granite, well paved and perfectly clean streets, a municipal government and police second to none elsewhere, and evidences of thrift, came in soon after the ingress of Italian unity and the egress of Papal sovereignty, and they came to stay. It is wonderful progress, and its culmination is still in the future. I look upon Rome as unequalled in its future outlook by any city within Catholic dominions. The second was,

the new discoveries being made, even this very year, in the Forum Romanum. The houses of the Vestal Virgins, the *Regia* of Cæsar (i.e., Julius Cæsar's public and official and, it would seem, his private residence), the site and surroundings of the Comitium and similar spots around which controversy so long centred, are now not only fully identified and thrown open to public inspection, but adjoining churches and dwellings contiguous to the Forum have been purchased by private benefaction and their sites are to be excavated, and so the area of this ancient meeting place of the people is to be widened.

This Forum, the very heart of old Rome, so palpitating with interest, is too vast a subject to touch even lightly. How we enjoyed the hot afternoon in that uncovered space of ground scarcely larger in size than two or three city blocks, yet the focus of everything stirring in Roman history, cannot be told. Professor Reynaud did his best to bring back to life the very people who thronged there day after day during the centuries when it was the grandest meeting-spot on earth, and he made even the inanimate objects seem alive and full of speech. If one thing more than another could be suggested as most attractive to us, perhaps it was the ancient Rostra, where the orations of Cicero against Catiline and Verres, the best speeches of Julius Cæsar, himself no mean orator before he took the field as a general, and the palliating address to the people and assassins of Cæsar by Marc Antony, delivered over Cæsar's dead body, were pronounced. Each great Roman pleader and orator, Cato, Cæsar, Hortensius, Cicero, seemed to stand there pleading some great cause before the jury of the Roman Senate

or the Roman people. There, in front of the Rostra, were the holes in which were fastened the beaks of the vessels captured in victorious naval combats, an inspiration to valor and to patriotism. Can one not hear on that platform still the silvery cadences, the round periods, the polished invectives of that master of all orators, as he calls to the bar the *Prætor* of Sicily and impeaches him in words memorable through all the ages! He had produced the proofs and now comes the climax. Hearken to him:

“O name of Liberty, sweet to our ears! O rights of citizenship in which we glory! O laws of Porcius and Sempronius! O privilege of the tribune, long and sorely regretted, and at last restored to the people of Rome. Has it all come to this, that a Roman citizen in a province of the Roman people, in a federal town, is to be bound and beaten with rods in the forum, by a man who only holds those rods and axes—those awful emblems—by the grace of the same people of Rome!”

Who can wonder that Verres was dumb before such language and ignominiously fled from his accuser. But alas, alas! Against that same Rostrum Antony nailed the dead head and hand of this one greatest orator of the ages and a wicked queen spat in his still face and pierced his inanimate tongue with a pin she had worn in her hair. It was the irony of fate, and Rome was never so great afterward. The downfall of Cicero marked the beginning of the destruction of the best forces that were in the empire and the best wealth in the possession of the people.

I think as comrades or as individuals we would find it difficult to separate what stirred within us the strongest attachments from what affected us

more lightly and interested us less deeply in our recurring visit to Rome. The fact is, to the lover of history every spot here is full of the intensest kind of memorable associations, and to him who visits this strange metropolis of ancient days again and again there is not a forum, nor an arch, nor a column, not a bit of peperino nor of travertine, which does not awaken new and unspeakable emotions. If we could only know all the history of this marble pillar or that frescoed wall, or of this deep-cut inscription or that mosaic floor! But we cannot.

No one should omit, if he has not already seen it, to take the pains to see in its present position in the chamber of the King's Cabinet of Advisers in the Spada Palace the colossal statue of Pompey the Great:

"And thou, dread statue! yet existent in  
The austerest form of naked majesty;  
Thou who beheldest, 'mid the assassins' din,  
At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie,  
Folding his robe in dying dignity."

Few statues in Rome are so well identified, for it was found, when search was expressly made for it, just in the spot where the historian Suetonius said it stood when Augustus Cæsar had it removed from "Pompey's Senate House," after the conspirators had there stabbed Cæsar to the death. The populace were frantic with grief that the greatest chieftain of his time had been cut down in the plentitude of his power and they burned down the Pompeian Curia, but the statue was unharmed and Augustus removed it to the spot where it came to light in 1553. It is a grand work. Roman sternness is enthroned on every line of the face. The right hand, extended

outward, gives the figure a most commanding air, and the ball—the round world, as it is supposed to be—in the left hand, typifies the extent of his conquests. As a relic of the most tragic scene in the history of the Eternal City prior to the days of the martyrdom of the Christians, it is of priceless interest. Nor must he miss the sitting figure of Moses, the lawgiver, the masterpiece of Michael Angelo in the Church of S. Pietro in Vincoli, which as a Christian church is believed to date back to 109 A. D. Pope Julius II., as if his remarkable deeds would not give him enough glory after death, sought further immortality in his tomb, and Angelo began to design that monument during the Pope's life on a scale almost matchless for its hugeness. Moses was to have been one of forty statues, of which four were completed. And here it stands, an incarnation of the master sculptor as much as it is a transcendent figure of the Hebrew lawgiver. Its long, flowing beard to the waist, its horned head and deep-set eyes, its awful solemnity and noble dignity, cannot fail to impress any lover of great art. Full of strength and power, of tenderness and sadness, its very contrariety of expressions, as one gazes at it now from this side and now from that, stirs up the deepest religious feelings.

And, again, let him by all means examine those early Fourth Century mosaics in the Church of S. Pudenziana, representing Christ with his apostles and the reputed daughters of Pudens—Praxedis and Pudentiana. A comparison of these with the Ninth and Eleventh Century mosaics in other churches in the city will prove highly instructive, to say the least. And that Christian artists, so early as within

three hundred years after the scene on Calvary, could construct such mosaics is at once a wonder and an inspiration to our faith. These men who lived so near to the times when the lives of the martyrs were being sown as seed to the Church had the most serious conceptions of "The Face of the Christ," but those conceptions were not of the horrible nor the unheroic: they were of the tender and sweet, the benevolent and calm.

And the Church of S. Clement, whose basilican form is the most ancient and best preserved in Rome, with its three different edifices one above the other; with its first church built in the Fourth Century on walls of Republican times, and with early frescoes running over a period of seven centuries, should on no account be passed by. Whether or not the active fellow-laborer of Paul, Saint Clement, and the faithful Pudens, in whose house the Apostle Peter may have been entertained, lived on the sites where these two last mentioned churches are standing or not, the interiors are among the most quaint and solemn in Rome.

The reading of the Papal bull by one of the Italian Cardinals (I did not get his name) was one of the surprises we had in store. Next year (1900) is the Jubilee Year and Leo XIII. had prepared the usual bull to be read to the people, proclaiming the fact. A bull is first read at St. Peter's, and the same afternoon it is similarly proclaimed in the vestibules of various other basilicas of the city. We happened upon the very day when for the first time in a quarter of a century a bull had been issued, and we saw the great bronze doors of St. Peter's opened for the occasion and actually passed through them. There

was first High Mass, as it was Ascension Day and a holiday. This occurred about nine o'clock. At eleven o'clock there was a stirring of feet toward the vestibule, where several rows of seats had been placed in front of the central bronze doors for the accommodation of the various priests of the Cathedral. A number of cardinals appeared last. One of them stood up on a slight platform before a desk and read from a red morocco-bound copy of the sacred order. It contained thirteen engrossed pages, and two or three of them were skipped in the reading, which occupied full twenty minutes. Before the reading, the bells of St. Peter's rang out together, and again at its close. The audience independent of the priests numbered, perhaps, three or four hundred—all who could get within sound of the reader's voice. One clear "Viva Leo," or something like it, was heard from the lips of one of the audience at the conclusion of the reading, but there were no other demonstrations. It was then, when all was finished and the robed priests returned into the Cathedral through the bronze doors, that we had the opportunity to pass through them; whether they were kept open all the rest of the day or not I do not know.

It is a little beyond the ordinary avenues of the hurried sightseer to turn out of the old historic paths to a plain and unconsecrated cemetery outside the walls to see who might be buried there. We did it, and it was strangely in contrast with the scene just beyond the high stone fence that separated this lonely and lovely spot from one of the ancient arterial roads leading into Rome. Along that way had traveled all who visited the capital from the port of Ostia, and it was a way which led out to the finest

basilica outside of Rome. The Pyramid of Caius Cestuis was a tomb, and it is as intact now as it was before the birth of Christ—the only pyramid in Italy. That Pyramid guards the cemetery as a sentinel of the Cæsars. Do you remember how in Shelley's "Adonais" he described this spot:

"A slope of green a cess  
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead,  
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread."

Is it any wonder that on this very slope lies Shelley's buried heart? "Cor Cordium," is the record, "July 8, 1822:

"Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea change  
Into something rich and strange."

The grave of John Keats is within sight. The two poet-friends should have been side by side. Keat's death-date is February 24, 1821, and the words he desired engraved upon his tomb are these: "Here lies one whose name is writ in water." The sculptors Gibson and Story, the author of "Guesses at Truth," and John Addison Symonds are each to be found resting here under the cypress trees and the violets. A shady, solemn, quiet, beautiful spot it is, its occupants in touch with this closing century, and its surroundings breathing the air of the classic ages that have preceded.

We left Rome as one always leaves it, with feelings of regret. It is a mournful place if one's thoughts are given over to sympathy for the ruined, but a bright and eloquent abode if one minglest with his sad reflections the breath of the fresh atmosphere which surrounds the New Rome and the New Italy, of which Emanuel and Garibaldi were the fathers.



VENICE—VIEW OF THE GRAND CANAL (Page 252).



**ROME—ON THE VIA APPIA (Pages 46, 250).**  
The view is by the Tomb of Cæcilia Matella; boys of the vicinity in foreground.

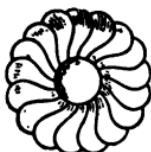
The railway station is so near to the old Servian wall that you can almost fling a stone at its blocks of reddish-brown stone, built long before Christ, as you pass out toward the Campagna; and, as you traverse this flat country, where desolation yet reigns, on the way to Naples, how one by one troop out to say goodbye those three stirring reminders of the Golden Age—the tall ilexes on the Palatine Hill, the circular Colosseum of Vespasian, and the broken but beautiful Claudian Aqueduct! Then in the distance are the tombs lining the Via Appia, and farther away Tivoli and the Sabine Hills, Frascati and the Alban mountains. Some of these spots lonely, all of them splendidly historic. And so Roma, vale!

“The Niobe of nations! there she stands,  
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe.”

Yet in her death, as in her life, she is a mistress of marvellous enticements.

A. V. D. H.

THE END.





## Itinerary of 1899 Journey

Feb'y. 25. Sailed from New York on S. S. "Ems."  
March 6. Visited Gibraltar.  
March 9. Arrived at Naples, morning. (Hotel Parker.)  
Visited Pompeii.  
March 10. Excursion to Mount Vesuvius.  
March 11. At Naples; evening train to Rome. (Hotel Marinelli.)  
March 14. Evening train to Naples.  
March 15. From Naples to Brindisi; sailed at midnight for  
Greece on S. S. "Poseidon."  
March 16. Stopped at St. Quara and Corfu.  
March 17. Arrived at Patras, morning. Train to Athens  
(stopping en route at Corinth). (Hotel des  
Etrangers.)  
March 20. Drive to Battlefield of Marathon.  
March 23. Sailed in afternoon from Piraeus for Alexandria  
on S. S. "Prince Abbas."  
March 25. Day at Alexandria. Sailed in evening on S. S.  
"Tewfek Rabbani."  
March 26. Day at Port Said.  
March 27. Arrived at Jaffa, morning; afternoon train to  
Jerusalem. (Grand Hotel.)  
March 30. Excursion to Bethlehem.  
March 31. Carriage drive to Jericho, Dead Sea and Jordan.  
(Jordan Hotel.)  
April 1. Returned to Jerusalem.  
April 4. Camping tour to Turmus Aya.  
April 5. Camping tour to Nablous.  
April 6. Camping tour to Jenin.  
April 7. Camping tour to Nazareth.  
April 8. Camping tour to Sea of Galilee.  
April 9. Camping tour to Nazareth.  
April 10. Camping tour to Haifa; sailed in evening for  
Beirut on S. S. "Bakilea."  
April 11. Arrived at Beirut, morning. (Hotel d'Orient.)  
April 12. By railway from Beirut to Damascus. (Hotel  
Besaoni.)

April 14. Excursion to Baalbek. (Hotel Victoria.)  
April 15. Returned to Beirut.  
April 17. Excursion to Dog River. Sailed in evening for  
Port Said on S. S. "Congo."  
April 18. In Harbor of Jaffa.  
April 19. Arrived at Port Said; train to Cairo. (Hotel du  
Nil.)  
April 21. Excursion to Heliopolis.  
April 22. Excursion to Pyramids.  
April 25. Excursion to ancient Memphis and Sakkara.  
April 29. By railway to Alexandria; sailed on S. S. "Both-  
nia" for Venice.  
May 3. Arrived at Venice, morning. (Hotel Milano.)  
May 6. By railway to Florence. (Hotel Grande Bretagne.)  
May 8. By railway, evening, to Rome. (Hotel Marini.)  
May 11. By railway, evening, to Naples. (Hotel Parker.)  
May 12. Sailed in afternoon for America on S. S. "Aller."  
May 24. Arrived in New York city, morning.



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